

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1985 • \$4.00

**Gala
Christmas Issue**

Barbi Benton
Is Back!
Lookin'
Better
Than Ever

Playboy
Interview
Genial
Genius
Bill Cosby

Special Report
Why Drug
Enforcement
Can't Work

Our Guide
To the Best
Dating Bars
In America

**Great
Holiday Stuff**

David Letterman
Brooke Shields
Huey Lewis
Dan Jenkins
Lillian Ross
Paul Theroux
Donald Westlake
Cynthia Heimel
Bruce Jay
Friedman

Sex Stars
Of 1985

Andrew Tobias
On How to Read
A Tax Shelter
(Do It Before
Time Runs Out)

YOU COULD SPEND A LIFETIME WONDERING IF YOU BOUGHT THE RIGHT VIDEO SYSTEM.

With so many different brands, systems and formats to choose from, how do you decide what to buy? Do you want to record TV programs to watch later? Not all systems can. Do you want to make home movies? You have two choices: all-in-one camcorders and portable components. Do you want to watch prerecorded movies? You should know that VHS™ movies are easier to find than other formats. What about the latest in video sound...Hi-Fi? Or stereo TV broadcasts? There are so many choices. And so much to know.



Start by asking yourself what you want your system to do.

Once you know how you want to use your video system, it'll be easier to pick out what you need. For openers, there are three major uses to think about: Making your own movie. Taping a movie from TV. And watching a VHS movie.

Why VHS? Just ask 8 out of 10 of your friends who bought a VCR last year. They use VHS and they'll tell you why. They get 8-hour recording. And a selection of over 12 thousand prerecorded VHS tapes to buy, rent or borrow. And now, the latest news in home movie technology, camcorders, brings another advantage to VHS.

If you want to make your own movies, start here.



Play back your magic moments.

OmniMovie™ PV-200 is a new VHS camcorder from Panasonic that does things many other camcorders don't. It's a camera, recorder and playback system. In one small, easy-to-hold-and-shoot package. But unlike camcorders in other formats, OmniMovie uses full-size VHS tapes. So you can play back thousands of Hollywood movies. On any TV set.

When you do shoot your own movies, you'll want it to be as simple as it can be. You'll want a system that gives you automatic features so you can move fast to get those magic moments before they get away. That's where OmniMovie comes in. The camera takes over with all systems on go: Auto-exposure, auto-focus, power zoom and remote control.

Something else to look for in a movie system is low light sensitivity. OmniMovie lets you record outdoors in available light or indoors in light as low as 10 lux.

What 10 lux means is that you can capture a birthday party by the light of the candles on the cake. So just compare.

To make extra sure that what you see is what you get, OmniMovie gives you instant review with playback right through the camera's viewfinder. And for an even better form of instant gratification, hook up Panasonic OmniMovie to any TV and play back what you just shot.

Show the life of the party while the party's still alive. Or see your family on vacation while you're still on vacation. And see it all with special effects that let you stop the action, slow it down or speed it up. Think what that means when you watch

something special. Like your child's first steps.

OmniMovie captures those special moments in life you'll want to last forever. You can react on the spot like you were taking a snapshot. But what you get is the beauty of a movie.

And you'll get something else. With thousands of great prerecorded VHS movies and concerts available almost anywhere, OmniMovie becomes an entertainment center that goes with you.



And Hollywood's, too.

When taping TV programs is as important as shooting your own movies.

If you want to take a professional approach, think about portable separates: cameras and recorders. The PK-959 Omnipro camera is engineered to let you capture incredible pictures with the realism of stereo sound. And at 7 lux, you can shoot by the light of one birthday candle.



High-performance portables for professional results.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM.
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SEE IT ON NBC.

SPLASH is a Touchstone Home
Video release. © MCMLXXXIV
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The Omnivision PV-9600A is a portable recorder. It slides into its tuner/timer to become a sophisticated home VCR with wireless remote control. Even hooks up to your stereo so you can hear VHS Hi-Fi tapes that rival compact disc fidelity. With Panasonic there is a lot to hear as well as see.

A VCR that can turn any TV into a stereo TV.

If recording TV programs and playing tapes at home is mostly what you want to do, the Omnivision PV-1740 is the VCR that you'll want to do it with. Play it through your Hi-Fi system. And your ordinary TV turns into a stereo TV. So you can enjoy the excitement and realism of stereo broadcasts.



...i sound from your video recorder.

Play VHS Hi-Fi tapes and you get incredible sound reproduction from your favorite movies and music videos.

You're ahead in what you see, too. With Panasonic Tech-4™ heads, you get a virtually jitter-free picture when you scan fast. Or stop the action. Even slow it down. A unified wireless remote lets you control VCR functions right from your chair. You get 8-show, 3-week programmability. Plus, you can even see a readout on the TV screen so you'll know what you're programming.

Your video system is only as good as your video tape.

You've got one chance to get it right. Load a Panasonic VHS blank into your recorder and you won't miss. Because the technology that goes into our video recorders is in our video tapes. Panasonic video tapes give you accurate reproduction. With high color saturation and great sound. Choose Premium Standard, Super High Grade or Hi-Fi for true color, replay after replay.

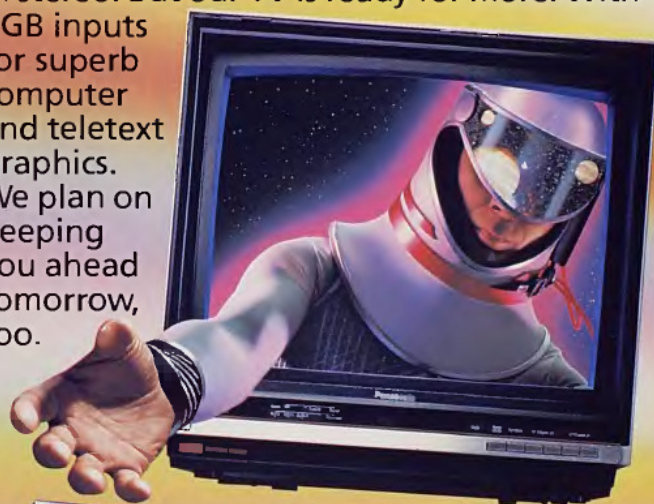


The video tape made by the world leader in video.

Now, a TV that's ready today for tomorrow's technology.

Why get stuck with a TV from the past, when you can look into the future? Presenting the Omni Series CTG-2077R High-Resolution TV. You've never seen anything like it...yet. It can handle up to 480 lines of supersharp resolution. That's more resolution than you need...today.

And with its own stereo decoder, amplifier and speakers, this TV can bring you more to hear. This year alone, over 200 TV stations are expected to broadcast selected programs in stereo. But our TV is ready for more. With RGB inputs for superb computer and teletext graphics. We plan on keeping you ahead tomorrow, too.



A High-Resolution TV plus stereo broadcast reception.

Next step: at your Panasonic dealer.

We're confident the more you know about us and our video systems, the more you'll like what Panasonic has to offer. After all, Panasonic video products are designed and built by our parent company, Matsushita Electric, the world's largest and most experienced manufacturer of portable and home video recorders.

To learn more about which video system is best for you, we invite you to start by visiting your local Panasonic dealer. Take a look at the complete line of Panasonic video products. And you just may find the answers that are right for you. TV pictures simulated

Panasonic[®]
just slightly ahead of our time.™

OR YOU COULD SPEND A FEW MINUTES WITH PANASONIC RIGHT NOW.

We'd like to tell you what's possible. In simple terms. What are our credentials? Panasonic video recorders are from the company that makes more VCRs than anyone else in the world. The Panasonic format, VHS, was chosen by 80 percent of VCR buyers last year. That's important when you want assurance that what you buy is here to stay. Panasonic has many ways to enjoy the VHS format. Our new all-in-one camcorder. Portable components. And home decks. Now let Panasonic help you choose the video system that's right for you.





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PLAYBILL

WE'VE CHECKED ON who's been naughty and who's been nice—but we've decided to lay a holiday present on you anyway. First, the *Playboy Interview* with **Bill Cosby**, America's most popular one-man multimedia conglomerate. **Lawrence Linderman** cornered this genial genius and coaxed him to lift the covers off his guarded personal life. Lonely Guy **Bruce Jay Friedman**, who has made a career out of defending the personal life, does us all a favor by finally articulating *The Biological Need for Boys' Night Out*. And for those who are still bewildered by the way love can turn sour, **D. Keith Mano** explains the five stages of *Sexual Passages*, demilitarizing our erogenous zones and making it safe for us to fall in love again. Playmate **Carol Ficatier**, in *C'est Moi!*, gives us good reason to do so. This Miss December is the best thing to come from France since Miss Liberty.

Speaking of statuesque ladies, **O'Connell Driscoll's** profile *Brooke Shields Walks on Glass* (illustrated by **Pater Sato**) follows America's Dream Date on her rounds. Celebrity works in strange ways. When **Brooke** suffers a minor cut, her fans bleed for her. She, of course, is often very vocal about her antidrug opinions, as is the Reagan Administration. It even contends that we are winning the war against drugs. But we learn in **Laurence Gonzales' Why Drug Enforcement Doesn't Work** (illustrated by **Tom Curry**) that one reason is that some drug traffickers gross more in a year than the DEA has in its entire budget. And that's *tax-free*.

And in case you don't know what to do with your evenings, *America's Best Singles Bars* may just give you a few ideas. Again this year, **Bruce Kluger** has compiled the salient facts about our most appealing watering holes. Those of you who insist on staying in—but staying *up*—are already likely to be addicted to watching Indiana's favorite gap-toothed wise guy. *Late Night with David Letterman*, edited by **Merrill Markoe** (to be published by Villard Books), reveals the bits the NBC show's staff thinks were their funniest—even those that, for reasons of taste and decorum, didn't make it on the air.

And for this month's dose of irreverence, **Huey Lewis**—rock's most avid sports fan—takes a few swings at stardom, defends the absolute necessity for golf breaks during long tours and credits his success to his being a terrifically nice guy in *20 Questions*. Interviewers **David** and **Victoria Sheff** remember, "We saw Huey three years ago at a San Francisco rock-'n'-roll bowling alley, where he told us, 'I have this killer album in the works'—as he rolled his ball into our lane." It was, of course, *Sports*.

Lest you think we've forgotten the picture portions of this package, photographer **Jeff Dunas** and Associate Photo Editor **Janice Moses** conspired to bring us the latest in transparent-fashion trends in *Barely There*. You'll be seeing a lot more on the street these days. And on the screen, as well. **Jim Harwood** reviews the *Sex Stars of 1985* and ponders the question, Is Hollywood becoming just another marriage mill? And *Provocative Period Pieces* is another look at our favorite collection of erotic art.

As you curl up with our good book, you'll want to read *A Christmas Fantasy*, by **Paul Theroux**, about a spooky encounter with a beautiful woman; *Tough*, by **Lillian Ross** (illustrated by **Jose Cruz**), in which the hero learns to cope after divorce; and *Hitch Your Spaceship to a Star*, by **Donald E. Westlake**, who imagines a planet where time, literally, is of the essence.

The *Playboy Guide* devotes itself to the fast-forward world of electronic entertainment. *Like Father, Like Son* depicts the offspring of famous actors solving important fashion issues. And **Andrew Tobias' Quarterly Reports: You Really Should Read the Prospectus**—Really offers a few last-minute warnings about those tempting tax shelters.

But we've saved the best for our cover and for this last mention. *Barbi* is back! Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** and West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** were there when **Miss Benton** bared her considerable gifts to the Greek isles and returned with these spectacular shots. And that should do it for all the items on your Christmas list.



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DRISCOLL



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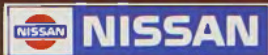
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ROGER MEARS PILOTS ONE OF OUR LABS.

"Tough" isn't something you hang on a truck, it's something you build in. But you have to know where.

Racing helps us learn. The soaring truck above, manned by racing pro Roger Mears, is an off-road racing star. It's also a very special 4-wheeled lab that tests "tough" for a company committed to a relentless search for innovative technology. The company's name is Nissan. And that search takes us to some of the most grueling off-roads in the world.

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 32, no. 12—december, 1985

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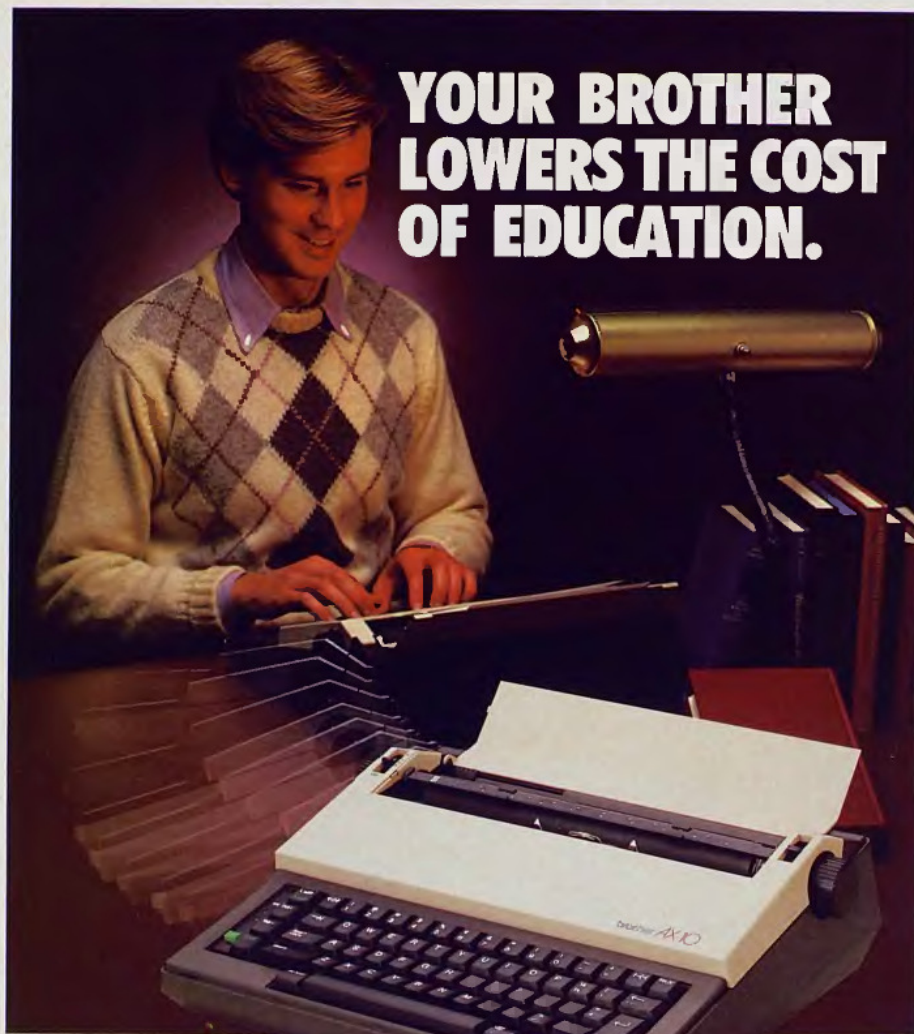
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COVER STORY Great to see those eyes again, isn't it? They belong to one of our all-time faves, Barbi Benton, looking good in a cover photo by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and a \$65,000 natural Russian crown-sable coat from Somper Furs, Beverly Hills. Is there anything we neglected to mention? Oh, yes. You'll see more Barbi in *Barbi*, beginning on page 158.

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The VCR that's capable of recording what will happen next year.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



BEAUTIFYING AREA CODE 805

At a recent Playboy Mansion West party celebrating the first anniversary of NBC's daytime soap *Santa Barbara*, the cast welcomed a new member—Miss May 1985, Kathy Shower (above, sharing birthday cake with Hef). Kathy will play a chauffeur who—no surprise—makes it big as a Playmate.

THE NOMINEE FOR BEST VISUAL ASSETS. . .

One thing audiences loved about the sleeper hit of last summer, *Fright Night*, was the rock-'em, sock-'em special effects, and one of the most special of those was Miss July 1981, Heidi Sorenson (in her Playmate layout at right; getting ready for a fright below). All you Heidi fans, get out there and see the movie—you're sure to lose your head over her.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

USA for Africa brought in the millions; Rosanne Katon Walden, Miss September 1978, and husband Richard—founder of Operation California—worked to turn the money into aid for Africa. Below, they help supervise the first airlift.



SPACE ENTERTAINMENT

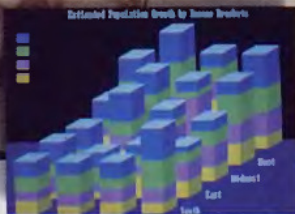
How will 21st Century space men spend their time? Judging from 20th Century Fox's upcoming epic *Enemy Mine*, with a spacy-looking PLAYBOY (above). They'll turn first, we hope, to *The Worlds of Playboy*.



ADAM AND VENICE

What's to say about Miss September 1985, Venice Kong? That she's beautiful and talented? That you'd like her to sit in your lap? It's all been said before. But here's something that hasn't: She makes her movie debut in Tri Star's new movie *My Man Adam*, and (above, with actor Charlie Barnett) makes quite an impression.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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INTO THE GROOVE

Your September layout on Madonna is perfect. I am impressed not only with the pictures but also with the text that goes along with them. I feel that it is honest and sincere; it shows Madonna the respect she deserves for everything she has accomplished as a person and as an entertainer.

J. M. LeClaire
Brea, California

The Madonna pictures are some of the most exotic and exhilarating shots shown in the past ten years of PLAYBOY.

Fred Frackett
Springfield, Massachusetts

Your September pictorial on Madonna Louise Ciccone proves just how into the groove PLAYBOY really is.

Barbara Lynne
Lake Oswego, Oregon

Lee Friedlander's photographic genius is apparent with his capturing of Madonna. Her eyes look as if she could kiss or kill you in an instant. I could only stare, wondering which it would be. From the obscurity of this unknown woman's face to the natural beauty of her womanhood, Friedlander combines the bold with the vulnerable. A masterpiece.

Johnny Mears
Nashville, Tennessee

I can't believe you had the class to publish those *art* photos of Madonna. They are surely the only true erotica you have ever featured.

Judy Clark
Tallahassee, Florida

I'd like to praise you for publishing those exceptionally arousing, high-quality photos of Madonna—especially those in which this exquisitely sensuous woman proudly displays her unshaved underarms. I've always felt that the unshaved look

offers a wholesome, earthy sensuality that is far more appealing than the phoniness of the shaved look.

Brian Chapman
Baldwinsville, New York

If that's like a virgin, I would like to join the club! Keep the hairy armpits coming.

Pat Flynn
New York, New York

I was quite taken by the daring and sensitivity demonstrated by both artist and model in your Madonna pictorial. I sincerely hope this marks a new trend in art photography for PLAYBOY.

Steven Kimmelman
Salem, Oregon

Steven, you can count yourself in good company. Raymond Sokolov, writing a photography column for The Wall Street Journal, found our portfolio of Madonna "attractive, interestingly lighted" and "accomplished." He noted that while there are "flashes of controlled realism," some of the photographs possess "the serenity of a 17th Century Dutch interior." American Photographer called the photos "artful."

HUSTON'S HONOR

Although Madonna nude was the catch, the real prize in September's PLAYBOY is the John Huston *Interview* by Lawrence Grobel. Huston is a giant of a man. In the *Interview*, he comes off as so *normal*—a man who is at peace with his own convictions, who can look back and understand why things were the way they were and not be overwrought by them. Even now, at his age, he comes across as sexy, alive and capable of much more.

Judith J. Walen
Fullerton, California

WELCOME TO THE SNIPE HUNT

PLAYBOY has had a sudden sales spurt in Frazer Park, California, thanks in part to a religious-activist group that began marching outside the local pharmacy and liquor

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store carrying placards that read, BAN PLAYBOY! and PLAYBOY PORN LEADS TO CHILD MOLESTING! On our way to a campsite, my husband and I stopped in this lovely mountain burg for insect repellent. To enter the pharmacy, we not only had to skirt the ring-around-a-rosy of protesters but also several locals who had purchased the offending magazine, set themselves up outside the picketed store and were proudly reading PLAYBOY. We asked the clerk if business had been hurt by the picketers. Ticked, she said the pharmacy used to order four copies of PLAYBOY a month, "but since they showed up, we can't keep it in stock."

Gayle Caldwell-Bosley
Los Angeles, California

I am quite disturbed by the vote taken in the House of Representatives to cut the funding for reproducing PLAYBOY in Braille. I am very much for a balanced budget; what upsets me is the complete irrationality of the speeches on the floor calling PLAYBOY "illicit sex." Such remarks belong in the same category as "Trees pollute the environment" and "Evolution has no solid grounds." If we are to reduce the budget, let's do it with equality and rational thought, not with flat statements that have no foundation. The PLAYBOY movement brought a basic human drive to the forefront in a rational, dignified manner. I can attest to that by the way I was treated at Playboy Clubs in New York and Chicago. If there had been anything sleazy going on there, I would not have rented the VIP Room for the golden anniversary of my parents. I am living a very active and successful professional life in spite of a severe physical handicap. I wish to express my sincere thanks to your organization and staff for their contribution to my social and business life. When irrationality is obvious to all, let those of us who can think organize statements and facts to counter irrational remarks, for the purpose of bringing equality to all.

Emik A. Avakian
Chicopee, Massachusetts

I am enclosing an article I just read in *The Newspaper* (Providence, Rhode Island). It seems to be saying that PLAYBOY, as well as *Penthouse* and *Hustler*, regularly publishes pornographic cartoons of children. I have been reading PLAYBOY for years and know that to be untrue (I can't speak for the other magazines, but I hope it's not true). I think your magazine should force those folks to publish a retraction.

Janice Stone
Westport, Connecticut

The article to which Stone refers is "Pornography Poses Risk Society Can't Afford," by Laura Lederer, released by Pacific News Service. It reads in part: "New research by Dr. Judith Reisman of the American University in Washington, D.C., is providing that information. Reisman and her staff are cataloging portrayals of children,

crime and violence in three of the largest, most widely read pornography magazines—PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. She has so far found over 2000 cartoons about children. Three quarters of those show children involved in violent or sexual activities. Many of these depict gang rapes of children, fathers sexually abusing daughters, benevolent or father figures raping or murdering young girls."

To which we say, "Apples aren't oranges." If other magazines are publishing cartoons of "gang rapes of children, fathers sexually abusing daughters, benevolent or father figures raping or murdering young girls," PLAYBOY never has, never will. Our readers know that. And lying with statistics is still lying.

POLICE DEPARTMENT

I have to say thank you to Mark Baker for *Cops* (PLAYBOY, September). It's time people became aware of what a cop's job consists of. It's riding around for eight hours only until an offense occurs. That offense may last only 30 seconds, but the memory lasts forever. Reading about the things that go on in other towns makes me realize that my job in my small town is just as meaningful as those of big-city cops. I hope everyone who reads the article understands that being a cop is surely not done for the money; it's done for the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped a victim of crime or misfortune.

M. Lee
Vinton, Louisiana

RAVISHING RICHARD

I am a longtime subscriber who enjoys your articles, fiction and jokes. However, I skim by the naked ladies. Occasionally, in *Playbill*, you have an itty-bitty picture of Richard Fegley, who often photographs these ladies. Well, I gotta tell you, Fegley is one gorgeous man. And the itty-bitty pictures are not enough. How about turning the tables and having a pictorial of Fegley (sans clothes, of course)? This would satisfy all of your women readers (and there are a lot of us out here), and your male readers could stand it for just one issue.

Angela Stewart
Fairfield, Connecticut

But who would take the pictures?

MORAL QUARREL

Anthony Brandt's *The Moral Superiority of (a) Men (b) Women* (PLAYBOY, September) is further support for those of us who buy PLAYBOY for the articles. It is certainly true, as Brandt concludes, that women are as capable as men of high levels of moral reasoning. But it is also true, as he never clearly affirms, that men are characteristically individualistic and principled, while women are characteristically caring and compassionate in their moral reasoning. What is perhaps more important is that it is impossible to determine which of

these attitudes toward moral choices is better. Without a common ground or a higher, undeniable point of view, the superiority of one attitude cannot be determined. The sooner we realize that honest, well-intentioned people of all moral beliefs are on the same side, the closer we will be to peace, harmony and happiness.

Paul Thiel
Covington, Kentucky

SECRET SHARER

Lately, I've been worried that having an imaginary sex life is more than a little bit strange. I'm happily married and enjoy an excellent sex life, but I'm still somewhat inexperienced and a little naïve. After reading David Black's *Hot Secrets* (PLAYBOY, August), I was able to share my private world with my husband without worrying about a negative reaction. Your magazine broadens my imagination and gives me the courage to experiment on new ground. Thank you, PLAYBOY and David Black, for an excellent article.

Debbie Dunnill
Ottawa, Ontario

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

PLAYBOY, I'll make you a deal. I'll trade you five Texas women for Venice Kong. Deal? Or do I need more collateral?

Carey Ham
Austin, Texas

Miss September, Venice Kong, did wonders for our morale while we fought forest fires deep in the Salmon National Forest. Our continual perusing of the Playmate pictorial kept more than just the fire burning. If Venice isn't your Playmate of the Year, then a lot of us fire fighters will be greatly disappointed. Could we have just one more look at the beautiful Venice?

Idaho Strike Team
Shoshone District
Shoshone, Idaho

Sure, but don't go off duty. It looks as if



there may be a brush fire on the way.



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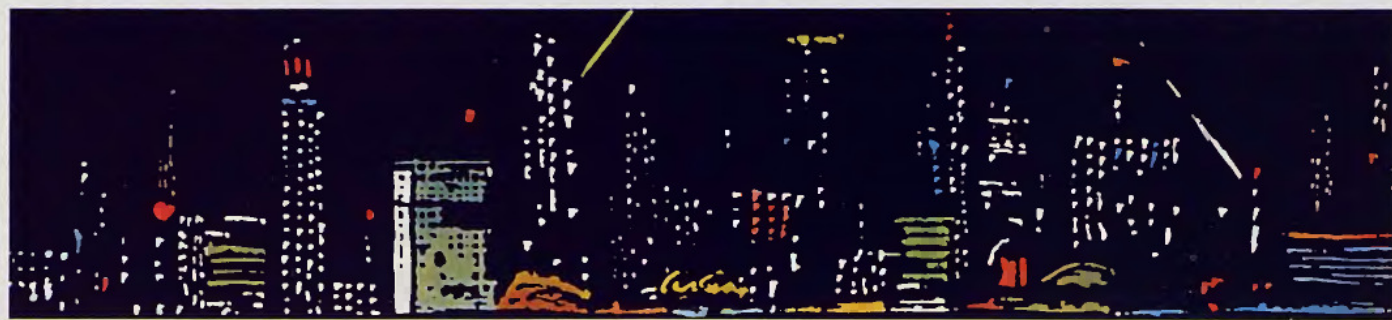


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BLESSED BE THE BIKERS

A two-mile-long band of motorcycles, coming from every corner of the state, descended upon the sleepy Connecticut town of Litchfield. A group of priests stood in wait. Another bone-chilling biker-gang horror? Hardly; this was the seventh annual blessing of the motorcycles by members of the Roman Catholic clergy. "We based it on the blessing of the fleet," said Father Ray Lombard. "We just leave out the ships and replace them with motorcycles." Over the thunderous rumble of a Harley-Davidson, Father Lombard explained that these people were not gang members but, rather, decent, law-abiding bikers who were entitled to the Lord's protection. One priest cautioned that the blessing was "only good up to 55 miles per hour." Lombard added, "I bless sidecars, too."

Perhaps he has moved on to *premier cru* Bordeaux. The *Chicago Sun-Times'* movie section included this listing: *Mad Max Beyond Thunderbird*.

A San Francisco woman who admitted to her priest that she had embezzled \$28,000 from church funds has filed a \$5,000,000 lawsuit against him, claiming that he had violated the confidentiality she expected from him. She went to the priest in the first place because she "couldn't take the pressure anymore. I needed to talk to someone, and the only person I could speak with was my priest." She expected "forgiveness, absolution and secrecy." What she got instead was a conviction for grand larceny and a sentence of seven months in jail.

Those of you who have a song in your heart now can also have one in your pants. Frederick's of Hollywood is marketing underpants that have on the waist a tiny music box that's battery-powered and activated by a flip of a switch. Tunes

include *Jingle Bells*, *Happy Birthday*, *Love Me Tender*, *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *Here Comes the Bride* and, for shameless thrill seekers, *When the Saints Go Marching In*. However, one female customer complained that the pants aren't wonderful in situations when you don't really want to make music: "A big sealed box was sent to me, and I heard *Jingle Bells*. They just went off."

The most thought-provoking for-sale classified this month comes from *The Arizona Republic*: "Two double-amputee wheelchairs, two electric lawn mowers, one table saw."

Sandia National Laboratories has developed an adhesive that will stick to almost any dry or wet surface and will resist burning and removal with typical solvents. The substance can be used for a variety of purposes, according to Sandia, but our favorite is its proposed use during warfare. Sandia envisions bombarding an



enemy airfield with the adhesive. According to the plan, planes would stick to the ground and would be unable to take off. What do you have to say to that, Elmer?

We've all had sexual partners who occasionally give us the willies, but one woman's gave her hives. A 33-year-old woman who was allergic to pollen, dust and molds suffered varied allergic reactions after having sex on several occasions with a man who was taking penicillin. A condom seemed to prevent the problem, though.

CAT-FOOD PÂTÉ

Our Worst Fears Confirmed Department: A Philadelphia meat wholesaler pleaded guilty to charges that he had purchased meat from a pet-food company and sold it to local hospitals, schools and military bases. The owner of the pet-food company also pleaded guilty to the scheme, which involved peddling upwards of 15,000 pounds of meat a week for three and a half years. Authorities said the meat was not fit for human consumption—no surprise to anyone who's ever eaten in a cafeteria.

Scoop of the month: A California ice-cream maker is offering saffron *gelato*—at \$49.95 a pint. If it's any consolation, that's the same price he charges for his champagne ice.

A particularly plaintive lost-and-found item appeared in *The Milwaukee Journal*: "Lost—Gold wedding ring inscribed 'I'll wear your love always.' \$200 reward."

Walter Wood, a convicted murderer, is suing the Utah State Prison, contending that his constitutional rights were violated when he "inadvertently wandered into an escape-in-progress situation." He and two other inmates strolled from the prison grounds in civilian clothes. Wood was captured within hours. But in his \$2,000,000 lawsuit, he claims that he suffered severe



UNDISCOVERED CARIBBEAN ISLANDS

Tired of the same old Caribbean island every year? It's time for a little more adventure in your island hopping, for the truly offbeat places far from the beaten track, offering delights that make them well worth the detour. Here are seven of the least-known islands of the Caribbean, featuring more than just sun, sand and sea water.

TRINIBAGO

No tony luxury resorts here—just campers, vans and offbeat recreational vehicles. Meet real people who enjoy the same pursuits you do. There's a 7-Eleven, a video-rental store and a Swap-and-Shop to bring you all the comforts of home. And thanks to G. Clyde Arbustler, you can snorkel for priceless R.V. treasures. In 1977, Arbustler, a multimillionaire and R.V. collector, was in the middle of a stormy divorce settlement. Rather than share his precious collection with his wife, as the court had ordered, he dumped it into the Caribbean. His loss is your gain.

GOUDALOUPE

Originally a colony of Holland, Goudaloupe is the only island in the Caribbean that still makes its own cheese.

The best time to visit Goudaloupe is during *Loogabooloo*, the six-month festival of hate and vengeance, to watch the Goudaloupeans perform their colorful *Mojamba* rituals. In *Mojamba*, the natives create likenesses of their enemies from large slabs of cheese, which are then melted in a large communal frying pan. To prove the sincerity of their hatred, the participants must "eat" their enemies by dipping their fingers into the hot, bubbling cheese and licking them off.

ARETHA

Get there fast, before the record-company execs do, because this is where island music is really happening. Aretha is the home of *boogae*, or *boogae boogae*, as the natives call it—a funky, rollicking combination of rock, Gospel, calypso, *reggae*, boogiewoogie, African, Brazilian, disco, ragtime, modern jazz and pop. You stay in a muddy shack with a hot tin roof, drink *fifa*, the cheap island rum, and eat the soul food of Aretha—deep-fried *gunagloo*, *tani-wani* grits.

ST. VESCO

If you're getting away from it all in a hurry and plan an unlimited stay in the Caribbean, this is the place. St. Vesco's magnificent underground villas come with a state-of-the-art security system, round-the-clock Green Beret guard

service and a dozen trained Dobermans. Each home is equipped with a complete laundry room, and same-day dry cleaning is available, with free pickup and delivery. Also, your villa's computer system is linked to all of the island's 963 banks.

ST. BARNACLE

An old fisherman's island named after the patron saint of hard luck, it captures the innocence and charm of a bygone era. Every evening, the St. Barnacleans go out to sea in their tiny square boats and cast their nets made of okra leaves. Every morning, they return empty-handed. It seems that there are no edible fish near St. Barnacle, but the natives either don't know or don't care. For hundreds of years, they've cast their nets, sung their island chanteys, smoked their pipes and eaten crusty bread as they fished through the night. Chartered boats, nets, pipes, crusty bread and tobacco rentals are available.

THE CRINOLINES

The Crinolines attract a few more tourists than you may like because of their justly famous natural wonders, the Singing Bees and the Dancing Stones. A remarkable strain of native bees fly in small groups, actually humming calypso and *reggae* songs, while on certain parts of the island there are stones and rocks that pick up the bees' musical vibrations and do a primitive time step similar to a tap dance. It may not be Sinatra and Astaire, but it's loads of fun.

ST. AMEX

Besides the usual fancy brands and designer labels, St. Amex offers the finest in island wares and wearables. Before you know it, you're stocking up on wicker shoe trees, lobster-shell sweaters that snap, crackle and pop as you walk and those little cha-chas (not the dance step but the tiny hamsterlike creatures of the island that serve as human Dustbusters. Cha-chas eat anything that falls to the floor). Other native goodies include banana-peel sandals, *tabanas*, the ubiquitous primitive collages made of dried insects, and those silly coconut wigs.

—GERRY SUSSMAN

trauma while free. "Because of extreme fear of being shot to death, I was forced to swim several irrigation canals, attempt to swim a 'raging' Jordan River and expose myself to innumerable bites by many insects. At one point, I heard a volley of shotgun blasts, and this completed my anxiety."

Attention, tennis players: There's a drier on the market for \$15 that is expressly designed to be used for drying sweaty racket handles. Honest.

WHISKY BUSINESS

They mutated Levi's jeans, they got between you and your Calvins, and now those counterfeit rascals are trying to shove phony Johnnie Walker Scotch down your throat. The Distillers Company of London, the world's largest Scotch producer, had previously ferreted out odd bottles of "Vat 96" and "Haiz." But it had never cracked anything like the cases of the "Johnnie *Hawker* [italics ours] Red Label Old Scotch Whisky" that recently sluiced the world whisky market.

It turns out that Red Label is more than an unregistered trademark: The whisky is manufactured in Bulgaria and is distributed by the official state forwarding agency, Despred. The stuff is packaged in a look-alike square bottle that differs from the genuine article only in brand name, and a shipment of more than 28,000 bottles was recently seized in Italy en route to South Africa. Johnnie Hawker looks real, but it tastes like Memorex. Produced with chemical alcohol and "whisky essence," this crude attempt to undermine bourgeois Western palates tastes, according to an Italian customs official, "like toilet water"—something to keep in mind the next time your host offers a shot of rare single-malt Bulgarian.

Word processing comes full circle. The *New York Times* headline summed it up nicely: "SOFTWARE TRANSFORMS APPLE III INTO A TYPEWRITER."

Well, we love it, but how about the assessments? Joey Skaggs of New York City manufactures fish condos—imagine a dollhouse you put in your tank. Designed for a standard five-gallon aquarium, the units include little kitchen and living-room areas. And they're cute—about \$1000 worth of cute. The bad news is that you still have to worry about yellow—and other-colored—waxy build-up.

A gunman who had run into a Chicago alleyway found his escape blocked by a police barricade. After 45 minutes of careful crisis-management self-reflection, he fired three shots and then bargained with police: "I'll give you my gun if you give me a beer." They did, he did—and aside from his aggravated-assault charge, it was pretty much Miller time.

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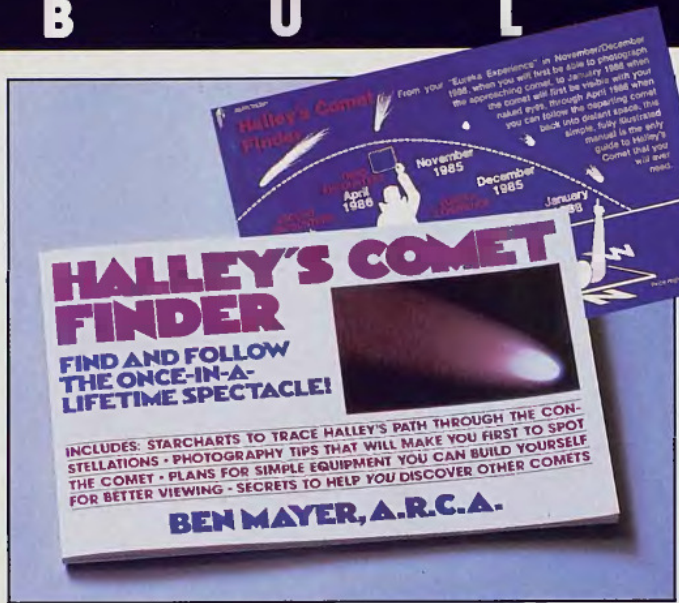


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HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT

In the ancient world, it was a harbinger of strife and war. Mark Twain was born and died with it overhead, and it's coming again this year. Halley's comet, one of nature's best fireworks, will be visible from December 1985 through April 1986, and with Hal-

ley's Comet Finder, you won't miss out on any of the fun. The book has star charts and photography tips on how best to capture this celestial speedster. Don't let this opportunity slip through your hemisphere; you won't have another one until the year 2060.

B A C K T A L K



JERRY HALL'S NINE TIPS ON KEEPING A MAN

The first one I heard from my mother: You catch more bees with honey than with vinegar. If you translated that into a rule, it would be "Be nice!"

The next three tips are also things I learned from my mother: You've got to be a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom. Since I have a maid and a cook, I figure I can do the rest myself. There's only so much you can do in one day and do it well.

Five: Throw out any matchbooks you come across with odd phone numbers.

Six: Wear Chanel Number Five.

Seven: Always have entertaining dinner conversations, even if you have to plan what you're going to talk about. Life with someone includes so many dinners that you have to be amusing. Most women never think about that when they live with a man.

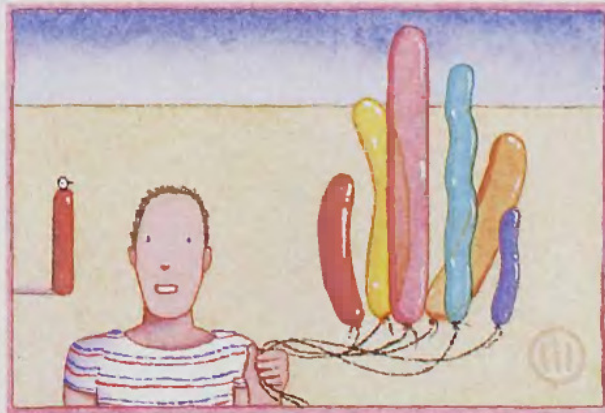
Eight: Leave a man alone when he's in a bad mood.

Nine: Never be intimidated by another woman. Fight for your man. Be willing to call up the other woman and tell her you'll shoot her.

F A C T O I D S

MEASURING UP

The difference between psychogenic and organic impotence has been clinically based upon whether or not a man can achieve erections while sleeping. Diagnostic methods have included placing a ring of postage stamps about the flaccid organ; in the morning, popped perforations prove potency. But even though a penis can break a band of stamps, it can be too limp for penetration, leaving the question "Just how erect is an erection?" Dr. R. Virag of

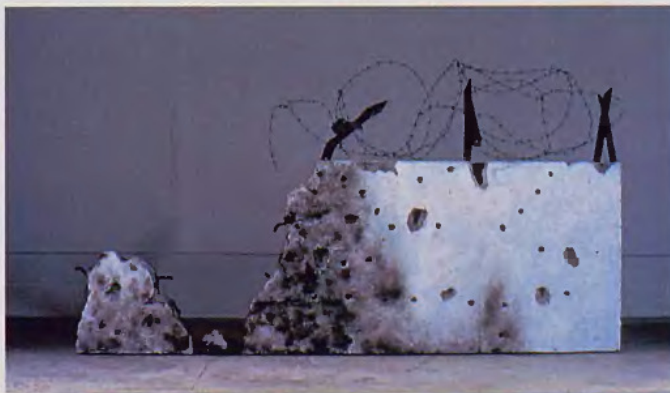


The Center for Impotence Research in Paris set out to find a foolproof method of measurement. He attached a small metallic sensor to the penile shaft to measure pressure within the penis during its journey from flaccid to erect and found that each millimeter of sensor movement along the swelling member was equal to a given amount of force on the penile tissue—hence, a measure of rigidity. Dr. Virag named his unit of measurement the pen (as in penile) rig (as in rigidity). Scores of 100 or more indicate an erection to be proud of. Anything below that means a diminished state of sexual readiness—such as when your girlfriend invites her consciousness-raising group to your house. So there you have a peter meter to beat the band.

DIVIDED IT STANDS

Same folks take strife home with them, and designer Ron Christensen offers this room divider to make the domestic environment mirror the outside world. Far

\$1200 (at New York's Warkbench gallery), you can have this broken section of reinforced concrete with gnarled, rusted barbed wire. Think of it as a little piece of Beirut.





WILD CARDS

Maybe these will bring back strip poker. In 1848, Baptiste Paul Grimaud, a French-person, designed a set of playing cards that were anamorphoses—drawings that are distorted until seen reflected in a curved mirror.

Face cards in this deck have the most fun. Each king exercises his regal duties with aplomb, the queens display anything but reserve and the jacks—the lowliest of the bunch—are given a royal pain by dominatrices. This facsimile set is available at Mythology in New York for \$14.50.

HOT TIPS

The standard 15 percent gratuity may be an endangered species. More and more, tipped workers now regard a 20 percent tip—and even 25 percent—as an appropriate way to show appreciation for service rendered. Such generosity, however, seems to be clustered around high-ticket workers—hairstressers and barbers. Cabdrivers seem to

think that little has changed in the past few years—with one cabby complaining that 12 to 15 percent of his customers don't tip at all and that he averages only an eight percent tip above the meter. In Chicago, however, one shoeshine man remarked that a dollar tip on a dollar shine is not uncommon. "Not bad," he concluded, "for five minutes' work."

G I Z M O

Next time you run a 26K marathon, you may want to analyze your performance on your 256K computer. Puma has fashioned its RS Computer Shoe with an on-board microchip impact sensor that can jog your machine's memory to tell you how far you've run and how many calories you've expended; it can even rank your performance against previous personal bests. Shoes, computer cable link, preprogrammed software and manual will cost \$200. Replacement shoes, without chip, will go for \$95.



H E L P F I L E

TO THE MANOR BORNE: BUYING A BRITISH TITLE



International Investment and Business Exchange in England has made five lordship-of-the-manor titles available to Americans through its representative, Marje Strandell of Dallas, Texas. Prices range from \$20,000 to \$37,000, and buyers get a coat of arms, documents on the history of the title and the right to be called lord or lady. In addition, they have access to the House of Lords (but no vote), can join the British Manorial Society, have the use of their manorial grounds and can pass the title and privileges on to their descendants. In the past, such titles were sold only in very private, discreet deals. But according to Strandell, "Some manorial lords are

hurting for cash . . . badly." Among the titles are the lordship of Cokesputt, Devon (\$20,000); the lordship of Gelham Hall, Norfolk (\$29,000); the lordship of Morden, Devon (\$27,000); the lordship of Tale, Devon (\$37,000); the lordship of Talaton, Devon (\$20,000).

Strandell points out that "in order to buy a title, the only requirement is that one pay the price for it. But we feel we also have to do a little bit of screening so the title and the history will be carried on in an honorable and respectable manner.

"We do this by talking to the prospective buyer. I trust my instincts and gut feeling. If someone is bragging a lot on the telephone, I doubt that

that person will really respect what he's buying."

The prospective buyers so far are from California, Oregon and Texas.

According to Strandell, one man from Houston would not use the title in everyday life. "He wants to charter a plane to fly his family and business associates to his manor house to have a Texas barbecue, complete with a caterer flown in from Texas." There's also a gentleman from California who wants the title for the historical value and as an investment. But he, too, will never use it. He told Strandell, "I don't want to be called lord and my wife's not going to be called lady."

Well, all of this is well and good; but we'll wait until the duchy of Earl comes on the block.

—RENA LE BLANC

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A SLEW of high-powered actresses will be vying for laurels when this movie year ends, and Kate Nelligan can now claim a place among the top contenders for her virtuoso stint in the title role of *Eleni* (Warner). Portraying a courageous Greek mother who died trying to save her children from deportation to a Communist country during the civil strife that divided Greece right after World War Two, Nelligan delivers emotional dynamite on demand. You will wait in vain for any comparable fireworks from John Malkovich, a fine, subtle actor who doggedly underplays even his biggest moments as Eleni's son in adulthood (Andrea Laskaris plays him at the age of nine). Of course, Nelligan and Malkovich have no scenes together, since his role is that of former *New York Times* reporter Nicholas Gage, whose original *Eleni* became an international best seller after its publication in 1983. The book was his first-person account of an excruciating odyssey back to the Greek homeland he hadn't seen since childhood to find out why—and by whom—his mother had been executed and to avenge her death.

To condense Gage's 400 interviews with people in more than half a dozen countries would be a tall order for any film. Thus, the screenplay, by Steve (Breaking Away) Tesich, with frequent flashbacks between its slow start and stunning climax, often resembles selected highlights from *Eleni*. Relying on Billy Williams' lush camerawork, plus a vibrant musical score by Bruce Smeaton, director Peter Yates makes all of it sweepingly visual and neoromantic even when a stark, visceral style might have served the story better. But whenever Nelligan takes charge, *Eleni* throbs with both guts and glory. ★★★½

To describe the plot of *Maxie* (Orion) might handicap a daffy and beguiling romantic comedy that plays like some madcap farce from the Thirties. Obviously relishing the chance to bounce around the screen with lighter-than-air material, Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin take off with their roles as a San Francisco couple—she's a bishop's secretary, he's a rare-books scholar—who encounter a ghost named Maxie while renovating their old house. Close plays both the young wife, Jan, and the intruding ectoplasm—a Twenties flapper and would-be movie starlet who not only seduces Jan's husband but uses Jan's own body as bait. "I'm a woman, not a flophouse," protests the heroine, reasonably objecting to transient souls' checking in and out on a whim. *Maxie* is altogether implausible, but plausibility seems irrelevant when the two stars start to twinkle, as if director Paul



Nelligan, as Eleni, with her children.

Nelligan, Malkovich team up in *Eleni*—a stirring true account of war, survival and revenge.

Aaron had been ordered to clone an old-fashioned screwball comedy in the spirit of *Topper*. George Delerue's sprightly musical score and Patricia Resnick's screenplay (adapted from a novel by Jack Finney) fortify the impression that San Francisco is a fantasyland where the rules of logic may be suspended from time to time in favor of farfetched fun. ★★★

Still in San Francisco but on a more somber assignment, Glenn Close in *Jagged Edge* (Columbia) plays the reluctant defense attorney of a rich newspaper publisher accused of brutally murdering his much richer wife. After resisting the case, she falls in love with her glamor-boy client (Jeff Bridges) and declares professional war on the ruthless prosecutor (Peter Coyote) who used to be her boss. It's an intricate triad, with motives tainted on every side by greed, sex and lust for power. All three of the principal actors—plus Robert Loggia, as a drunken investigator digging up evidence for the defense—play this worldly, handsome whodunit for a good measure more than it's worth. If the screenplay and direction were equal to their talent, *Jagged Edge* would be a knockout. As is, it's a so-so suspense drama. ★★★½

Writer-director Larry Cohen is a merchant of menace whose track record (*It's Alive* and *Q* are entered in evidence) proves that he doesn't take terror too seriously. *The Stuff* (New World), star-

ring Michael Moriarty and Andrea Marcovicci, abetted by Paul Sorvino as a right-wing fanatic with his own broadcasting facilities in Atlanta, is a droll, grisly jape about an uncontrolled substance, all white and custardy, that oozes up from the bowels of the earth and starts behaving like Tofutti on a rampage. Some evil entrepreneurs put Stuff on the market, of course, and people eat it up as a swell new supertasty secret-formula dessert, unaware that horrid side effects are just a swallow away. *The Stuff* is pure junk food, low in nutrients and as enjoyably nutty as a Snickers. ★★

An unsolved murder, loose women, a love triangle and an imminent prize fight that never happens are part of *Detective* (Spectrafilm), a terminally boring French movie by Jean-Luc Godard. As the bad-boy wonder of *le cinéma français* for roughly a quarter of a century (since *Breathless*), Godard is a legendary aesthetic eccentric whose flops are pretentious, incoherent and frequent. Any fanatic Godardian who can explain the plot of *Detective* must have sat through it twice, an unimaginable feat. Although one character insists, "We're not in some little French film where the actors believe talking is thinking," you'd better believe that's a warning. ★

The youthful shenanigans of *Better Off Dead* (Warner) concern a high school loser who ponders suicide when his favorite girl dumps him for the hot-shot captain of the ski team. John Cusack, who plays the despondent hero, was chosen for *Dead* when 25-year-old writer-director Savage Steve Holland saw him in Rob Reiner's *The Sure Thing*. Although Chicago-born Cusack is an assured young comedian, he gets too little help from Holland's hit-or-miss gags, most of which are dragged in D.O.A. ★

To really enjoy *Bullshot* (Island Alive), you'd better be a pushover for broad British humor. Adapted from a theatrical parody of the *Bulldog Drummond* stories, *Bullshot* stars Alan Shearman as the doughty adventurer and superpatriot who rescues damsels (chiefly Diz White), pursues villains and generally creates chaos in a good cause. Not my cuppa, but genial and high-spirited, laid on *that* thick, like currant jelly on a crumpet. ★★

Does anyone remember that the nonmonster lead in the original *Godzilla* nearly 30 years ago was played by Raymond Burr? Well, he and *Godzilla* are both back, Burr older but wiser and pontificating platitudes, in the god-awful *Godzilla 1985* (New World). The monster that mauls Tokyo this time around still resembles a large pile of plastic guano—

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no triumph of special-effects technology after three decades in limbo—and the Japanese-to-English dubbing is so out of sync and ludicrous that I half expected an end credit giving a nod of acknowledgment to Woody Allen. Anyway, it's rotten enough to give bad-movie buffs a bomb to remember. **YY**

French writer-director Francis Veber (whose imposing credits include the screenplay for *La Cage aux Folles*, *The Toy* and other Americanized remakes of his hit comedies from abroad) definitely has a way with tart, flavorful soufflés. The latest frolicsome Veber import is *La Chèvre* (European Classics), which means "the goat," a French label for an accident-prone sad sack. Gérard Depardieu, as a private investigator, and Pierre Richard, as a congenitally unlucky accountant, endure a series of amusing setbacks when they're assigned to Mexico to find a wealthy man's kidnaped daughter (Corynne Charbit), the kind of scatterbrain who keeps bumping into things. *La Chèvre* is so mild, easygoing and pleasant to look at, with droll Laurel-and-Hardyish chemistry between its two male stars, that I would not be surprised to hear that some mogul has snapped up the rights for recycling in English with Tom Hanks and John Candy, or maybe Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder. Meanwhile, the subtitled original melts language barriers in mirth. **YYY**

A young girl separated from her father discovers America during the Great Depression in *The Journey of Natty Gann* (Disney), which looks back at those bad old days in a picturesque collage of landscapes that sometimes resembles a Sierra Club calendar. What's new from the world of Disney is the gritty social conscience of the tale, directed by Jeremy Kagan from a scenario by Jeanne Rosenberg (co-author of the *Black Stallion* screenplay). The plucky title character, portrayed by gifted teenaged newcomer Meredith Salenger, encounters hobos, thieves, drifters and dirty old men while hopping freight cars on her cross-country odyssey from Chicago to Washington state to find Dad (Ray Wise) in a lumber camp. *Natty Gann* is far superior to standard cinematic kid stuff, even though its cast includes a wonder dog named Jed, portraying a tamed wolf in an engagingly realistic manner that will *not* remind you of Lassie. **YYY½**

New York, New York, a hell of a town, displays zero appeal as a tourist attraction in a trio of movies that make Manhattan seem a teeming inferno of sex, drugs and violence. In docudrama form, *Gringo* (Triad) focuses on the wretched existence of a dedicated junkie (portrayed by real-life addict John Spacely) and some of the unlovely people he encounters. Director Lech Kowalski presumably intends *Gringo* as a harrowing deterrent to drug use, yet half his message went right by me

while I cringed and squinted through no fewer than a dozen grisly depictions of addicts shooting up. Then I staggered away, having learned nothing new, neither edified nor entertained. *Streetwalkin'* (Concorde/Cinema Group), as you might expect, deals in a mean-streets manner with prostitution. Mostly, its heroine (sympathetically played by Melissa Leo) tries to elude a psychotic pimp (Dale Midkiff) who appears determined to slaughter the entire cast. It ends in a blood bath, with veteran sexpot Julie Newmar sort of slouching to the rescue as a cynical but spectacular whore named Queen Bee. Another beauty exacts a woman's vengeance in *Sudden Death* (Marvin Films). She's Denise Coward, Australian runner-up for the Miss World title in 1978. Here, Denise plays a rape victim who, after her ordeal, buys a gun and lures at least four would-be assailants into range. *Her* crimes pay off in love and kisses with a young detective who evidently endorses the eye-for-an-eye notion that whatever a ravaged lady wants, she Goetz. For satisfying morbid curiosity about Gotham Guignol, all rated equal: **YY**

Director Leon Ichaso's *Crossover Dreams* (Miramax), filmed mostly in New York's Spanish Harlem, looks brimful of authentic local color set to a *salsa* beat. Its other asset is Rubén Blades, a singer-actor with considerable screen presence, who occasionally gives the movie a lift of lyricism—especially when he stands alone on a tenement rooftop, seemingly serenading flocks of passing birds. The down side is that Blades, as a flashy *salsa* singer named Rudy, doesn't get much backup from the piffing screenplay, which studiously honors every showbiz cliché while charting Rudy's fast rise and even faster decline. On the way up, he drops loyal friends, then spurns his neighborhood sweetheart (Elizabeth Peña) to cavort with groupies in a hot tub. So what makes Rudy run? Mainly a tried-and-tinsel plot that reduces *Dreams* to dust. **YY**

Although identified as David and Judy, the divorcing spouses in writer-director Henry Jaglom's *Always* (Goldwyn) bear an intentional resemblance to Jaglom and Patrice Townsend, his beautiful former wife (who made her movie debut in his *Sitting Ducks*). Clearly cast as their alter egos, Henry/David and Patrice/Judy are having a farewell dinner, a sentimental rendezvous that stretches into a Fourth-of-July holiday truth session with two other couples—one about to be married, one locked in connubial combat. Jaglom is more interesting as a maker of movies than as a performer, and he tends to be so deeply and personally involved in *Always* that his feelings often run away with his film sense. There's an awful lot of hugging and kissing, letting the camera linger over Patrice's engaging smile, blathering on and on about pain, happiness and inner

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selves. Stacks of old-time, sentimental show tunes spin along on the sound track while Jaglom's psychodrama ranges from irritating self-indulgence to moments of oddly touching human comedy. Finally, though, the company Jaglom keeps is not especially stimulating to an outsider; I felt as if I were trapped at a weekend house party with a sextet of characters who had been overexposed to est. **YY**

Truth far stranger than fiction gets a substantial boost from Sissy Spacek's soft but sterling performance in *Marie* (MGM/UA). Adapted by John (Gandhi) Briley from Peter Maas's book *Marie: A True Story* and ably directed by Australian-born Roger Donaldson, the movie plays like an upgraded docudrama made for prime-time television. It's intelligent, earnest, full of honorable intentions in recapping the saga of Marie Ragghianti, an abused young wife and mother who leaves her husband, supports three kids while working her way through college and winds up fighting corruption in high places when she becomes the first woman to head Tennessee's Board of Pardons and Paroles. *Marie's* tangled tale lurches from medical crises at home—a young son seriously ill—to ethical crises on Capitol Hill, where pardons are bought and sold by the network of good ol' boys in charge. Jeff Daniels and Keith Szarabjka play a couple of the men whose mettle she tests, though the film's most provocative casting coup has Marie's attorney, Fred Thompson, played by Thompson himself. He was a Watergate legal alumnus whose flair for courtroom drama helped Ragghianti triumph and eventually sent Tennessee's Governor Ray Blanton and his cronies to prison. Thompson's acting is an asset to a pretty good movie with an air of authenticity but no sudden gusts of genius to help *Marie* achieve Magnum force. **YY½**

Typically French and very nearly as commonplace as a tiny replica of the Eiffel Tower, director Michel Deville's *Peril* (Triumph) charts what follows when a bored, beautiful matron (Nicole Garcia) hires a handsome young stud (Christopher Malaboy) to give her nubile daughter guitar lessons. *Maman* herself soon learns—or teaches—a few things about sex, murder, plots and counterplots. Although always conscientiously clever and civilized, *Peril* is much more interesting for its heated passion than for its convoluted crime. **YY**

There's a hell of a lot of conversation to wade through in *Key Exchange* (Fox), a romantic comedy still showing its origins as an off-Broadway play by Kevin Wade. Although the play was a hit, the movie misses by a wide margin, despite some bright lines swapped by a young, unmarried Manhattan couple who trade apartment keys as an experiment in commitment. Brooke Adams and Ben Masters, creators of the roles on stage, re-



Again, Spacek scores in screen bio.

A winning performance from Spacek as tough lady in *Marie*.

create them winningly on film. To "open up" the staginess of the play, Masters and his close chum (Daniel Stern) do a lot of their talking while bicycling in Central Park. The best bits fall to Danny Aiello, as a sleazy private detective, and to Tony Roberts, as an effusive talk-show host who has Phil Donahue's picture on his dart board. Mayor Ed Koch is also rabbed in for a guest appearance boosting the Big Apple ("I urge everybody to come"), but neither Koch nor *Key* seems likely to attract a wildly enthusiastic crowd. **YY**

A wealth of talent is largely wasted in director Martin Scorsese's *After Hours* (Warner), a nightmarish comedy set in the trendy SoHo district of Manhattan. Rosanna Arquette, Verna Bloom, Teri Garr, Linda Fiorentino, John Heard and Cheech and Chong appear among the mad eccentrics who complicate life for a bored word-processing expert in search of excitement downtown. He finds more than he can handle among the native fauna, some of whom subsequently join a posse to pursue him as a suspected burglar. The hero is played by Griffin Dunne (who's also one of the film's coproducers). No matter how he tries, and he tries hard, Dunne's fierce comic energy cannot pump life into a vapid screenplay (by fledgling writer Joseph Minion) that consistently mistakes mere anything-goes kinkiness for high comedy. What's needed here is a touch of the sprightly sensibility that made *Desperately Seeking Susan* an irresistible tale of Manhattan. *After Hours* looks as darkly handsome and stylish at first glance as any of Scorsese's urban film epics, but its black humor comes out a dull, muddy gray. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- After Hours** (See review) Scorsese's so-so romp through SoHo. Misguided. **YY**
- Agnes of God** Showy debate over a young nun either saint or sinner. **YYY**
- Always** (See review) Marital bust. **YY**
- American Flyers** Brothers on bikes in a telling Steve Tesich drama. **YYY**
- Back to the Future** Delicious comedy about family ties in a time warp. **YYYY**
- Better Off Dead** (See review) Yup. **Y**
- The Boys Next Door** All-American youths painting the town in cold blood. **YY½**
- Bullshot** (See review) True Brit. **YY**
- La Chèvre** (See review) Saucy French farce with Depardieu and Richard. **YYY**
- Compromising Positions** Clever whodunit about a dentist slain after drilling and cooing many suburban wives. **YYY**
- Crossover Dreams** (See review) With love and salsa, from Spanish Harlem. **YY**
- Dance with a Stranger** A sexy showcase for Miranda Richardson. **YYY½**
- Detective** (See review) Zilch, unless you think Godard can do no wrong. **Y**
- Eleni** (See review) The book's better, but Kate Nelligan is grand. **YYY½**
- Flesh & Blood** With Rutger Hauer, when knights were ballsy. **YYY**
- Godzilla 1985** (See review) Dreck. **YY**
- Gringo** (See review) Depressing, vivid slice of life about the drug scene. **YY**
- Insignificance** MM meets Einstein in a far-out Fifties phantasmagoria. **YYY½**
- Jagged Edge** (See review) Peter Coyote, Jeff Bridges encounter Close. **YY½**
- The Journey of Natty Gann** (See review) A girl and her dog sight-seeing through the Great Depression. **YY½**
- Key Exchange** (See review) Singles. **YY**
- Kiss of the Spider Woman** Men behind bars dreaming of Sonia Braga. Played to the hilt by Hurt and Julia. **YYY½**
- Marie** (See review) Spacek craft. **YY½**
- Maxie** (See review) Making whoopee as of yore, with Glenn and Mandy. **YYY**
- Mishima** Cool, stylish bio of Japan's late, great literary master. **YY½**
- Peril** (See review) Paris snatch. **YY**
- Plenty** Streep, Gielgud, Sting & Co. make this play on film sizzle. **YYYY**
- Streetwalkin'** (See review) Pimp wars in dirty old New York. **YY**
- The Stuff** (See review) Eerie matter with a mind of its own. Mischievous. **YY**
- Sudden Death** (See review) Rape victim turns vigilante to even score. **YY**
- Twice in a Lifetime** The loves of a middle-aged Seattle steelworker—and you won't forget Gene Hackman. **YYYY**
- Volunteers** Peace Corps low-jinks. **YYY**
- Year of the Dragon** Cimino's Chinatown epic, interesting but overdone. **YY½**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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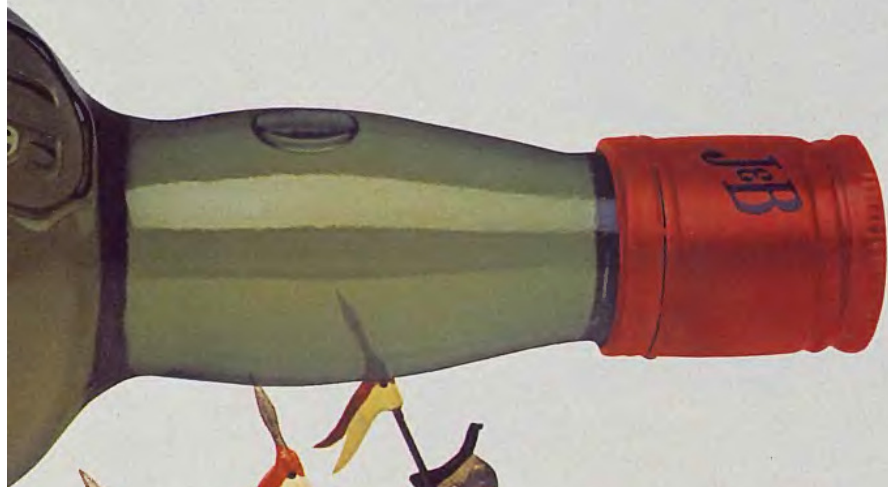
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MUSIC

REVIEWS

NELSON GEORGE

TO BE OR NOT to be a clone of Prince is a decision the renegades from his frozen Minneapolis kingdom are forced to make. Writer-producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis have shrewdly modified the Prince-inspired funk of the Time for numerous artists. So has the surprisingly successful ex-Time guitarist Jesse Johnson. But Andre Cymone, ex-Prince roommate and bassist in his superb original band, has failed in two previous albums to establish a commercial musical identity, though he has looked good on his album covers. Alas, his current release leaves him worse off. Seeking a hit, Cymone got Prince to give him *Dance Electric* (Columbia), an outtake from his *Around the World in a Day* that serves as the title song of Cymone's album. It should have stayed in the vault. It is easily one of the weakest efforts of Prince's career and does little to help his ex-employee. Neither does *Neon Pussycat* or the other forgettable tunes collected here.

On Morris Day's solo debut, *The Color of Success* (Warner), the Time's ex-lead singer opts for a polished L.A.-funk sound, heavy on peppy synthesizer bass lines and cooing female backing voices—good but not distinctive music. Morris, however, as we know from *Purple Rain*, is as funny as a con man in Congress. This album is full of chuckles: a new dance called *The Oak Tree*, funny lines ("I'm a bad influence on the word love") and weirdly autobiographical subject matter (*The Character*).

Still, leave it to Prince not to be outdone. *The Family* (Warner), his latest protégés, are three ex-Time members—the sister of his guitarist Wendy and his road managers' brothers. This introductory effort is sharp, hard-partying funk, aided immeasurably by Prince's backing vocals and guitar picking. Check out *High Fashion*, *The Screams of Passion* and *Yes for Grooves* James Brown would adore.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Frightwig howls about sex and relationships without euphemism, which is to say that *Cat Farm Faboo* (Subterranean) would be pretty depressing if it weren't funny. And it is funny in the grand-farce tradition of punk rock—exuberant catharsis outweighing such details as hitting the notes or having many notes worth hitting in the first place. A lot of bands uphold that tradition honorably, but Frightwig does so uniquely by virtue of its all-female point of view. Unlike that of its sort-of forebears the late Runaways, Frightwig's lust collapses under cynicism worthy of Diogenes, and the band throws in just enough empathy so you feel you might be part of the



A brand-new Day.

Prince's friends, female punks and Nashville cats.

same species. The last time I got shot down, I listened to *Take This and Fuck Yer Head* and had this Buddhalike revelation: Dating is pain, but once you accept the pain, it ain't painful. Do not play Frightwig as background music when putting the moves on a euphemizing female Yup, however, or you'll suffer a relapse.

Crass, the English punk band/anarchist collective, has such high principles that it won't tour the United States (would that Wham! were so principled). Nonetheless, it has had a powerful influence on American peace punks, while few others have heard of it. With *Acts of Love* (Crass), the band undergoes a drastic change of sound from punk dissonance, gross-out surrealism and overt revolutionary exhortations to 18th Century church organ *cum* Phillip Glass *cum* Laurie Anderson having her toenails pulled out with red-hot tongs. That's right: It's sensitive and introspective, an indication of what your life will be like when Crass gets done stripping off your social conditioning. I figure if I listen to it ten more times, I'll be either a revolutionary or a quivering blob of protoplasm. But after Frightwig, I don't know if I'm man enough to listen ten more times.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Leonard Cohen/*Various Positions* (Passport): For almost 20 years, Leonard Cohen has whispered in your ear that to be a roué is a religious calling, and if you're tired of his shtick, so be it—I prefer Al Green

myself. Nevertheless, this album has a lot of jam. Aided by John Lissauer and Jennifer Warnes, Cohen doesn't make a false move musically, unless you're a stick-in-the-mud who demands real melodies; his drone is more hypnotic than ever. And if Bob Dylan could still write fables as convoluted as *The Captain* or hymns as haunted as *If It Be Your Will*, he'd never go pop again. A better advertisement for middle-aged sex than *Dynasty*.

Mofungo/Frederick Douglass (Coyote/Twin Tone, 2541 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404) and *The Scene Is Now/Burn All Your Records* (Lost, 361 Canal Street, New York, New York 10013): The few fervent rockers who are also fervent leftists know all too well how poorly the two mix—the music is too intrinsically irresponsible to carry serious messages comfortably. But these interlocking sets of nerdy bohemians, veterans of New York's "no wave" flurry of 1978, come close. Funny but not happy, memorable but not catchy, intense but not bright, this ain't pop music, but its folk-industrial textures, world dance rhythms and screechy-yowly vocals are definitely rock 'n' roll. Mofungo is a straight quartet, *The Scene Is Now* a more exotic one. Closet pinks, vote with your mail orders.

Howard Jones/*Dream into Action* (Elektra): The world would be a better place if we could ignore Howard Jones, but the world isn't a better place. Howard is a budding star—not merely in news-hungry old England (where even psychobabble bland-out can pass for a snappy gimmick) but in the U.S.A., which ordinarily demands at least a little vulgarity of its hit Brits. Jones is a positive-thinking Orientalist who credits *Is There a Difference?* (i.e., between yes and no, up and down, etc.) to the *Tao Tē Ching*, but Lao-tzu has a better beat. Piling truism on cliché on advice to the lovelorn, his message for confused youth is summed up in *Hunger for the Flesh*—he's agin it. Plus, he plays all the instruments himself. Cast a cold eye/On disc, on cassette—/Confused youth, pass by!

DAVE MARSH

Not so long ago, records made in Memphis, Detroit, Chicago, New Orleans, the Bronx and Nashville each had a distinct flavor. Today, pop sounds have become internationalized, and even the most vaunted local scenes dole out standardized styles. That makes *Nashville Homegrown* (produced for the benefit of the Nashville Homegrown Hunger Project, P.O. Box 40325, Nashville, Tennessee 37204) genuinely remarkable. Twelve bands are represented here, and even those playing mainstream rock and folk-rock—the White Animals and Timberline—put a distinctive Southern coloration into their

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THIS IS MAGNAVOX

FAST TRACKS



MATERIAL GIRL OVERLOAD DEPARTMENT: We hear that Madonna does her off-stage sweating at a Manhattan fitness center called Joy of Movement. But before you rush over to join her, we ought to tell you that her aerobics classmates have been complaining—about her jewelry. It seems all those bracelets and necklaces make such a racket that no one can hear the music. The next time people yell, "Take it off!" don't assume they mean her clothes.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE: Andrew Morse of *Nice Boys* has taken a groupie to court, claiming her behavior has caused him to suffer "insomnia, anxiety and depression." Morse said since he met the girl, five years ago, she has followed him from coast to coast and has stood on the sidewalk in front of his apartment, screaming and threatening him. Nice guys finish last, right?

REELING AND ROCKING: Nile Rodgers will produce and score the music for John Hughes's next movie, *Pretty in Pink*. UB40 and Suzanne Vega will contribute songs. . . . *Autograph* is working on a song for the new Rob Lowe movie, *Youngblood*. . . . Sheena Easton has recorded *Christmas All Over the World* for the Dudley Moore film *Santa Claus—the Movie*. . . . Julian Lennon will sing the title song for *White Nights*, starring Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines. . . . Thomas Dolby has written a script for Steven Spielberg and the sound track for Richard Brooks's film *The Fever*.

NEWSBREAKS: Yoko is in the studio, working on a new album. . . . Boy George is moving ahead with his plans for a giant Christmas concert to raise funds for AIDS. So far, he's asked Diana Ross, Elton and The Eurythmics to perform. . . . John Benitez has produced a demo tape with Madonna, Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson doing songs for a proposed musical called *Street Smart*, based on *Oliver Twist*. . . . *The Wankers Guide to Canada*, the all-star SCTV musical travelog album, came out this fall. There should be a book version soon, though no one knows when its U.S. publication date will be—nor when the inevitable TV special or series will commence. The story, about the travels of a Bulgarian family on a Canadian holiday, seems visually irresistible. . . . Rock 'n' roll and Miami

Vice continues: Frankie Valli thought the exposure on TV's hottest show was more important than \$35,000 worth of concert bookings. We also hear that *Power Station* will make a *Vice* appearance when the show goes to London for a segment on the I.R.A. . . . *If It's Cool with Jagger and Bowie Department:* Since Mick and David's Live Aid duet was released to movie theaters to raise a few more dollars for famine relief, a New York-based firm, Music Motions, says 2500 theaters coast to coast have contracted to begin showing shorts with Rick Springfield, Jermaine Jackson, Sade, Twisted Sister, Carly Simon and others. . . . A final Live Aid note: A fan offered the relief effort a \$100 contribution if Tom Petty would shave his sideburns off. Tom's mom got so excited, she offered to match the contribution. Petty took the challenge and the Aid coffers are \$200 richer. . . . Listen for Keith Richards on the latest Tom Waits album. . . . Even though Ross Valory and Steve Smith didn't play on the new *Journey* album, they'll most likely go on tour with the band this coming March. . . . PBS' new series *Rockschool*, produced by the BBC, is essentially a teaching tool. Although there will be guest appearances by the likes of John Taylor, B. B. King, John Entwistle and Nile Rodgers, the eight-part series teaches basic instrumental technique and music theory and will be accompanied by related educational materials. Now you can get really hip at home.

RANDOM RUMORS: The coed hard-rock group *Madam X* may look tough, but, really, it's just a bunch of nice folks. Says bassist Chris "Godzilla" Doliber, "People in the audience say, 'What kind of drugs do you take?' Life! The only thing I ever put up my nose is my finger!" *That* does it. —BARBARA NELLIS

music. Better yet, there's some gutsy Southern rock here, notably *Deaf, Dumb, Crippled and Blind*, by The Prisoners of Love, featuring Jimmy Hall, the form's best singer. *Nashville Homegrown* builds a picture of a scene that's healthy, diverse, aware of the world but traveling its own path. In fact, there are still a few old-timers out there making music that has appeal mostly in one region. Malaco Records of Jackson, Mississippi, specializes in Deep South R&B, and while it's not the same without Z. Z. Hill, veteran Little Milton fills in nicely on *I Will Survive*—especially on Frankie Miller's *Jealousy*.

But standardized rock can be exciting, as the Shreds' *Identically Different* (Narley, 10519 237th Place, S.W., Edmonds, Washington 98020) demonstrates. This is just The Rolling Stones filtered through the Cars (or maybe the Yardbirds) by a basic quartet, but the playing is clean and competent and the bassist has the nerve to call himself Mick Jaeger.

Beyond outlaw poses, the best rock remains rooted in community: *Nashville Homegrown* and New York rap are both examples. An even clearer one is John Cougar Mellencamp's *Scarecrow* (PolyGram), his most spare, intelligent and ambitious LP. In his southern Indiana home, Mellencamp discovers that he can outgrow being abrasive for its own sake and learns some hard lessons about how the world works—and why it doesn't. Not all of these stripped-down rockers score, but the ones that do—especially *Minutes to Memories* and *Scarecrow*, a scathing tale of what it means for a farmer to lose his land—create something that's far better than trendy: It's enduring and exciting.

SHORT CUTS

VIC GARBARINI

The Men They Couldn't Hang / Night of a Thousand Candles (Demon): The Clash meets the Clancy Brothers. Strident, one-dimensional folk-rock revivalists, with humorless political rhetoric to match.

The Pogues / Rum, Sodomy, and the Lash (Stiff): The Clash meets the Chieftains. More quasi-trad folk-rock but leavened with raw Irish humor, passion and Guinness—Pogues (Mahone) being Gaelic for "Kiss my ass."

Midnight Oil / Misplaced Childhood (EMI): Absolutely nothing like the Clash! *Kayleigh* shows that these shameless early-Genesis clones are finally getting the hang of their craft. Frankly, musical necrophilia gives me the creeps.

Godley and Creme / The History Mix Vol. 1 (Polydor): Video moguls playfully remix their former 10CC hits. They're cute 'n' clever, but are they danceable? Well, sometimes.

The Sex Pistols Live (Receiver): For archivists only. Energetic but disappointing tapes of early Pistols gigs. Lacks presence and majesty of their studio work.

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BOOKS

ANNE RICE'S first novel, *Interview with the Vampire*, was an altered state of consciousness, a mind-expanding drug. She turned the act of drinking blood into an erotic wonder. Vampires were not monsters but creatures with heightened awareness and strange dietary requirements. We confess to being heartbroken when we finished the book: We could never do it again for the first time. Well, it turns out that we can. Rice has returned with *The Vampire Lestat* (Knopf). It is wonderful. Lestat rises from his grave in New Orleans, summoned by the music of a local garage band. Noisy neighbors are a problem, it seems, even for immortals. Lestat decides to form a rock band that will summon others of his kind. Don't panic. MTV does not stand for More Toothsome Vampires. The modern thread is only the setup for a walk through time, in which the reader meets Those Who Must Be Kept—the Ma and Pa Kettle of vampires. The best news is that this is the middle book of the *Chronicles of the Vampires*.

You may not be old enough to remember the Thirties—the last years of American innocence, when a Good Humor bar cost a dime and two hot dogs with mustard (plus sauerkraut and a bottle of Pepsi) cost 15 cents. If you want to know what that distant decade was like, read E. L. Doctorow's latest novel, *World's Fair* (Random House). Set in New York City, narrated primarily by a man remembering his youth, *World's Fair* captures a huge slice of that life: *The Lone Ranger* and *The Green Hornet* on the radio, cowboy movies, decent schools, safe streets, families that worked at staying together, a sense of community, shared burdens, admitted hardships, no television. Those were the days, you could argue, and Doctorow's well-told tale of a young Jewish boy growing up in that cleaner atmosphere is touching, educational and, when you compare those times with these, frightening.

There is honor among thieves, especially when they're related. Vincent Patrick's *Family Business* (Poseidon) follows three generations of scam artists—grandfather Jessie, father Vito and son Adam—as they plan and carry off a heist of some highly valuable genetic material. But in the same way Patrick's first book, *The Pope of Greenwich Village*, was not merely about crime, *Family Business* spends a lot of its time musing about family and how we all behave around people with whom we share our blood. There's good talk here, and strong, complicated knots between fathers and sons. If you live outside the caprice of the law, you have to set your own standards, Patrick's characters argue, even when they pit people who share a crazy love against each other. But Patrick



Lestat: rock 'n' roll for the bloodthirsty.

Modern vampires in search of their roots; laughs from Cronley.

entertains as well as instructs. This book moves smoothly and confidently through its moral issues—like a thief who enters a building, having deactivated the alarm.

Serendipity Dahlquist's dog is missing and, boy, is she steamed. This precocious 14-year-old Valley girl hires hardened detective Leo Bloodworth to get the pooch back. What follows touches on pit-bull fighting, child porno, bank graft, TV infighting, kidnaping and, of course, some grisly murders. What's nice about *Sleeping Dog* (Arbor House), by Dick Lochte, is its nutty and charming premise: After the caper is solved, both Dahlquist and Bloodworth write an account of the story. Each sells it to a New York publisher, who combines the two in a single volume with alternating chapters from each book. The resulting ping-pong of perspectives gives the reader a pleasant literary whiplash and is solid evidence of Lochte's ability to sustain separate voices simultaneously. Don't let this *Sleeping Dog* lie.

But I wanna tell ya. Speaking of books you don't see just every day, didja see the one called *Funny Business* (Spectrum), a guide to becoming a comic? Tells you why people laugh, describes varieties of humor ("How about jugglers? No comedy here, you say? You are wrong") and gives practical hints in chapters with straightforward titles: "Some Good Advice," "Hire a Writer." Written by one Ken Berryhill, foreword by Phyllis Diller. Lavishly illustrated with photos of professional

comics inscribed to the author with informative captions: "Wink Martindale. This famous recording artist, TV game-show host and public speaker punctuates all of his performances with pertinent comedy lines. (Photo courtesy of Wink Martindale.)" But seriously, folks.

Funny Farm (Atheneum), Jay Cronley's sixth novel, is ridiculous, implausible, bonthead dumb and laugh-out-loud funny throughout. Subtitled "A Sweeping Epic of the Sticks," it follows Andy and Elizabeth Farmer from "a glass building owned by Arabs" into the deepest Southwestern boonies, where they find their dream house and much, much more. The house is summer home to a herd of mosquitoes, next to a pond full of snakes so vile the ducks take off in disgust. The much, much more is even worse. The postman throws mail from his truck, undeterred by rain, sleet, speed limits or drunk-driving laws. A pint-sized entrepreneur follows the truck, picking up cards and letters for resale to the addressees. The previous owner of the house is buried in the yard. The bomb shelter's taking on water and the local bingo hall is crooked. Andy takes to drink. Elizabeth runs home to Mother. The way they finally save their marriage—and their hellish house—is a scene out of *Our Town* directed by Fellini. *Funny Farm* will never be hailed as a classic. It's too much of a joy ride for that.

BOOK BAG

Not Exactly What I Had in Mind (Atlantic Monthly Press), by Roy Blount Jr.: Talking wrenches, what you personally can do about the Federal deficit, men, women and projectiles, word processors, celebrities—just a few of the topics taken on by our favorite humorist.

Healing from the War (Houghton Mifflin), by Arthur Egendorf, is a very special piece of Vietnam literature. Egendorf served undercover with Army Intelligence in Vietnam, then went on to become a practicing psychologist. Now a nationally recognized expert in treating war trauma, he has written a fascinating study of his personal and professional growth that helps explain war stress.

Dear Mr. Fantasy: Our Time and Rock and Roll (Houghton Mifflin), by Ethan A. Russell: Well known as a rock photographer, Russell tells how he got started and fills us in on the stories behind the stories, illustrated with the photos that made him famous.

Seasons of the Hunter (Knopf), edited by Robert Elman and David Seybold: Intriguing hunting stories, including the one we recently published by Thomas McGuane.



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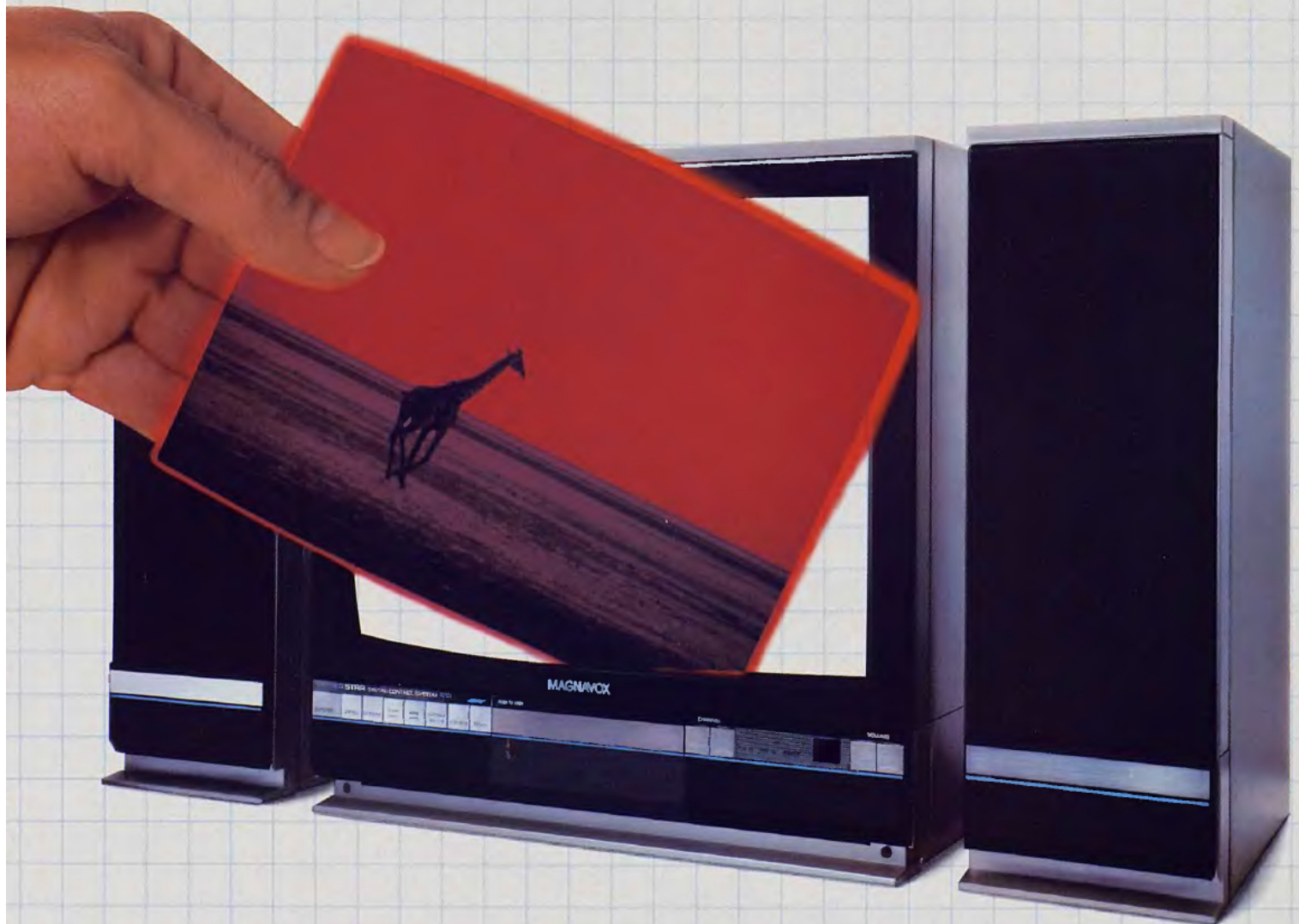
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

A few squalid fortnights ago, the sports editors of American newspapers, who used to be noted only for losing their lunches and occasionally their wives, all got together and lost their heads. When they did, it reaffirmed my belief that college football is a better game than pro football. More fun to watch. More interesting to follow. More reliable to bet on. Better tasting. Less filling. And even serious enough, at times, to make you hurl your body in front of a moving vehicle if the little animal on your blazer doesn't beat the little animal on somebody else's blazer. Of course, the number-one reason college football is a better game than pro football is that most college players haven't yet learned how to slip down and lose yardage when it's third and two; but this has nothing to do with sports editors.

What these gentlemen of the press did was hand over about 32,000,000 inches of space to the saga of whether an ex-quarterback and doubtful thespian from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, could, should or would peddle his name, voice and personality to network television for use on *Monday Night Football*, a program that has become so boring that it presents a greater challenge to the amphetamine industry than all of the sitcoms combined. When Joe Namath finally did sign with ABC-TV, the sports editors devoted 32,000,000 more inches to the story.

Like most readers, I followed the drama only through the headlines. Strung together, they had a plot:

"ABC WANTS NAMATH"
"NAMATH INTERESTED"
"ABC AND NAMATH TO TALK"
"O.J. WOULD WELCOME NAMATH"
"GIFFORD SAYS NAMATH ONE OF A KIND"
"NAMATH CONFIRMS TALK WITH ABC"
"ABC AND NAMATH 'CLOSE'"
"ABC WANTS NAMATH TO 'BE HIMSELF'"
"I'LL BE MYSELF," SAYS NAMATH"
"NAMATH SIGNS FOR \$1,000,000"
"ABC TO LAY OFF 4300 EMPLOYEES"
"NAMATH SAYS HE'LL BE PREPARED"
"NAMATH TO VISIT TRAINING CAMP!"
"NAMATH TO INTERVIEW A PLAYER!"
"NAMATH TO USE MICROPHONE!"
"NAMATH TO SPEAK ACTUAL WORDS!"
"NAMATH SAYS ACTUAL WORDS INTO ACTUAL MIKE, DIRECTLY POINTS OUT PRESENCE OF TWO TEAMS ON FIELD!"

I don't mean to leave the impression that I didn't enjoy the way the sports editors played the story. I enjoyed it



THE CONS OF THE PROS

immensely, because, if anything, it helped bring the N.F.L. closer to its impending doom. Just off the top of my head, I can think of only 2016 other reasons the public will eventually agree with me about college football's being a better game. To list only a few:

- The University of Alabama has never moved its franchise from Tuscaloosa to South Bend, Indiana, because of poor attendance, while Notre Dame has refused to move from South Bend to Palo Alto, California, in order to have sky boxes.

- Colleges sensibly play football from September through New Year's Day, whereas the N.F.L. plays from early August until all of the winter snow has melted in Aspen and Sun Valley.

- In college football, more often than not, a penalty for offensive holding is not left to the whim of a zebra who's having a bank note called on him.

- No coach in college football wears a hat like Tom Landry's.

- No college coach or athletic director, throughout the entire history of football, has ever been to as many society brunches as Pete Rozelle.

- Athletes still make up the team in college football. This is the opposite of pro football, a sport in which the "team" really consists of the owner, coach and general manager. If a "team" begins to lose consistently, the owner, coach and general

manager usually find themselves some new hired help. The "team" stays; the players go—unless the team is the New York Giants, who tend to stay the same, though they play football in New Jersey. To cite just one collegiate example, the Oklahoma Sooners differ from a club like the N.Y.-N.J. Giants in that they don't play their home games in Kansas.

- Bobby, Sonny, Billy and Alex—as in Layne, Jurgensen, Kilmer and Hawkins—don't play pro football anymore. That's sad, because they were the last guys who never knew what "closing time" meant but still got the job done on Sunday. Played by my rules.

- College teams almost never play football on Monday night. Instead, college players generally like to fondle Chi Omega and Tri Deltis on Monday night. There's something more American about this.

- While college football admittedly has even more playing fields made out of painted asphalt than pro football has, it still has fewer stadiums with a roof.

- College football has a rowdy, romantic, colorful history. It goes back 50 years before Knute Rockne, a fact that often catches young sports editors by surprise. The essential history of pro football begins with Arthur Godfrey, peaks with Monty Hall and seems to be winding down with John Ritter.

- College football thrives on Army-Navy, Texas-OU, Ohio State-Michigan, Notre Dame-USC, Stanford-Cal, Georgia-Florida, Alabama-Auburn, LSU-Ole Miss. Pro football thrives on Summerall-Musburger.

- College football has luscious cheerleaders, marching bands, rousing fight songs. Pro football has Cabbage Patch dolls on the side lines, factory workers in the stands and 413 television time-outs.

- For the past 19 years, pro football has had the Super Bowl as its biggest moment, during which time there have actually been three and a half football games played. Since the Twenties, college football has averaged five Poll Bowls a season.

I could go on, but I have a plane to catch. I want to visit the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, again. It's the most moving experience you can have, aside from reading the daily sport sections that have been bought and paid for, one way or another, by pro football.

Suicide really shouldn't be this funny to watch.





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By ASA BABER

We may be heading back to a no-no culture, the Land of Naughty-Naughty Boo-Boo, a place of censorship and deprivation where males will be told to deny their very natures—and where they will be punished by the Vision Police for simply being themselves.

Do you go to the University of Wisconsin? My older son tells me he can't buy PLAYBOY at the student unions there. It's been banned. Do you live in Texas? A friend called to say that a district attorney in that state is planning to keep PLAYBOY off the shelves. I received a news clip saying that the board of directors of a West Coast hospital has ordered that PLAYBOY not be sold in its shop.

The Vision Police are everywhere, it seems.

It's really nothing new that this magazine is running into opposition. But when I hear that the guardians of public morality are on the warpath and are banishing PLAYBOY from the market place, I feel a certain chill in the air.

That chill comes from the gulf that separates me from those who would tell me that it is evil and unnatural for me to enjoy reading PLAYBOY, that there is something wrong in looking at pictures of beautiful women and that the text, cartoons, art and graphics of this magazine are dangerous to health and well-being.

Yes, I'm concerned about First Amendment rights. But for me, the chill also roars in from another direction: The feminists and fundamentalists and right-wingers who would ban PLAYBOY are essentially trying to ban male genes.

We men are visual down to our genetic code. Telling us not to look at something is like telling us not to breathe. For the healthy male, looking is living.

It starts early, our way of viewing and being. We are taught by our parents and peers and society that it is our job to watch out for ourselves, and we take that warning literally. We use our eyes the way our predecessors did, the men from whom we descend in our extended family tree, the hunters who searched the countryside for game, the sailors who scanned horizons for storms.

We come from a tribe called Men. Our vision is an inherited characteristic that leads into the center of our consciousness. We use our eyes to stay out of trouble, assess our environment, survive, protect, defend, enjoy. Life is a feast for male eyes, and there's no reason we should apologize for that.



THE PLOT OF THE VISION POLICE

In this strange culture, at this strange time, there's a movement afoot to reprogram the male. Through rhetoric, mockery, censorship and rejection, certain segments of this society assume that they can make men change, that our eyes can be blinded and our natures neutered. But these people do not understand what makes us tick, and in their own blindness—and possibly their own confused sexuality—they attribute motives to us that we do not possess.

Take a look at this month's centerfold, for example . . . if you haven't already.

Now, it will pain you to learn that the December Playmate is a friend of mine. I get to see her on an almost daily basis, because we work out at the same health club. She's attractive, funny, witty, in shape, modest, realistic, a professional model with solid standards of conduct.

I like looking at Miss December. I like her photos in the magazine and I like seeing the real thing.

But listen: "What's wrong with PLAYBOY? . . . Women and girls [*sic*] are portrayed not as full human beings but as sexual 'objects'—as breasts, vulva, buttocks. These 'objects' are presented as if men were unconditionally entitled to them, as commodities that exist only to satisfy men's sexual desires."

That's a quote from a leaflet published by Women Against Pornography. Accord-

ing to them, the purpose of this magazine is "to promote the oppression, degradation and dehumanization of women." PLAYBOY engages in "the graphic depiction of female sexual slaves" and, in so doing, it "contributes to the degradation of women's status in society."


The Vision Police do not understand us, but in their anger and conceit, they are always willing to speak for us.

When I look at Miss December, either on the page or in person, I do not assume for a moment that she is a commodity for my consumption or that I am unconditionally (or conditionally, for that matter) entitled to her in any fashion. I do not envision her as a sexual slave, and in appreciating her shape and form and spirit, I do not degrade her or humiliate her. I am, simply, a man who searches for beauty wherever he can find it. That does not make me a monster.

I learned early in my life that I loved looking at this beautiful, terrible, joyful, frightening world. And I also learned that outsiders can truly misjudge the motives of men. As a young punk from Chicago's South Side, I used to go to the Art Institute every chance I got. Without any training or education, I fell in love with the work of Van Gogh, Seurat, Monet, Manet, and I would sit for hours studying one or another painting, feeding my eyes as I needed to do. But because I was young and because I was not well dressed, the institute guards would circle close to me, clicking their crowd counters and frowning at my leather jacket, boots, acne. "Let's go, kid," they would eventually say, "move it along," and they would usher me out, not always politely.

I knew that they had dark visions of my purpose. They thought that a delinquent child was only waiting for the proper moment to raise havoc and create destruction, slash a painting or cause a scene. Those Vision Police made the same mistake as the current ones: They forged their own fantasies into my head and made judgments they had no business making. I was—and am—finer and more focused than they knew.

Look, it's simple. We men love to look. You'll never stop us—not even if you hang us for it.

And if it ever does come to that, do me one last favor, will you? Make the job of hangman (hangperson?) equal-opportunity employment. I wouldn't mind having someone nice to look at before she springs the trap. 

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Cleo has found another one. "Our first date was heaven," she said to me. "We couldn't shut up. You know how it is when you can't shut up? When everything about each other is of scintillating interest? We stayed out until four in the morning, giggling and chattering like gibbons."

"So did you do it?" I asked, descending to essentials.

"No, we didn't. We decided it would be better to hold off awhile, really get to know each other. Prolong the anticipation."

"And very smart, too. A girl can't be too careful these days. One doesn't want to be seduced and rejected."

"Ha," she said.

"What, 'ha'?" I asked.

"I was really looking forward to our next date. I mean, we were so hot for each other, we could barely keep from jumping into bed. Then he shows up at my door with his thumb as big as his head."

"Be serious."

"So who's kidding? It was a staph infection or something equally sinister. He was gobbling antibiotics and in awful pain. But I am a mature woman. I did not immediately accuse him of growing another head simply to dash my sexual hopes."

"Well, of course not. It could happen to anyone. Sometimes your thumb just turns into a balloon. It doesn't mean. . ."

"On our next date, he had developed a terrible stomach virus," she said flatly, "and on the one after that, his back went out. I had to drive him to the chiropractor, who actually made a point of telling me to make sure he didn't get too frisky."

"Oh, Jesus fucking hell, Cleo. This is not what our mommas brought us up to expect. We are talking here of extremely pitiful behavior. More coffee?"

"Sure," she said. "I like caffeine jitters. They're my major stimulation these days."

We sat and sipped morose coffee in my kitchen. "Cleo," I suddenly piped up, "you don't think maybe it's a real, true series of catastrophes? Unrelated incidents? A strange astrological configuration and nothing whatsoever to do with this man's trying to avoid a relationship?"

"Not a ghost of a chance in a million," she stated. "It's a pattern. A sicko, pathetic, perverted, psychopathic, mindlessly addled and profoundly disturbing little way of mine. I have now spent almost 15 years yearning for men who couldn't or wouldn't be there for me.



YEARNING: A DREAD CLICHÉ

"Withholding men, every one of them. Either disappointing me by not showing up when they say they will or leaving me alone just when I need them most or suddenly moving to Los Angeles and taking up with starlets. Somehow, I am always surprised and disappointed and abandoned. My worst fears are always realized.

"I used to think it was because I was unlovable. Now I realize that I've developed a finely honed, incredibly precise and accurate detection system for ferreting out the best specimens of men who won't come through."

"Ever thought of marketing this gift?" I queried. "Putting ads in the paper? 'Girls: Sick of men slobbering on your ankles and mussing up your hair with unwanted caresses? Women: Tired of men who besiege your home with boxes of fattening chocolates and armloads of pollen-riddled flowers, not to mention long-winded love letters? Ladies: Fed up to the teeth with men who won't go away and treat you like a goddess? Call us! We will, in a flash, find you a withholding man! A man who will never leave unsightly dents in your bed pillows! Dissatisfaction guaranteed!'"

"I could clean up," decided Cleo.

"No you couldn't," I said. "You're boring; you're a cliché. Thousands of country songs have been written concerning your plight; also, at least nine out of ten Hollywood movies—although in the movies, the

yearning always pays off. Which is the worst disservice that Hollywood has perpetrated against the unsuspecting public—creating the completely unrealistic expectation of a happy ending. Face it: This neurosis of yours is plain tedious. Everybody wants what she can't have. It's the American way."

"Let's go get drunk, you callous, cynical, misbegotten excuse for a friend," she said.

We repaired to the Lion's Head, a haven for melancholic writers, actors on the verge of their big break and sozzled philosophers. Cleo, with her shining blonde hair and drop-dead legs, caused her usual stir among the still-rational men, and, as usual, she didn't notice.

"I think it must have been listening to all those Bob Dylan records during my formative years," she said, sipping delicately on her double tequila. "Now, there was a yearning son of a bitch. Always waiting for Johanna to show up or pining for Sara. The guy turned his pain into high art and millions of dollars, and I gobbled him whole. Many a night I would stay home with Bob, singing along with his laments and falling madly in love with my own melancholy. I am not a well woman. I used to think he was singing just for me."

"As did every other woman under 25 during the Sixties. Cleo, this phenomenon is not unique."

"What is this abuse? I need this? I know I'm not so special, goddamn it! Yet I am still chronically miserable and I don't want to be. You just can't stand to listen because you're the same way."

"Moi?"

"Toi. Here you are in your mid-30s, you've had the longest string of lovers of any woman extant and you've never really been in love in your life. Nobody ever touches you. A nice fellow falls for you and you decide that his goddamn nose is too big or quibble with his hairdo. Face it, doll: We're two goddamn peas in a pod. We are living examples of the old Sigmund Freud-Groucho Marx-Woody Allen joke: We never want to belong to a club that would have us as a member. Only what we can't have is good enough for us. We're so scared of intimacy, we pick only guys who we're sure won't get too close."

"Oh, Jesus, Cleo, people write pop-psychology books about this. Are we such stereotypes?"

"Course we are," she said, ordering another round.



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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

Several months ago, in a column called “Bonehead Writing” (*PLAYBOY*, August), I said I didn’t think there was one teacher in a thousand who knew the first damn thing about writing. I called them “lettered fools” and said some other mean things about the way they try to teach their students to boil information and experience into written words. I had a lot of fun saying the things I did, and I still believe they’re true. Mostly. However, not long after the column was published, I got a letter that proved the exception. In spades.

It was from an English professor named Mary Smith at Nebraska Wesleyan University, and besides showing off what she obviously knows about writing, she made a stunning personal connection for me in what she wrote. With her letter she included a piece of prose, a short reminiscence about a man she’d lived with for the last years of his life: my uncle Jim.

Jim was a powerful character for me, though I seldom saw him more than once a year. Physically, he was a small, puckish man, and I don’t ever remember seeing him without several books under his arm. They seemed to grow there, as did the bracelet of rubber bands around his wrist, which he used as place markers. He wore jeans, a jean jacket and moccasins every day, all year, and I remember stories about the trauma of buying him a suit so he could go off to New York to accept the first of two Edgars that the Mystery Writers of America awarded him for his column in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Raymond Chandler presented him with the little statue and, in fact, the two of them for years carried on a spirited correspondence about the art of the mystery story.

Brilliant was a word that was used often on Uncle Jim from the time he was about four years old, according to my mother, his sister. And like many people who suffer that description, he seemed to me to be pretty much both blessed and cursed at the same time for as long as he lived. Mary Smith was clearly one of his great blessings, and it’s hard for me to imagine that anything else ever written about him will catch his moody, impish spirit quite as perfectly as she has done in the small portrait she sent me.

In her letter, she said that as student writers go, hers were pretty good at their routine assignments. “They can fill out forms and write term papers in sociology and other lies,” she said. Then she cut to the heart of the trouble with both writing



MAN OF WORDS

and trying to teach it. “My problem is to get them to be honest, to let the process of writing inform them how they feel and what they think. And it is painful. I wrote along with them to keep me humble. A couple of years ago, I told them to write about something that hurt or embarrassed them: I wrote about Jim. Here’s a copy.”

It’s untitled.

He died five years ago in May, so perhaps it is time I tried to recapture him on paper, this man who shared with me the last five years of his life. James Sandoe. James Sayre Sandoe, son of a pencil salesman and an opera singer, Stanford graduate, actor, director, critic of the mystery story, wit, scholar, lush. He came to Lincoln, after retiring from the University of Colorado, to spend Thanksgiving vacation with an old friend and new lover; he stayed five years.

Words danced for him, moved across the surface of his mind as his actors moved across the stage in delicate and intricate patterns. Above all else he loved language; I remember him, half-drunk and wholly naked, leaping from the bed where he had been about to pay me proper attention to try once more for the perfect reading of “anyone lived in a pretty how town.” His priorities, as I told him, were *always* in order. I remem-

ber him best at night, talking, always talking, about Shakespeare, about acting, about the mystery story, about theater, about anything and everything that had to do with words. I remember his hatred of slovenly diction and his impatience with slovenly thought. I have seen him flinch in pain, sometimes, from the bright perfection of a phrase that sliced to the bone; mostly I remember a fierce joy burning through the frailty of flesh.

For the flesh was frail, battered by years of heavy drinking and heavy smoking. Yet when it became clear that the best gift he could give me was his continued existence, he gave up both, at once and to the end of his life, even though the shock to his system was severe enough to hospitalize him for a time.

He could be difficult, as we all can be. I remember days of surly depression as his books and papers began to arrive from Boulder, packed up and sent by his second wife, who had pushed him out of the house in despair of his drinking. As we sorted papers and shelved books and put his Indian rugs down on the study floor, I knew what was happening to him. Our whole amour was losing its charming sense of slapstick improvisation and taking on an alarming air of permanence, like those Quonset huts that went up on campuses as temporary housing during World War Two and stayed there forever, rusting gently under the ivy. But we could always talk it out, always laugh at ourselves and each other.

A gift, those five years, totally unexpected and undeserved. I 44, he 64, old enough to know better, a menopausal Romeo and Juliet. Grotesque, Jim called it, and wonderful. He loved words, and he loved me, in that order. When he lay dying in hospital—a mercifully short time—I read to him, more for my comfort than his, Prospero’s great coda, “Our revels now are ended.” I had thought him in coma, but he was not, not yet; he looked at me for one last time and said gently, “You could have sharpened the shading a bit.”

He had, as always, his priorities straight.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, one of my lovers gave me a pair of *ben-wa* balls, which I had wanted for a long time. I was quite excited by the idea, so as soon as he gave them to me, I inserted them. We were out and about, and as I walked down the street, I could feel one slipping out. Fortunately, there was a hotel nearby and I was able to duck into the bathroom before it fell onto the sidewalk (which might have marred its gold-plated finish). Anyway, I am having the damndest time keeping them in, and when they do stay in, I don't notice. I was expecting a continuous turn-on, even looking forward to wearing them to the office. So what am I doing wrong? And can they harm me in any way or cut down on my sensitivity during "normal" lovemaking? Please explain what they are supposed to do.—Miss L. G., Berkeley, California.

Ben-wa balls are a safety hazard, no doubt. The damned things fall out at the oddest times. Many's the time we've spied a golden sphere ricocheting down the escalator at the local shopping mall. It's always a minor scene: "Excuse me, miss. . . ." Supposedly, the vibrations of the balls' clicking together will drive a woman to erotic frenzy. Guess again. Probably the only use for the little buggers is to exercise the pubococcygeus muscle—i.e., the clenching needed to keep them in is a great move during lovemaking.

Even though my girlfriend and I both make enough money to travel wherever we please, I'm the sort who is just as happy in a tiny inn as in a five-star hotel. She, on the other hand, demands full-tilt luxury, so we usually compromise and do it her way. Lately, that means we head off to Europe, especially France and Italy. I'm not complaining (much), but I would like to convince her that it's possible to have a high-class holiday here in the good old U.S. of A. I'm looking for something classy but still fun and informal. Got any ideas?—N. S., San Diego, California.

As it happens, we have some friends who are known for their ability to absorb large doses of hedonism and come back to tell the tale. They report that perhaps the most glorious, self-indulgent, yet laid-back vacation they've ever had was several days spent wandering in Northern California wine country, especially in the Napa and Sonoma valleys. For starters, book a room at the new Auberge du Soleil, which is high atop a Napa hillside in an olive grove (remember Tuscany, mia cara?), or at Villa St. Helena, a sprawling brick mansion across the valley with an equally spellbinding view. If just one place won't do, be aware that six wine-country inns have banded together to form a Route du Vin and you can book any number of them on successive nights by calling 707-575-7350. If all else fails (the area is very popular in the fall during harvesttime), call Accommodation



Referral at 707-944-8891 and tell them you want something that makes the house in "Falcon Crest" look like a bungalow. The logical thing to do during the day is visit the dozens of wineries in the area, most of which have regular visiting hours. Probably the best guide for grape nuts is the 1985 edition of "The Wine Spectator Wine Maps," which also lists dining places and accommodations. But no matter where else you drop in, don't miss a stop at Domaine Chandon for some superb sparkling wine and, just up the road, at Robert Mondavi for the very best wine-making tour. If you survive all this sipping and strolling, the Napa Valley also offers rides in a hot-air balloon or a sailplane and a dip in an allegedly therapeutic mud bath. And if too much pleasure is not enough, end your trip by driving to the sea through the redwood groves that line the Russian River. Book into the Timber Cove Inn, which is perched right over the thundering Pacific near Jenner. Ask for a room with a hot tub and an ocean view, then uncork a bottle of wine you've had the foresight to carry along from wine country. Salut!

My fiancé and I have been lovers for two years, and our sex life is both scintillating and satisfying. What, then, is the problem? Fortunately, nothing too severe, but one that causes him some anxiety, nonetheless: He claims he does not come as much as he used to. I'm not referring to the frequency, mind you, but to the amount of ejaculate. I can't imagine why that should bother him, since the intensity of his orgasm is not at all affected. Could there be a physiological reason for this? Does the amount of semen diminish as one grows older? He is 26 years old. Does frequency of sex pertain? Any light you can

shed on this would be appreciated. The fewer anxieties we have in starting our marriage, the better!—Miss B. G., New York, New York.

Frequency diminishes the volume of ejaculate. If he's getting it more but enjoying it less, simply cut down on your activity—or realize that it's normal and fuck your brains out, worry-free.

I live in a climate with difficult winter-driving conditions, and I'm thinking of investing in some kind of four-wheel drive. The problem is, I hate trucks and I'm a little wary of 4wd cars. What's your recommendation?—T. J., Gary, Indiana.

We think 4wd cars are one of the most promising things since birth control. For bad winters or even the occasional ski trip, they can't be beat. They drive almost as well as their two-wheel-drive counterparts (and get nearly the same fuel economy) when it's dry but can run rings around anything else on the road—in carlike quiet, comfort and safety—when the going gets slick. Some have part-time 4wd (select it only when you need it); others, such as the Audis and VWs, boast full-time systems that you never have to think about. None is intended for serious off-road thrashing, but all will take you just about anywhere you want to go, road or no road. Just be careful, and remember: The only bad thing about 4wd is that it can get you stuck a lot farther from help.

This problem is driving me crazy; maybe you can help. I've come to call it the big-brother syndrome, though what it amounts to is my not being able to get a date with a woman more than once or twice. I'm not ugly, or so I've been told by some very attractive women. I dress nicely and can hold intelligent conversations with women, but that doesn't seem to be enough. I've never tried to get a woman into bed unless it's been obvious that's what she has wanted. In fact, I'm pretty much the perfect gentleman. The women I have dated are still very good friends but just treat me like a big brother. I've even been told by a few ex-dates that that is how they feel. So what's a guy to do? Do I have to come on as an arrogant snob who views women as nothing but sex objects to continue a relationship or do I become a monk?—B. L., Tampa, Florida.

You can't fall in love or even mild lust with every member of the opposite sex you happen to meet, so there's nothing wrong with being a big brother/friend. This shows that you're capable of relating well to women, which is a significant first step. And friendships sometimes do catch fire and become romances. However, if you're looking for more in a relationship, try being a bit more assertive and see what happens. The problem with being a perfect gentleman is that you treat your date with

the same courtesy with which you treat the doorman. You've got to focus your attention. If you want to tear her clothes off, tell her. You don't have to go to the extremes described in your letter—in fact, such behavior would undoubtedly backfire—but it couldn't hurt to let a woman in whom you're interested know about your feelings. Leave the perfect gentleman at home. Let the animal out a little.

My wife and I have a fantastic sex life. My problem is my pipe. I first smoked a Longchamps when I was stationed in France with the U.S.A.F. I have smoked a leather-covered pipe since. In time, the leather shrinks. Is there a way to get more life out of the leather?—H. W., Harlingen, Texas.

One of the problems with the once popular Longchamps pipes was the inevitable wearing away of their leather covering. Tobacco and pipe merchants recommend smoking the pipe slowly, so as not to heat it up too quickly; aside from that, there is little you can do to protect the leather.

As a general form of etiquette, shouldn't men be more aware of how their pubic areas look? I am living with a man who has extremely long testicle hair that I ask him to trim. He insists that no male does this. What do you think?—Miss J. A., Lansing, Michigan.

For general rules of etiquette, consult Miss Manners. She'll probably recommend climbing into bed with pinking shears. We side with your friend. The next thing you know, you'll be asking him to let you braid his pubic hair into dreadlocks—or with cute little bows. We say drop the matter or trim it with your teeth when he's preoccupied.

If my letter sounds too silly, obvious or naïve, just chalk it up to a lack of experience. I'm a 17-year-old female who has had sex several times, but not with guys who have done it much before, if you know what I mean. There's one part I'm not sure my current lover and I are doing right. He and I have done it in at least a dozen imaginative positions, with my favorite being doggy style, because as we fuck this way, he can use his hand to stimulate my clitoris—an action that greatly enhances my pleasure! But my question concerns the standard, face-to-face missionary position. Can you help us figure out whether or not we're doing it right? The part I'm confused about is the role of the clitoris when we have sex in this position. Is something supposed to happen to it? Normally, the only place I can feel him in this position is in my vagina—there's not enough sensation to make me climax—and no part of him touches my clit unless it's either of our hands, at my request. Whenever I'm on top, I manage to rub my clitoris on his pubic bone and thus bring myself to orgasm, but as I said, the problem lies in the missionary position. I think I could enjoy that so much more if only some part of him were stimu-

lating that all-important sensitive spot of mine. Is there a different way to do it so my clitoris will be stimulated in this position, or shall I resign myself to the 9999 other styles we are trying one by one? Any help would be greatly appreciated!—Miss C. A., New York, New York.

Actually, you're fairly typical. Many women find it difficult to reach orgasm in the missionary position for the very reason you mention—lack of clitoral stimulation. "Riding high" or doing a pubic grind instead of thrusting may add stimulation. Extended foreplay before use of the missionary position may help, but otherwise, you or he may want to "lend a hand" to help you climax. Since you have no difficulty reaching orgasm in other positions, we suggest that you and your boyfriend continue to let variety be the spice of life. And while we don't mean to lecture, we assume that you're practicing safe and effective birth control to avoid an unwanted pregnancy at your age.

I have heard that you can increase the highs in your tape recording by adjusting the deck for a lower bias than called for with a given kind of tape. Do you agree?—T. B., Phoenix, Arizona.

When you use a bias current that is too high for a given tape (overbiasing), you reduce the ultimate high-frequency response as well as the maximum recording level of which the tape is capable. When you use too low a bias current (underbiasing), you can increase the high-frequency response, but you will also raise the distortion and mess up the signal-to-noise ratio. Exactly that kind of chicanery has been used in the past to convince a buyer that a tape deck had "plenty of highs." It has also been used by some adventurous souls as a way of recording more highs for tapes that were to be played back on portables or car stereos. It's really a shoddy practice, and with today's improved equipment it hardly is necessary, since many recent portables and most car stereos do have inherently improved high-frequency capability when used with the correct bias called for with a given tape. So our answer to the question Should I underbias for more highs? is, simply, Don't. Just follow the instructions on the tape package.

How can I get my husband more interested in lengthy foreplay? We've been married ten terrific years and enjoy frequent sex; we both exercise to keep our figures trim and are very sexually attracted to each other, as well as deeply in love. I believe he enjoys all aspects of our sex life, but I have a major complaint. It takes me a long time to reach a climax. When I masturbate, with intense mental and physical stimulation, I reach the most incredible climaxes known to woman. During lovemaking with my husband, when he's patient and allows me to take my time, I enjoy the same terrific and satisfying orgasms, especially when we get into a position where I can manually stimulate myself while he's inside me. Unfortunately, we don't always seem to have the

time it takes for me to come. Half of the time (yes, half!), I end up faking my orgasms, because I sense that he's getting tired of waiting and is losing interest. I start to feel guilty for taking so long and can no longer enjoy myself. When his interest wanes, believe me, it's noticeable, no matter how hard he tries not to show it.

I should mention that my husband works long hours and has a long commute every day. He's always tired, so when we make love during the week, I feel especially guilty if I take too long, as if I'm depriving him of precious sleep. On the weekends, he has more energy and patience, yet I still feel the same sense of guilt. Do you have any exciting suggestions to keep him interested in longer intercourse? Short of a shot of speed, is there some way to make him hold out without losing patience? I don't exactly take forever. I consider ten minutes fast, 15 minutes average, 20 to 25 minutes a long time. (By his standards, that is. If it were up to me, I'd prefer an hour of foreplay and intercourse, or as long as we could stand it!) I always enjoy your snappy one-liners when you're addressing questions in this column, but I hope you'll give me a serious answer. I suspect there are other women experiencing this problem who'd appreciate some expert advice. Thanks!—Mrs. A. S., Anaheim, California.

The nine-to-five daily grind is the enemy of good sex. Rather than find something more exciting, you have to work on the main enemies—tension and exhaustion. Take a look at your after-work routine. It's probably just that—routine: a few drinks, a meal, some more drinks and then television. This is hardly the kind of surface that provides the traction needed for good sex. Our advice: Do something physical at the end of a workday—jog, play tennis, swim, try full-contact karate, and then give your husband a half hour or so of nonsexual massage. If you get into the habit of spending time touching each other in nonsexual ways, it's pretty easy to segue into some leisurely lovemaking. Expecting him to be able to perform on demand is unrealistic. Don't rely on his being inside of you to have an orgasm. He can hold you while you play with a vibrator and join in if he's interested, abstain if he's not. You can watch a porn movie together on the VCR, just to set a sexual mood for an hour at a time. Try sex in the morning, when you're both fresh. (You can wake up a bit early, masturbate, then jump his bones as you're ready to climax.) There are many solutions. Explore them.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

Could you live with a man who had custody of his children?

Before I got married and had a child of my own, I lived with a man who had two kids. They were a lot of fun. I probably moved in because of the kids. It was like getting a ready-made family. If the kids are fun and if they like you, then it's no problem. If I hadn't liked them or they hadn't liked me, I couldn't have done it. Getting to know the children *before* you make a decision like that is the most important part of making that decision. After all, you will be sharing your space with them as much as you are asking them to share their dad with you.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

No. I'm not ready to get married or feel married. Therefore, I'm not ready for children. Both marriage and children are far from my mind. Even if I loved the guy, I would rather he lived with his kids and I'd spend as much time with them as I could, but I wouldn't live with them. I have so many things I want to do in my life, so many goals. I have room in my life for a serious relationship. I'm definitely a one-man woman. I like to have a special man whom I can count on and see regularly, but I need to feel independent, too. I'd like to think being honest would be a plus, not a minus, to him.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

That's a hard question. I think I could if I really loved the man and felt ready to be a mother to his children. But this kind of decision would take a lot of long discussions before I could move in. It would be easier if the children were young. I could help raise them. They would grow up with me around. It isn't easy to be a stepparent of either sex. It's harder to build a relationship with a child who's not your own. If I didn't like the children at all, I'd have to do some serious negotiating with the man in my life to see if we could come to any agreements about the things the children were doing that troubled me. He'd have to be willing to compromise, too.



Patty Duffek

PATTY DUFFEK
MAY 1984

I could move in with a guy who had custody of his kids, depending on the age of the children. If they were older, say 12 and up, they'd probably be old enough to understand the situation. If they were younger, I'd worry about how much they could understand. A girlfriend—not a wife—may create an unhealthy environment for young children. I think kids need a solid base in their lives, and it would be difficult for someone to move into their home and discipline them unless she was very committed to the project. We would all have to do a lot of talking together before I could agree to it. The last thing I'd want to do is get into a tug of war with the children over their own mother versus me.



Debi Nicolle Johnson

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

I lived with a man who had partial custody of his children. He had them every summer. It was a wonderful learning experience. I got the chance to be a part of a family, and I really enjoyed it. I think there are real advantages to younger children. They haven't had as much time to develop resentments. On the other hand, if the children had something against you, that would be very hard on your relationship with your man, because the children are part of his life and always will be, no matter what. If you're lucky, that doesn't happen and the children add to your life together.



Lesa Ann Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Yes, because to get custody in the first place, he must be doing something right. He must be a good father. I'm young, though, only 23, so we'd have to have a nanny or someone to care for the children. It would be easier for me to get along with younger kids. If he had children close to me in age, that could be hard. They might rebel against Dad for living with a very young woman and not see me as an authority figure. Who'd want to take orders from a contemporary? I think the younger the children, the better. So far, I haven't run into this situation. But you never know. I'm willing to consider it.



Venice Kong

VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



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a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PLANNING AHEAD

A 36-year-old female special-education consultant in San Jose, California, has been charged with molesting one or more adolescent males and with writing \$60,000 worth of bad checks to buy expensive gifts for six boys, ranging in age from 11 to 15.

If anybody bothers honestly to ask those kids whether or not they really feel molested, isn't it likely that at least some of them will say that their experiences were a dream come true?

To paraphrase Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (pun noted):

*Where is the lad with id so dead,
He's never lusted in his head
At watching sprightly teachers pass
As he sat indolent in class?*

I'm also reminded of an anecdote, current some time ago, about a famous international beauty, well past her prime but fondly remembered. An overnight guest, in gratitude, wished to leave her some token of esteem, but the lady, a superstar and wealthy in her own right, asked for nothing but a pocketknife. The guest, intrigued, desired to know what possible use this sophisticated and exquisite creature might have for such a commonplace object. The lady opened a dresser drawer and showed him an almost overflowing collection of every variety of the homely device. "Someday," she said, "I shall be old and no longer as attractive as now. I think it best that I prepare myself for that eventuality. A 15-year-old boy will do anything for a pocketknife."

Wherever she is now, I hope she is happy, and I hope she never runs out of pocketknives.

Clifford L. Wolf
Pacific Grove, California

EQUAL JUSTICE

I have trouble understanding two recent events. In Texas, Jesse De La Rosa was executed for his part in the robbery of a convenience store in San Antonio in which the clerk was killed. De La Rosa was put to death by lethal injection, the state taking care to see that the killing was carried out as humanely as possible. He died May 15, 1985, at Huntsville.

In Florida, about the same time, a 75-year-old retired engineer named Roswell Gilbert was convicted of murder and sentenced to 25 years in jail with no possibility of parole. His victim was his 73-year-old wife, terminally ill from Alzheimer's disease and suffering great pain from broken bones in her spine. According to news reports, she had been pleading with him to help her die, until

finally, he propped her up on a couch and shot her in the head with a pistol.

To me, the most horrible thing about Gilbert's deed was that he had to use a gun instead of a humanely administered lethal injection. Those who approve of the death penalty probably believe that De La Rosa got what he deserved. No one who can put himself in the place of that poor woman's husband can believe that Gilbert deserved what he got.

Pat Penrod
San Antonio, Texas

*"Publishers sanitize
their books to make them
palatable for the
most naïve readers."*

BOWDLERIZING BOOKS

A savage, wrote John Ciardi, is simply a human organism that has not received enough news, particularly in the form of literature, from the human race. Apparently, some editors at major textbook companies are trying to reach the savage in all of us by heavily editing the greatest writers of all time—Shakespeare, Homer, Chaucer, just to name a few. The members of Virginia's state board of education were shocked to discover that Scott, Foresman and Company, a large textbook-publishing house in Illinois, had deleted 100 lines from its 12th-grade edition of

Hamlet and 320 lines from the ninth-grade version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Most of the deletions were references to sex or violence, and a subsequent survey of publishers supplying Virginia schools revealed that such abridgments were not unusual.

The survey supports the contentions of People for the American Way, which has fought censorship in Texas and believes that the effort to change, censor and eliminate certain books and teaching materials in public schools and libraries is widespread. People for the American Way says it has documented such efforts in 48 of the 50 states.

The pressure to censor comes from the Far Right. Members of groups such as Jerry Falwell's convince publishers that certain books will be cut entirely from school curricula—thus resulting in large financial losses—unless references to sex, violence and evolution are "abridged."

As publishers sanitize their books to make them palatable for the most naïve readers, a large percent of the population is left in the dark. Is it good for a free and democratic nation to have a population ignorant of the universality of sex, the significance of Darwin or the impact of violence on society? I think not.

It is ludicrous, also, to think that the violence modern children encounter in Shakespeare, Chaucer and Homer is any greater than that they experience by watching television or movies or by listening to rock music. To forfeit some of the richness and humanism of Shakespeare by cutting oblique references to sex or violence under the guise of protecting innocent minds circumvents the point of literature as a broadening experience and stunts kids' intellectual growth.

As efforts to censor the printed word increase in Africa, Central America and Eastern Europe, we must double our efforts to preserve a society that allows and encourages the open exchange of ideas.

C. K. L. Browne
Woonsocket, Rhode Island

PORN PICKETS

It wasn't until I read the enclosed article in a local newspaper, the *Brooklyn Center Post*, that I realized the danger some people present to free speech. The article tells of a gas-and-grocery chain, Superamerica, that has discontinued selling the popular men's magazines.

These quoted remarks by Erne McArthur, a local champion of censorship, are the ones I find most disturbing: "Today is a day to rejoice. It is a turning point, a turning away from spreading evil and



destruction. The banning of sex-oriented magazines truly is a work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts and minds of Super-america leaders. This kind of good action cannot go unrecognized in our Something More City—Brooklyn Center." I shudder

to think what would happen if such people were elected to office.

Steve Katz

Minneapolis, Minnesota

You missed an even better line later in the story. In a little ceremony, McArthur says to a

representative of the store (referring to herself in the third person), "You . . . are being presented this rose as a symbol of life by a representative of your concerned customers, who acted on her responsibility and authority to have dominion over the things of this earth." We say to Ernee: Claiming that takes real balls, so while you're at it, would you please do something about the mess in Lebanon?

A MOMENT OF SILENCE, PLEASE

By ANNIE PLESHETTE MURPHY

Never has one tiny bit of quiet created such a deafening roar. How much is there, really, to say about the simple question of whether or not to authorize moments of silence in our public schools? We've already wasted far too many moments of silence trying to distinguish between "private reflection" and prayer, between hiring teachers to teach and hiring them to supervise early-morning "meditation" in public schools; it's high time to reframe the debate, shifting our perspective.

Let's start with an idea everyone supports: a moment of silence. No one can argue against a little quiet time. In fact, mandated moments of silence are the kind of thoughtful prophylaxis that all fast-track folk could use. But why waste valuable moments of silence on kids at the beginning of the school day, especially since most of them don't start paying attention until 11 o'clock? Why not institute valuable moments-of-silence legislation in those areas of society where such action is constitutionally and inarguably justified?

For example, let's urge our Congressmen to authorize a statute requiring sports announcers to observe a moment of silence at those times when they obviously have nothing intelligent to say. This action would not only take the pressure off those poor retired jocks, it would relieve the sports-worshipping public from listening to a host of painfully inane facts: "Hey, Roger, did you realize that when Tom was a youngster at Gardenia High School, he scored six TDs against a team with a tight end who had the same middle name?" "We've just learned that Mike's dad, who once played shortstop in a minor-league division out in Wichita, is back in the hospital for a hernia operation."

Imagine how refreshing it would be to watch a game on television undistracted by the constant chitchat of two guys who seem to loathe each

other. Instead of trying to sort out the relevant from the irrelevant statistics, one could rely on the sports announcer to abide by the law, judiciously observing a moment of silence rather than launching into yet another useless anecdote.

A moment of silence should be mandated, too, for the driver who throws himself on the horn approximately one hundredth of a second before the light turns green. In this case, violators should be strapped to the ski racks of their cars and forced to listen to Jerry Falwell discussing inane sports trivia with Pat Summerall. The same punishment should be meted out for the driver

who honks to let you know that he thinks you should have run the light instead of stopping to let the boy scout and the old lady in the wheelchair cross.

A moment of silence in elevators would be a third—and welcome—application of the new statute, particularly useful for the tedious multistop rides in which someone feels compelled to remark, "Well, I guess we got the local." A moment of silence might not stop the really desperate nerd from slipping in a "Hot enough for you?" before exiting, but it would certainly be a step in the right direction.

And last but not never least, several healthy young citizens have come forward expressing a desire for a moment of silence during sex. Some feel that this is needed to counter their partner's tendency to describe every twinge, probe and change in technique during love-making. Others wish for a postcoital moment of relaxed reflection in lieu of a barrage of "How was it for you?" queries. Should a constitutional act mandating a moment of silence during sex be construed as a violation of First Amendment rights or, worse, a surreptitious way to introduce prayer in the bedroom, rest assured that for some people, sex is already a religious experience. Who can fight that?

WASHINGTON—The U.S. Supreme Court Tuesday ruled unconstitutional an Alabama state law authorizing voluntary prayer in public schools during a prescribed "period of silence."

The 6-3 decision, written by Justice John Paul Stevens, strongly reaffirmed the high court's opposition since the early 1960s to state laws endorsing or

HEARTHLESS HOMES

By concluding that mobile homes are constitutionally equivalent to vehicles rather than to residences and are not, therefore, subject to residences' protection against illegal search and seizure, the U.S. Supreme Court has taken a major step toward creating a two-class system of law.

Under such a system, people who have fewer material resources or who adopt legal but unconventional lifestyles are subject to a different set of laws than those folks who have greater material resources or adopt more conventional lifestyles. Any system that makes such an arbitrary distinction between haves and have-nots will, inevitably, degenerate into some form of radical socialism.

What is most disturbing, though, about this recent Supreme Court decision is that it is in clear violation of the Constitution. The Fourth Amendment clearly states, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated." Likewise, the 14th Amendment declares, "No state shall . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The Supreme Court's conclusion—that a person who chooses to live in a house with wheels does not have the same legal rights as a person who chooses to live in a suburban duplex—is one of the most fearfully ominous decisions yet made by the Burger Court.

Eric Petersen, C.D.P.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

LIBERAL LETTERS

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Ralph W. Anderson suggests that PLAYBOY has "an editorial policy favoring liberal letters." In your defense, you acknowledge that your readers "tend to be liberal on social issues." I wonder why.

My theory is this: PLAYBOY's readership is composed of people who are liberal enough not to condemn nudity and liberal enough to exercise the right of each person to read what he or she pleases.

The intellectual bent of many PLAYBOY readers stems from the freethinking neo-liberalism that blossomed on America's college campuses during the past two decades. In the spirit of dissent and the inherent cynicism of free thought, it makes sense that readers would respond to a conservative Presidential Administration with letters from the left.

*(continued on page 70;
"Forum Newsfront" on page 66)*

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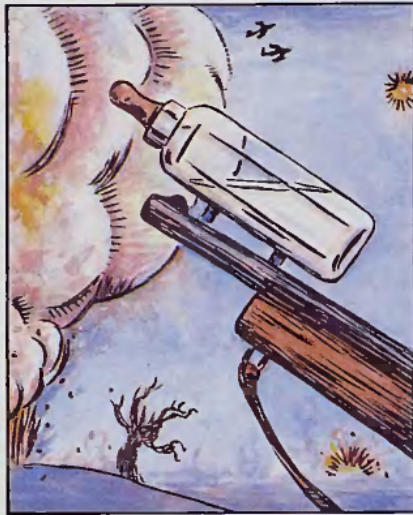
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what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR?

CHICAGO—A political-science professor at Loyola University is arguing that female soldiers should not be given the privilege of combat duty, because at any given time, ten percent of them are pregnant. Writing in *Policy Review*, the quarterly journal of the conservative



Heritage Foundation, Professor Jean Yarbrough cites that figure, and also the fact that 17 percent of the Army's women are pregnant over the course of a year, insisting on the continued "recognition of genuine physical and psychological differences that are important in battle, such as strength, aggressiveness and sexual attraction." She adds, "The trend of recent history and court decisions is to ignore the natural differences between men and women in the name of social equity. But when applied to military affairs, the principle of equity is wrong and dangerous." Women are currently barred by law from combat roles.

OFF THE STREETS AND OUT OF TROUBLE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After two and a half years of study, the American Bar Association has issued a controversial recommendation that new bail standards be adopted to allow for the pretrial detention of defendants who represent a danger to the community. Pretrial detention would be allowed under two circumstances: for suspects in serious felonies committed while out on bond, parole or probation; and for suspects convicted of at least one felony within the past ten years and whose "past and present conduct . . . supports a judicial finding that no condition or combination of conditions will reasonably assure the safety of any person or the community."

PERMANENT PROBLEM

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—A woman who suffered a broken jaw in an auto accident has settled out of court after alleging that the injury, among other things, "diminished her ability to enjoy oral sex with her husband." She stated in the suit that although cosmetic surgery had not been required, she was unable to move her mouth properly and that the damage to the jawbone was permanent.

FATAL FOREPLAY

SAN ANTONIO—The death of a 22-year-old pregnant woman and her seven-month-old fetus has been ruled accidental after a bizarre form of oral sex forced air to enter her blood stream and cause cardiac arrest. Investigators said that her husband, who had read of the practice in a magazine, had blown air into his wife's vagina as part of their sexual play, and an air embolism occurred when the placenta was displaced.

TRICK OR TREATMENT

LOS ANGELES—A 21-year-old rape victim has filed suit against a Catholic hospital, charging that it denied her information about and access to the so-called morning-after pill while she was receiving emergency treatment for the assault. The woman did not become pregnant, but the suit alleges that in failing or refusing to prescribe estrogen prophylaxis within 72 hours, when the treatment can prevent pregnancy, the hospital failed to provide optimal emergency treatment under accepted medical standards. Her attorney said that no damages were being asked in the suit, "just a change in the practices." She said that a survey of 12 major Catholic-run emergency rooms in the metropolitan area revealed that about two thirds forbade physicians to prescribe post-rape estrogen treatment, presumably because the treatment acts as an abortifacient, in conflict with Church teachings.

PORNO PROBLEM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In a decision that is worrying the porn industry—and some civil libertarians as well—the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled seven to two that police do not need a warrant to enter a bookstore and buy, rather than seize, allegedly obscene materials. Writing for the majority, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor reinstated the conviction of a Hyattsville, Maryland, bookstore employee who had successfully appealed earlier on the

ground that undercover detectives had purchased materials for use as evidence instead of asking a judge to first determine their probable obscenity before seeking an arrest warrant. In dissent, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., criticized the majority's "endorsement of the Government's abuse of the arrest power . . . to enforce norms of taste" and said that "these stealthy encroachments upon our liberties sanctioned in the state's present effort to combat vice may become potent weapons in a future effort to shackle political dissenters and stifle their voices."

THE DEVIL MADE THEM DO IT

AUSTIN—No doubt inspired by Satan, Madalyn Murray O'Hair's American Atheist Center has published "The X-Rated Bible," by Ben Edward Akerley, a "witty but scholarly" 428-page examination and analysis of all the sexual activity that fundamentalists and many other Christians tend to overlook in the King James Bible. Chapters bear such lively titles as "Onan's Fatal Orgasm," "Noah Gets Drunk and Exposes Himself" and "King David Flashes His Royal Penis."

PULLOVER

HOUSTON—The Houston Sports Association has agreed not to press criminal-trespass charges against our friend Morganna Roberts, the kissing bandit (*PLAYBOY*, June 1983) for running onto the Astrodome field and kissing two ballplayers. The prosecution had learned that prominent defense attorney Richard



"Racehorse" Haynes planned to argue that his client, who claims a bust measurement of 60 inches, had merely leaned over a rail and had been drawn onto the playing field by the law of gravity.

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The new 27" (measured diagonally) Sony Trinitron® TVs with Microblack now come in a range of equally fine, but distinctly different furniture styles.

Among them, the Sony ultracontemporary look (pictured left). Finished in a sleek ebony-finished oak veneer on all-

wood cabinetry, it's a television whose form is definitely equal to its function.

Next, there's the Trinitron that leaves room for everything but improvement. The space-saving Sony consolelet design (center), a lustrous dark Brazilian rosewood and vinyl-clad wood cabinetry.

And finally, for those who prefer to achieve high technology through more traditional means, we have the Sony neo-



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classic design (right). A rich pecan finish on all-wood cabinetry.

But whichever Sony matches your taste, you can be sure its features are without equal. Our new 27" Trinitron TVs are actually superb monitor/receivers, with a built-in stereo decoder to catch all the upcoming stereo TV programming. Direct audio and video inputs for sharper VCR playback. Cable-compatible* Express

Tuning® with up to 181 channels and a programmable memory. Even an on-screen display that shows you the function you're controlling with your Sony Express Commander® remote control.

So if you're a person who appreciates the best of everything, may we suggest you visit your Sony dealer? Where you're not just buying a new Trinitron. But acquiring a new set of standards.

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FORUM

(continued from page 64)

If, indeed, campuses are becoming bastions of conservatism, then perhaps the next generation of PLAYBOY readers will heat the *Forum* up. As a proud liberal, I say, "Bring 'em on!"

Sam Ackerman
Newark, Delaware

That's fine, but your letter raises a question that we'll pass on to our readers: In 100 words or less, somebody tell us the difference between a neoliberal and a neoconservative.

FATHERS' RIGHTS

In today's social structure, divorce is a

common occurrence. Until recently, a woman was considered the nurturer of children in a family situation, so custody in a divorce was more often than not awarded to the wife and usually no argument was given by the husband. The husband was then asked to give X amount of money to his ex-wife to contribute to the care, feeding and support of the children.

Unfortunately, some men don't care much beyond paying child support. Still others don't even care to pay the support. But what of those who want to be, and work at being, an integral part of their children's lives? These men, too, often are refused this right by the children's mother.

There are many ways this can be done—

by downplaying the role of and the respect due the father, helping the children decide that they don't want to go on visitation day, having the children wear dressy clothes when the mother has been told that jeans would be more appropriate. . . .

The list goes on. Of course, there are ex-wives who cooperate, but there are more who do not, and there are those who cooperate so little as to stretch the limits of the law—such as encouraging the children to use their mother's newly acquired married name.

I am in such a situation and have received no help from state family-service departments, due to their legal limitations, nor from law firms that require large retainers. I care very deeply about two specific children, and I am sure there are many caring fathers, but who will help the collective whole?

There are organizations for women's rights, men's rights and even the rights of dying wildlife. But what about the rights of divorced fathers? There is an enforced injustice due to legalese and loopholes, and the victims are the caring divorced fathers, as well as their children.

Perry M. Savard
Waterbury, Connecticut

KILLER WEED RETURNS

A dangerous misinformation campaign about marijuana has reached new heights of hysteria and excess, and we need your financial support to fight back. It is as simple as that. Here is the problem.

CBS News recently reported that the number of children incarcerated in psychiatric hospitals for drug problems has increased by 350 percent since the beginning of the Reagan Administration, despite the fact that during the same time period, adolescent drug use has declined dramatically. Blue Cross/Blue Shield investigated those incarcerations and found that they were often unnecessary and were based on misdiagnosis.

This new form of child abuse is directly related to the misinformation campaign of the Reagan war on drugs. For example, in her foreword to the book *Marijuana Alert*, Nancy Reagan wrote:

Marijuana Alert is a true story about a drug that is taking America captive. . . . The author sounds the alarm loud and clear about the physical and psychological effects of this drug and sets the record straight. . . . Drugs are a plague that is ruining the minds and bodies of our children.

This type of rhetoric is the reason more and more children are being locked up and branded as mentally ill drug abusers. We need to respond to this dangerous propaganda. The Center for the Study of Drug Policy is a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization created to fund educational projects of the National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws and other groups. We will work with NORML in developing

forum follies

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

In the finest tradition of reasonable people reasoning together, Santa Monica has apologized for exiling a convicted sex offender to Florida and Miami has agreed not to sue or try to have Santa Monica arrested for kidnaping—even though Florida started it all in the first place by banishing a convicted prostitute to California.

For those who have not been following the story:

In 1982, a Florida judge decided that 47 arrests for prostitution qualified 24-year-old Melanie King as a recidivist and gave her a choice between prison and a one-way airline ticket to California. She opted for California at a cost of \$159 for her ticket and \$42 for her pregnant cat's and promptly went back into business. California thought this a tacky way for Florida to deal with its prostitution problem.

In 1985, the Santa Monica police chief got tired of arresting Melanie and decided that "we owed a few to Florida. If they want to play one-upmanship with California, we'll take them on any time"—and gifted Miami with 44-year-old Weston J. Hill, a former mental patient with a history of arrests for sexual offenses. Santa Monica was good enough to advise Miami that a known criminal was arriving on a certain Eastern Airlines flight but didn't mention who had paid for his ticket.

Soon Hill was getting himself arrested in Florida, and Miami, learning how he had come to be there, was hopping mad. The Floridians thought they had gotten by far the worst of the deal, since their girl really wasn't much of a threat to society but the guy they had gotten had quite a history of sex offenses.

Miami's police chief, Clarence Dickson, called the stunt "unprofessional and dangerous as well as embarrassing to the law-enforcement community and morally wrong." The city of Miami

threatened to sue Santa Monica and voted to complain to the National League of Cities, to the International City Management Association and to the National Council of Mayors. It even threatened to bring in the Feds on a kidnaping complaint if it proved that Hill had been sent to Florida against his will and said it would seek Federal legislation to prevent such foolishness in the future. Miami's mayor complained that this was not the first time undesirables had been deported to Florida and said, "If we don't stand up and set an example [of Hill], we are destined to have this happen over and over and over."

At first, Santa Monica shrugged. City attorney Robert Myers said he thought Miami was "engaging in immature and foolish conduct. If Miami wants to waste tax funds to engage in meaningless litigation, they are free to do so."

This set Miami to hyperventilating, and Santa Monica decided it had better sound a conciliatory note. It blamed the laws of its own state, California, for not keeping Hill off the streets and complimented Florida's laws for accomplishing just that. Then Santa Monica mayor Christine Reed wrote a letter of apology to Miami in which she "regretted any problems or inconvenience." She added, "I can assure you that Santa Monica will not send you any more mental-health cases or any more criminal offenders." Furthermore, Santa Monica police want the state of California to bring him back.

That may not be necessary. At last report, Hill was still in the Dade County slammer for failing to appear at his hearing on indecent-exposure charges, and a Florida radio station was ready to spring for the one-way plane ticket with more than \$1000 in pledges from its listeners. —HUGH LOWE

a series of pamphlets on marijuana-related issues; one will examine ways to keep our kids off drugs and out of psychiatric hospitals. Scare tactics don't work; education does. We must let America know that there are rational alternatives to incarcerating kids.

Kevin Zeese, Director
Center for the Study of
Drug Policy
Washington, D.C.

CLEAR THINKING

Regarding the issues of abortion and capital punishment, which occupy a great amount of copy in the *Forum*, I would like to add some fuel to the fire.

I have noticed that those forces that oppose abortion on demand favor capital punishment. On the other hand, those that oppose capital punishment are often, even usually, pro-abortion. I think these positions are inconsistent. I think we should either take the view that life is sacred in all matters or say, "Kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out."

Jeffrey A. Teets
Lakewood, California

Great. And our favorite T-shirt slogan says, "No good deed ever goes unpunished."

GRANDMOTHER WEISS IS BACK!

President Reagan and the religious zealots who want to put prayer in public schools could learn a lesson from a story my grandmother once told me.

She was in Jerusalem and saw a rabbi fervently praying at the Wailing Wall. She asked him, "Rabbi, what are you praying so hard for?"

He answered, "I'm praying for peace, that people should love one another and for an end to starvation."

"So?" my grandmother asked. "Does it help?"

The rabbi replied, "It's like talking to a wall."

Morton Weiss
Wantagh, New York

It certainly is good to hear from Grandmother Weiss again. Devoted readers will recall that in the August 1983 "Playboy Forum," a University of California professor and a New York anti-abortionist nearly brought us all to our knees with their letters discussing the biological versus metaphysical aspects of the question When does life begin? It was Grandmother Weiss, by way of grandson Morton, who supplied the answer that brought the most applause: "Life begins when the children move out and the dog dies."

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



WHERE EVER WE LOOK in Jack Daniel's Hollow, there's a bit of Christmas in the air.

Jack Bateman (he's the boss of our rickyard) is getting a nice gift from two of his barrelmen friends. And if we know Mr. Bateman, he's got a gift for them somewhere close at hand. It's just another sign that the Christmas spirit has arrived. And, no matter where you live, we hope you've got it, too.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

PLEASURE AND DANGER

in the midst of a moral panic, we discover a voice of sanity

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

OUTSIDE THE lecture hall, a group of pickets prowled the sidewalk. They were some local clones of Donald Wildmon's Federation for Decency. The signs looked as if they had been brought out of the attic. Young girls, with fresh scrubbed faces, carried white posters that proclaimed, FREE LOVE IS NOT FREE; ILLICIT SEX: CAN YOU HANDLE THE CONSEQUENCES?; WOULD YOU BRING HERPES HOME TO YOUR WIFE?; SEXUAL REVOLUTION HAS NO WINNERS. Maybe it was the lighting, but the pickets resembled wood-block prints depicting scenes from the turn of the century, when proponents of social purity protested alcohol, male lust and the specter of casual sex with prostitutes and easy women.

I grew up in a generation that laughed at those old posters: SHE MAY LOOK CLEAN. . . . The pickets in front of the lecture hall took such dire warnings as gospel truth. I watched a man stroll past pushing a baby carriage with two infants. A boy barely old enough to walk carried a sign he could not possibly understand.

I was there to give a lecture called "The Playboy Advisor on Love and Sex." It was not the first time I had been picketed. At one college, feminists and fundamentalists had protested my visit for weeks in advance. The protest culminated in a demonstration that drew, I was told, more people than had any antiwar protest during the Vietnam conflict. To think that naked bodies bother some people more than *dead* bodies!

At this campus, the protest had drawn camera crews. There was a press conference. "Do the pickets bother you?" I replied: "They are very sophisticated. Tonight's broadcast will show their signs. You will say that I was here to lecture. But you will not be able to broadcast any part of that lecture. The image of this evening will be theirs."

The lecture hall was full. I stood in a spotlight, ready to discuss oral sex, masturbation, orgasm, birth control, the Chinese basket trick, the sexual revolution. "Hey," I asked, "did you see the pickets?"

The crowd applauded.

"They seem to think that talking about sex leads to sex. [Pause] They're right."

The crowd roared its approval.

"Now let's give them something to

worry about. On the count of three, everyone make the sound you make when you reach orgasm."

The crowd laughed.

"Do you think sex is a laughing matter? This is serious. One, two, three."

The sound they made was glorious. I thought, We must answer the pickets with the sound of our pleasure. I'm not some folk singer conducting a sing-along. Something is going on out there, and at times I feel as if I am the only person still interested in the wonder of sex, the range of possibility of pleasure. At one college, the administration censored posters that read: THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR ON LOVE AND SEX. The final product read: THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR ON. . . . On what? Drugs? Are love and sex controlled substances? Perhaps they were afraid that if students read the words love and sex they would be driven into a frenzy of experimentation.

The world is filled with forces against sex. Every day they gain credibility. I thought of calling this essay "Back to the Future" or "Forward to the Past."

We've been through this before. Once again, the forces of prohibition are prowling the sidewalks and haunting the headlines. *Time* runs cover stories on AIDS and herpes and uses the same type face it uses for natural disasters, war and famine. The powers-that-want-to-be have created a moral panic, fueled by fear, that is as intentional as it is out of proportion.

A few months ago, I sat down at a computer terminal and requested something called the library files of the Nexis information bank. The program contains articles from selected newspapers, magazines, wire services and newsletters. The material goes back to 1975 and represents what could be called the mainstream press. I wanted to know how many times certain sexual acts had been mentioned. I punched up ORAL SEX and found 1499 references over ten years. Not bad. Masturbation had been mentioned 534 times; orgasm, 519 times; anal sex, a mere 69 times. In contrast, venereal disease had been mentioned 4447 times. Rape had been mentioned 49,460 times; abortion, 38,346 times. Pornography: 11,036. When I punched up the references, I discovered that the articles were never about mind-

boggling episodes in elevators. Rather, they were discussions about disease vectors. Can you catch AIDS from masturbation? Can you catch herpes from toilet seats? I knew who had given sex a bad name. No one celebrates pleasure in the halls of journalism (except around the offices at Playboy). No one celebrates pleasure in the pulpits of Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. And the radical fringe of the feminist movement, which had taken to bombing bookstores and picketing my lectures, didn't seem interested in the joys of the Chinese basket trick.

And then I picked up a copy of *Pleasure and Danger: Exploring Female Sexuality*, a collection of essays edited by Carole S. Vance. A group of prosex feminists had held a conference at Barnard in 1982 to discuss this very question. Vance, an anthropologist at Columbia University and codirector of the Institute for the Study of Sex in Society and History in New York, writes in her introduction:

For some, the dangers of sexuality—violence, brutality and coercion, in the form of rape, forcible incest and exploitation, as well as everyday cruelty and humiliation—make the pleasures pale by comparison. For others, the positive possibilities of sexuality—explorations of the body, curiosity, intimacy, sensuality, adventure, excitement, human connection, basking in the infantile and non-rational—are not only worth while but provide sustaining energy.

We must answer the pickets with the roar of our pleasure and the eloquence of our words. The voices against sex have all the weapons of fear, and they have what they think is the answer. Vance feels that the feminist movement has been subverted by forces that say:

Female desire should be restricted to zones protected and privileged in the culture: traditional marriage and the nuclear family. . . . Better safe than sorry is still a dominant caution. Women—socialized by mothers to keep their dresses down, their pants up and their bodies away from strangers—come to experience

their own sexual impulses as dangerous. . . . Sexual abandon and impulsiveness acquire a high price, since women must think not only about the consequences of their sexual actions for themselves but also about the consequences for men, whose sexual "natures" are supposedly lustful, aggressive and unpredictable. . . . Self-control and watchfulness become major and necessary female virtues. As a result, female desire is suspect from its first tingle, questionable until proven safe and frequently too expensive when evaluated within the larger cultural framework which poses the question Is it really worth it? When unwanted pregnancy, street harassment, stigma, unemployment, queer-bashing, rape and arrest are arrayed on the side of caution and inaction, passion often doesn't have a chance.

Vance believes we have seen "the transmutation of sexuality into unmitigated danger and unremitting victimization."

The Barnard conference called for a new agenda for feminism. The women attending felt that they must address "the repression of female desire that comes from ignorance, invisibility and fear. Feminism must put forward a politics that resists deprivation and supports pleasure. It must understand pleasure as life-affirming, empowering, desirous of human connection and the future, and not fear it as destructive, enfeebling or corrupt. . . . To wait until a zone of safety is established to begin to explore and organize for pleasure is to cede it as an arena, to give it up and to admit that we are weaker and more frightened than our enemies ever imagined."

What amazes me about the publicity for danger is how many of my friends believe it. I call it the Big Chill Factor. Friends who went through the sexual revolution turn to me and say, "I can't believe how lucky we were. We fooled around, we had fun. And we didn't catch herpes." Most of them are married and have good families and kids, which shows that a little fucking your brains out doesn't destroy your chances for happiness or normalcy. What bothers me is that they buy the rhetoric as easily as the most terrified fundamentalist. If we can't talk about pleasure, no one can. And that's exactly what Jerry Falwell wants.

During most lectures, I ask how many people have heard of herpes. Everyone raises his hand. I ask how many people are afraid of herpes. Everyone raises his hand. I ask how many people have never seen herpes. Everyone raises his hand.

At the Barnard conference, Ellen DuBois, a teacher of history at the State University of New York at Buffalo, and Linda Gordon, a professor of women's

history at the University of Massachusetts at Boston, pointed out that "the weight of 19th Century feminist concern was with protection from danger." Forces for social purity such as the Women's Christian Temperance Union sought to lower the odds. "Their object," said DuBois and Gordon, "was to achieve a set of controls over sexuality, structured through the family, enforced through law and/or social morality, which would render sex, if not safe, at least a decent calculable risk for women. Social-purity feminists railed against male sexual privileges, against the vileness of male drunkenness and lust, and they sought with every means at their disposal to increase the costs attached to such indulgences." One result was Prohibition, a

"The positive possibilities of sexuality—explorations of the body, curiosity, intimacy, sensuality, adventure, excitement, human connection, basking in the infantile and nonrational—are not only worth while but provide sustaining energy."

—CAROLE S. VANCE

legislative error that tore the social fabric for decades. The modern version is social purists who picket lectures with signs warning that free sex isn't free. They picket 7-Eleven stores that sell PLAYBOY. They bomb abortion clinics. They keep their kids out of school fearing AIDS.

We are in the midst of a moral panic. Gayle Rubin, an anthropologist, writes in an essay called "Thinking Sex":

Moral panics are the "political moment" of sex, in which diffuse attitudes are channeled into political action and from there into social change. The white-slavery hysteria of the 1880s, the antihomosexual campaigns of the 1950s and the child-pornography panic of the late 1970s were typical moral panics.

Because sexuality in Western societies is so mystified, the wars over it are often fought at oblique angles, aimed at phony targets, conducted with misplaced passions, and are highly, intensely symbolic. Sexual activities often function as signifiers for personal and social apprehensions to which they have no intrinsic connection. During a moral panic,

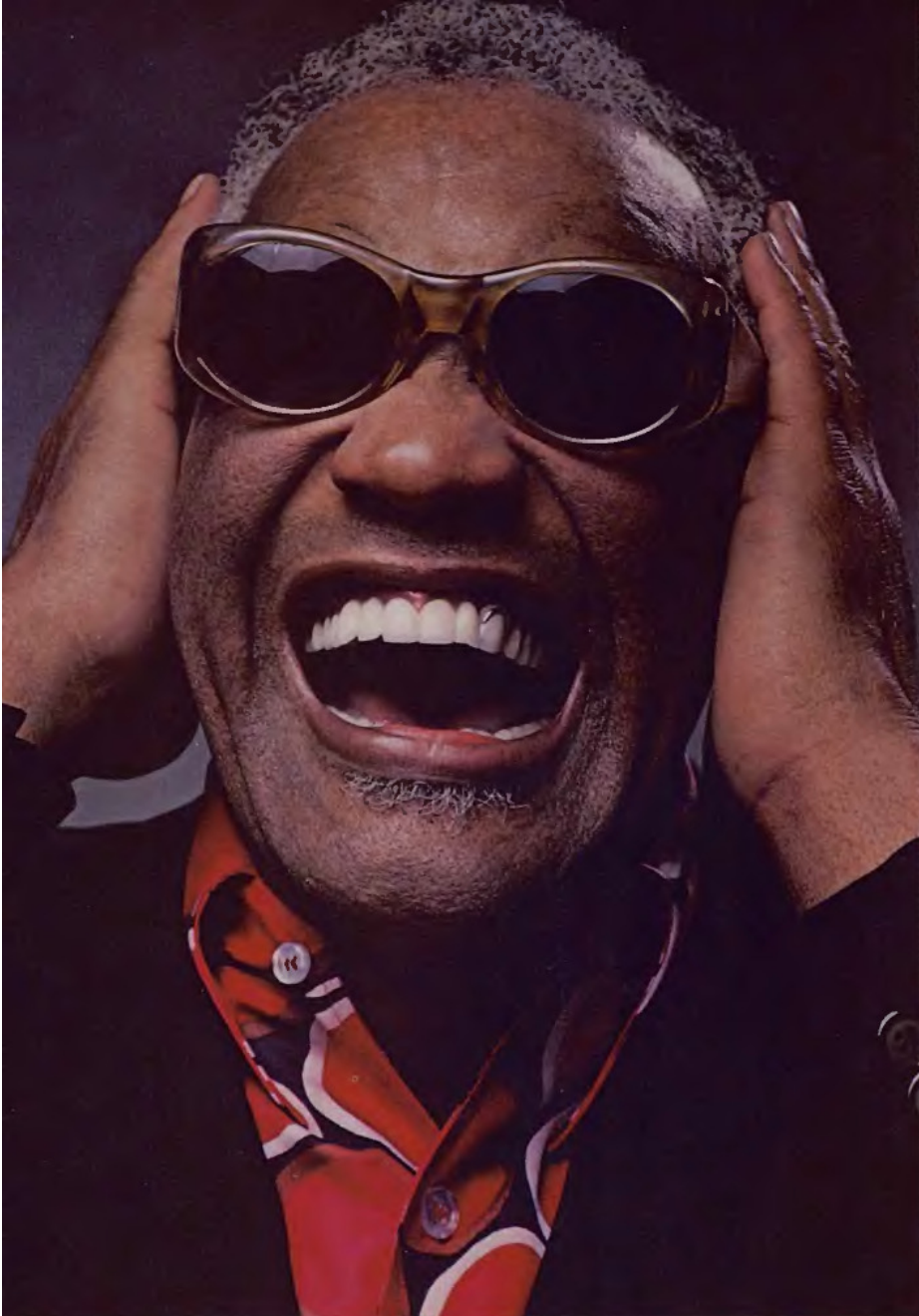
such fears attach to some unfortunate sexual activity or population. The media become ablaze with indignation, the public behaves like a rabid mob, the police are activated and the state enacts new laws and regulations. When the furor has passed, some innocent erotic group has been decimated and the state has extended its power into new areas of erotic behavior.

Rubin focuses on the antiporn wing of the feminist movement. Porn has replaced demon rum in the new politics of danger. Pornography is a *Newsweek* cover story. Edwin Meese is conducting a witch-hunt, seeking to link pornography with a variety of social ills. At times it sounds as if they are discussing sex on another planet. The vision of sex they present has nothing to do with my lecture or, for that matter, my life. Rubin explains why:

This discourse on sexuality is less a sexology than a demonology. It presents most sexual behavior in the worst possible light. Its descriptions of erotic conduct always use the worst available example as if it were representative. It presents the most disgusting pornography, the most exploited forms of prostitution and the least palatable or most shocking manifestations of sexual variation. This rhetorical tactic consistently misrepresents human sexuality in all its forms. The picture of human sexuality that emerges . . . is unremittingly ugly.

In addition, this antiporn rhetoric is a massive exercise in scapegoating. It criticizes nonroutine acts of love rather than routine acts of oppression, exploitation or violence. This demon sexology directs legitimate anger at women's lack of personal safety against innocent individuals, practices and communities. Antiporn propaganda often implies that sexism originates within the commercial sex industry and subsequently infects the rest of society. This is sociologically nonsensical.

It may be nonsense, but it is apparently persuasive nonsense. Over the past quarter century, we cleared a tiny space in which pleasure might flourish. It was a heroic accomplishment. One of the enlightening experiences of the sexual revolution is the discovery that there are women for whom pleasure and ecstasy mean the same things they do for men. We found comrades in our arms. Now we have to combat the people who would stamp our victory into the earth and replace it with an antisexual lifestyle based on fear. The pickets were right about one thing. Sexual revolution has no winners. We're still fighting.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BILL COSBY

a candid conversation with america's superdad about his revolutionary true-to-life comedy series—and about racism, kids, humor and heroes

Go figure out America's taste in television. Last year, just when the nation seemed hopelessly addicted to prime-time programs that featured equal measures of sex, greed and hair spray, along came "The Cosby Show"—an unlikely series about a black obstetrician and his family—and suddenly, network executives were proclaiming that sitcoms weren't dead, after all. NBC, proud as a peacock at last, found itself presenting TV's top-rated weekly comedy series, while comedian Bill Cosby, riding the biggest wave of his career, had become America's favorite father figure.

As Dr. Heathcliff Huxtable, Cosby portrays a bright, funny physician who's deeply in love with his lawyer wife, Claire, played by Phylicia Ayers-Allen. Their TV children—four daughters and one son—mirror the real-life set of siblings Cosby has sired with his wife of almost 22 years, the former Camille Hanks. On "The Cosby Show," Father knows best, but not to the point of parental infallibility: Cliff Huxtable often learns as much from his kids as they do from him. Some critics have carped that the show isn't "black" enough, which is to say that Dr. Huxtable isn't poor and doesn't go around exchanging high fives each time he delivers a baby or a solution to a family problem. The Huxtable children, meanwhile (judging by current TV standards

and practices), are just plain weird: They actually love and respect their parents. Most people are not put off by all that. As John J. O'Connor recently noted in *The New York Times*, "At a time when so many comedians are toppling into a kind of smutty permissiveness, Mr. Cosby is making the nation laugh by paring ordinary life to its extraordinary essentials. It is, indeed, a truly nice development." In a cover story, *Newsweek* suggested that Cosby's magical rapport with children, huge popularity with grownups and fiercely creative imagination put him in the genius class.

How far Bill Cosby's career will continue to develop is anybody's guess, including the comedian's. For more than 20 years, Cosby has been a show-business staple whose body of work now includes 20 comedy albums (five of which won Grammys), five TV series (he won three Emmys for "I Spy"), ten movies and thousands of performances as a stand-up comedian.

By now, you're probably somewhat familiar with Cosby's curriculum vitae: The eldest of three sons, he was born in Philadelphia on July 12, 1937. At Philly's Germantown High School, he was an excellent athlete (captain of the track and football teams) but a dreadful student. After his sophomore year, Cosby joined the Navy, saw the world and then saw

the light: He enrolled in Navy correspondence courses, earned his high school diploma and then wangled a track scholarship to Temple University. Three years later, he again dropped out of school, this time because his weekend appearances at various Greenwich Village night spots had made him a hot comedy commodity. In 1963, he recorded his first comedy album, won a Grammy for it and has never looked back. He later received a degree from Temple and then earned a master's and a doctorate in education from the University of Massachusetts. Cosby's 242-page dissertation was titled "The Integration of Visual Media via Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids into the Elementary School Culminating as a Teacher Aid to Achieve Increased Learning." The net result is that the man known in showbiz circles as Cos is known in others as Dr. William H. Cosby, Jr. And Fat Albert, who still lives inside his creator's head, is said to be very pleased.

To interview the 48-year-old performer, PLAYBOY again teamed Cosby with free-lancer Lawrence Linderman, who conducted the magazine's original "Playboy Interview" with him (and Linderman's first) in 1969. Linderman reports:

"I caught up with Bill a few weeks after 'The Cosby Show' had gone into its second



"I've never been comfortable with profanity. But I think Richard Pryor's way of using four-letter words and 12-letter curse words has nothing to do with Eddie Murphy's way of using 77-letter curse words."



"I was physical with my son just once, very physical. I just didn't see any other way of getting him to make a change, so along with being physical, I begged him to understand that I truly, truly loved him."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOWARD BINGHAM

"I never cared about being a movie star. That's not to say we don't all have fantasies about becoming movie stars: 'Of course I know that Marlon wants to work with me, but I won't consider it without the right director.'"

season of production. *Cosby* was spending the last days of summer doing two shows a night at tent sites in Cohasset, Massachusetts, and Baldwin, Rhode Island, both within shouting distance of his 265-acre estate near Amherst, Massachusetts. When we got together at *Kimball's by the Sea*, a snug little hotel in Cohasset Harbor, *Cosby* greeted me warmly, and I think both of us felt as if we'd seen each other only a few weeks before. *Cosby* hasn't changed much over the years: The only signs he shows of advancing middle age are a slight tinge of gray hair and the beginnings of a paunch, which he's busting his butt to eliminate. At our first meeting, we couldn't find the source of the tiny chimes that were sounding in the room until Bill realized the sound was coming from a pair of stop watches he'd just bought to time himself in 400-meter runs. (Once a track man, always a track man.)

"In any case, when all the toolings were done with, *Cosby* whipped out one of the foot-long Jamaican stogies he more or less chain smokes, and we got down to business. With the start of the new fall television season imminent, *'The Cosby Show'* provided the opening subject for our conversation."

PLAYBOY: The last time we spoke—in 1969—you were a hot young comedian. Since then, you've just about become a national institution. What does it feel like to be an American institution?

COSBY: Well, except for the fact that I was 16 pounds lighter 16 years ago, it feels good. It's been good. I remember 1969 very well. Couple of things have happened since. [Grins through cigar smoke] Right about then, I had four albums in the top ten at the same time, and I don't think even Elvis Presley ever did that. Now, that was a high. Winning the Emmys was a high, then going on to do my TV specials. . . . I'll tell you, when I was growing up in a lower-economic neighborhood in Philadelphia, these were things I thought happened only to people on the radio.

PLAYBOY: For readers who may not know that there was such a thing as life before television, what do you mean by that?

COSBY: Oh, old radio programs, like *The Lux Radio Theater*. The announcer would say, "There goes Humphrey Bogart" or "Sitting next to me is Edward G. Robinson." I'd picture those guys in my mind—I'm sure they weren't there—but that's how some of all *this* feels. I know the TV series has changed things for me, but up until it hit, I'd been very, very successful.

I consider myself a master of stand-up comedy, and I still really enjoy performing. I think even my commercials have been excellent, because I've done them only for products I believe in. But more than anything, I know how happy I am at home. My wife, Camille, and I are enjoying each other more and more, mostly because in the past eight or nine years, I've given up all of myself to her. I'm no

longer holding anything back.

PLAYBOY: What part of you were you holding back?

COSBY: The part of me that was devoting more thought to my work than to my wife. That's a very selfish thing to do, and I think there are people who'll tell you quite openly that if they had to choose between their mate and their work, they'd choose their work. Well, eight or nine years ago, I realized that that was just silly, so I began releasing myself from my work—I'm not just talking about time now—and coming more and more together with my wife. And what happened was that I found myself falling deeper and deeper in love with her.

I think the fear of giving all of myself to Camille also had to do with a worry that perhaps someday she would leave me; I was afraid that if I gave myself to her completely and she left, I'd have no hope of recovering. I always figured that maybe I should save 11 or 12 percent of myself to get me through that day when she says, "Look, Bill, I met a man while you were on the road and he's a very nice guy." When I realized what I was thinking, I thought, Well, if it happens, it happens, and I'll deal with it then. But not now.

"More than anything, I know how happy I am at home. I no longer hold anything back."

So it's just pure and good with us. The children—some have their problems, but we're able to work with them and talk with them, and they try. Can't ask for more. So you're looking at someone who was a very, very happy man before this series hit.

PLAYBOY: Despite all this success since we last spoke, there must have been moments that weren't as upbeat as all that. Wasn't there a time when Bill Cosby was in danger of going out of style?

COSBY: Oh, there was a point where the career—the performance, or comedy, career—began to have trouble. In the early Seventies, when the younger culture went into a kind of LSD period, a lot of legitimate showbiz people—Bill Cosby, Harry Belafonte, Andy Williams, even Johnny Mathis—began to feel like tumbleweed rolling through the back of the theaters. The economy was in a dip, our fans were becoming parents, the time seemed wrong. It was tough for a lot of us. I went to Las Vegas, worked Vegas. I worked conventions, one-nighters. . . .

PLAYBOY: But you were still a young man then, in your mid-30s.

COSBY: Yeah, but I was *talking* old. I was

talking to audiences about my marriage, my kids—I was out of Fat Albert by then. I really didn't want to do "I'm a child" anymore; I was more interested in the behavior of a parent toward a child.

PLAYBOY: And the times finally caught up with you. It's being said that *The Cosby Show* may turn out to be the kind of comedic landmark that *All in the Family* was, so let's spend some time on it. Few industry insiders expected it to survive its first season, let alone become the most popular series on television. Have you been surprised by the show's success?

COSBY: Yes, it's gone way past what I expected. All I really wanted to do was satisfy people who'd understood what I was trying to give them—a series about a family that seemed as real as you could get within the confines of television, without using vulgar or abusive language. And I wanted to show kids that their mothers and fathers could be very, very firm people, almost dogmatic, yet you'd still love them because they have tomorrow's newspaper and what they're saying has to do with their love and concern for you.

PLAYBOY: Your show went to the top of the ratings virtually from the start. What do you think accounts for its popularity?

COSBY: Well, if you look at Cliff Huxtable, you see an overachiever who knows that American society tends to say that certain people can't do certain jobs because of their color or sex or religion. So people like Cliff work twice as hard to prove themselves. But the beautiful thing about Cliff is that he's a man who truly loves his wife—all of her—and they both love their children. That's really why people watch the show—because of the family. When the show is over, I think people have the reaction I have to it: I smile and feel good.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to educate viewers as much as entertain them?

COSBY: Oh, absolutely. You mentioned *All in the Family*. See, the difference between Cliff and Norman Lear's Archie Bunker is that I don't remember Archie ever apologizing for anything, and it's a point on our show that when Cliff or anybody else does something wrong, an apology is in order. For example, on a show we called "The Juicer," the kids get into trouble with Cliff after they mess with this food processor he's just bought. The kitchen ends up a mess, and each of the children is responsible for some part of what happened. But then the wife turns to Cliff and says, "Who left the machine plugged in in the first place?" So what we've got here is three people who blew it in terms of responsibility, and they're talking about it. Well, I *love* that.

Maybe I sound like someone who's trying to sell something to an audience, but I do have a track record in education: I started with *Sesame Street* three weeks after it went on the air, and from there I went to *The Electric Company* and to *Fat Albert* and to a series about a teacher named *Chet*

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Kincaid, which ran on ABC for two years.

PLAYBOY: The idea for this show supposedly originated with Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment, who saw you do a monolog about your children on *The Tonight Show*. Is that true?

COSBY: Yes, but the genesis of the show was more complicated than that. About three years ago, I decided I wanted to do a TV show that all my children could watch without my wife and I worrying about how it would affect them. I'd heard a lot of people say, "I don't want to let my children watch television," and I was feeling the same way. The situation comedies all seemed to get their laughs by using euphe-

misms for sexual parts of the body—lots of jokes about boobs and butts. And if there was a detective show on—and I'm not talking about the Tom Selleck show now—you'd see cars skidding on two wheels for half a block, or else some cat would be dropping to his knees with a .357 Magnum or sticking the gun in somebody's mouth. The language was getting tougher, the women were stripping down faster, and if you had a five-year-old daughter, she was watching men shooting bullets and drawing a lot of blood.

Let me jump way ahead of what we're discussing for a second, because I want to tell you about a very crazy moment for

me. When NBC eventually went with *The Cosby Show*, they asked me to speak to a big crowd of advertising people who were being introduced to the network's '84-'85 line-up of shows. Well, I start to talk to them about why I wanted to do another TV show, and on a screen right behind me, NBC is running film clips of its new shows, and I tell you, if they ran clips of seven cop stories, six of them had the cars on two wheels, the guy busting into the room with a big gun and somebody in a bathtub about to be blasted. I'm there looking at this stuff and thinking, My own network is the one I'm trying to kill off. I really *did* set out to change all that.

PLAYBOY: Did Tartikoff get in touch with you about your monolog?

COSBY: No, but word of his idea reached Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner, two young producers, and they set up a meeting with me. We agreed very quickly on the basics of the show: The mother and father would both be working, they'd love each other very much and they'd have four children living in their New York apartment. But whenever the children show up—well, as Frank Gifford says, that's when the wheels come off. We were in complete agreement on everything until I mentioned the guy's occupation.

PLAYBOY: They didn't want a doctor?

COSBY: No, I wanted the guy to be a *chauffeur*. Marcy went crazy when I said that. She told me she couldn't see me as a chauffeur, and I said, "Hey, chauffeurs make good money. The guy will own his own car, meaning he'll be free to be at home at all kinds of weird hours—especially when his wife is working."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you glad you ran into Marcy Carsey?

COSBY: [Laughs] No, no, I'm not! And you should have heard the arguments we had when I decided I wanted my wife on the show to be a plumber or a carpenter!

Well, I was arguing long and hard with Marcy and Tom, but I was standing tall. I think I could have gotten them to go along with me. But then I changed my mind.

PLAYBOY: Why?

COSBY: Because Camille, my wife of 22 years, said to me, "You will not be a chauffeur." I said, "Why not?" And Camille said, "Because I am not going to be a carpenter." I asked her, "What's the problem here? Is there something wrong with being a chauffeur or a carpenter?" And she said, "Bill, of course there's nothing wrong with those occupations—I'd be stupid if I thought that. But nobody is going to believe that you're a chauffeur. Your image has always been Temple University, college, grad school. Nobody's going to believe it when you put on a uniform and stand beside a car and start polishing it. And people are going to laugh in your face when they see me with a hammer!" Well, I gave up on the idea right then and there.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we have this right: You changed your mind because your wife felt that your TV wife's occupation—and

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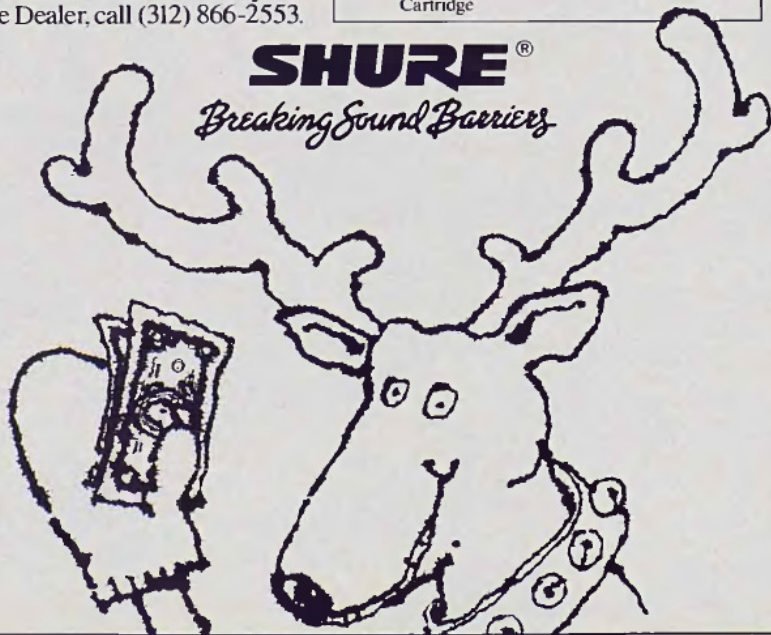
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COSBY: Oh, no, I changed my mind not only because I absolutely trust Camille but also because at that point in the discussion, she had gotten upset with me. My wife doesn't get upset about casual things, but now she was *really* upset; she was asking me to go visit a psychiatrist and bring back a note. Case closed. I went back and told Tom and Marcy they were right, and we changed Cliff's occupation. Then they went up to Tartikoff with it and, boom, money came in and we did the show.

PLAYBOY: Who decided that Cliff Huxtable would be an obstetrician?

COSBY: I did. I wanted to be able to talk to women who were about to give birth and make them feel comfortable. I also wanted to talk to their husbands and put a few messages out every now and then.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

COSBY: That fathering a child isn't about being a *macho* man, and if you think it is, you're making a terrible mistake. It's about becoming a parent.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you've succeeded in putting out those messages?

COSBY: Oh, sure. In one episode last season, a new husband comes into Cliff's office and says, "I'm the man, the head of the household. Women should be kept barefoot and pregnant." Cliff tells the guy that being a parent has nothing to do with that kind of concept of manhood. And he really straightens him out by telling him that neither he nor his wife will be in charge of the house—their children will. But this is an example of why I say I always felt the Huxtables' jobs have very little to do with the show. It's the behavior, the dealing with the children, the dealing with the wife that makes it work.

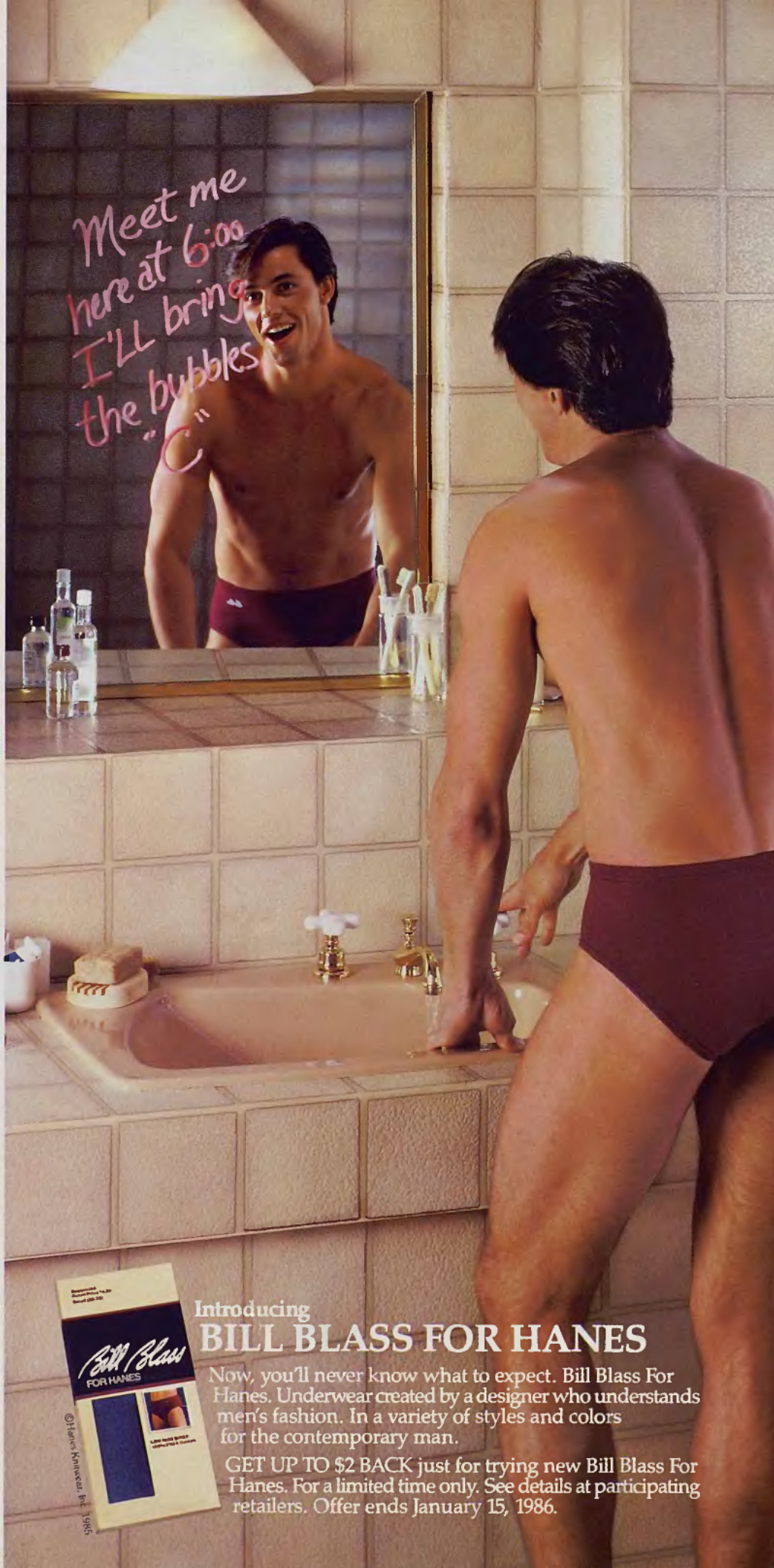
PLAYBOY: But just as Cliff's profession gives him the opportunity to make certain points, doesn't his wife do the same thing in her capacity as a lawyer?

COSBY: Yes, but I don't think what she has to say emanates from a set of law offices. What I'm after is what happens to an individual. I'm not going after a broad social turnaround tomorrow. How can I put it? [Pauses] Look, I think I have faced these situations enough to say that if I threw a message out hard and heavy, I'd lose viewers. But if the message is subtle, people who want to find it will find it; and if they want to make changes, they will.

PLAYBOY: Which message do you mean?

COSBY: Any of them. Take the black female lawyer who's been in a firm for seven years and is hoping for a promotion. Generally, if you're black and female in a white-male firm that you've been fortunate enough to get into, well, when you're looking for that promotion and you don't get it, you're out. But if I put that on the show, my experience tells me no changes will come of it. So she got the promotion.

PLAYBOY: Since it obviously doesn't always work that way in real life, can't you be accused of giving viewers—especially in the example you just mentioned—a sugar-



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coated version of reality?

COSBY: It's my position and feeling that if I put a situation that's behaviorally negative on the show—let's say Claire deserves the promotion and doesn't get it—then I'll be putting some lawyers on the defensive. And what's the result? They'll say, "Listen, I don't want to hear this." If somebody doesn't want to give you something, they're going to continue not to give it to you, regardless of what you say. And if they find you doing something they don't like, they will at that point explain they were *about* to give it to you, but now that you've done something they don't like, they *won't* give it to you. It's my Uncle Jack theory.

PLAYBOY: Care to tell us more about it?

COSBY: Well, I had an uncle Jack who owned a bicycle shop. The man knew that I loved bikes, and I'd go down to his shop on North Broad Street in Philadelphia and just salivate at the sight of all those bicycles. I was 12 years old and my uncle Jack knew how much I wanted a bike, but he'd never given me one. He let me ride bikes inside the shop, and one day I ran into his glass showcase and cracked it. Uncle Jack said to me, "Bill, I was going to give you a bike, but since you just broke my showcase, forget about it."

Well, at the age of 12, I just said to myself, "Uncle Jack wasn't going to give me a bike anyway." That was a valuable lesson to learn.

PLAYBOY: And that has shaped your approach to dealing with social issues?

COSBY: Absolutely. By letting Claire get her promotion, I feel that when the show is rerun and rerun, there will be lawyers out there who'll see it and who'll maybe give a black, white or Asian female the promotion those women may deserve. We always try to put out a positive, and all the people on that show are very positive. The result is that we won't have lawyers looking at the show and saying, "Don't tell me the rotten guy who turned Claire down is *me!*" They'll want to be smart, like the lawyer who gave her the promotion.

PLAYBOY: If we follow your reasoning, then, is it fair to say that *The Cosby Show* avoids presenting *any* rotten characters?

COSBY: I really try not to. I'd rather have people we all recognize and who, in their own way, are funny. For instance, this year, the Huxtables are making improvements in their house, and we're introducing a contractor who'll be on the show maybe five times. I love the character. The contractor comes in to look at the work Cliff wants done, and he tells me the three things contractors *always* tell you: "I don't know how long it's going to take. I don't know what it's going to cost. And I just don't know when I'm going to get started, Dr. Huxtable." I think people will look at him working in the Huxtables' house—with cloths set up and dust rising and the kids flying around—and say,

"Yeah, that's happened to us."

PLAYBOY: You've already mentioned the overlap your wife felt between your real family and your TV family: Do the Huxtables have four daughters and one son because Bill Cosby is the father of four daughters and one son?

COSBY: Oh, sure. What's funny is that in the beginning, we all agreed that the Huxtables would have four children. We had excluded the character of my real daughter who's away at college. It wasn't until after we did the first show that I felt that my oldest daughter was missing—I really wanted her to be part of that family in terms of my ideas. Sondra Huxtable, who's played by Sabrina LeBeauf, a very fine actress, is not our oldest girl, Erica. But in terms of having that family work, in terms of what I know, I *needed* an oldest daughter away at college. My only regret now is that we don't give Sabrina enough work. At the writers' meetings, I'll say, "Now, look, somebody remind me that we've got to bring Sondra home. I want to see her."

PLAYBOY: Do the Cosby children ever get upset because their father is duplicating or extending some of their own foibles on national television?

COSBY: No, because in my stand-up-comedy work, the children have already seen me talking about them and naming them and embellishing what they've said or done, and they've always been cool



about it. Sometimes they even enjoy coming back to me and saying, "Oh, look, Dad, please, I don't want people to think I'm like *that*."

PLAYBOY: Some of the stories are straight out of real life, though, without embellishment, aren't they?

COSBY: Oh, yeah. There's a story I tell about my son, Ennis, walking around looking real thoughtful one day when he was 14. The boy obviously was working up the nerve to ask me for something big—a father *knows* that look. He finally came up to me and said, "Dad, I was talking to my friends, and they think that when I'm 16 and old enough to drive, I should have my own car."

"Fine. You've got wonderful friends," I told him. "I think it's terrific that they want to buy you a car."

The boy looks at me in shock. "No, Dad, they want *you* to buy the car."

This does not come as a shock to me. "What kind of car did you have in mind?" I ask.

"Gee, Dad, I think it would really be nice to have a Corvette."

Can't fault the boy's taste in cars. I say to him, "Look, son, a Corvette costs about \$25,000, and I can afford to buy you one. I'd *like* to buy you a Corvette—but not when you don't do your homework and you bring home Ds on your report card. So I'll make you a deal: For the next two years, you make every effort to fulfill your

potential in school, and even though Corvettes will then cost about \$50,000, I'll buy you one. And I won't even care if you *do* bring home Ds. If your teachers tell me you tried as hard as you could, and that you talked to them every time you had a problem with your work, well, if a D was the best you could do, I can't ask any more of you. Just give a 100 percent effort in school for the next two years, and you've got yourself a Corvette."

My son gets very quiet. Finally, he looks up at me and says, "Dad, what do you think about a Volkswagen?" Young Ennis, by the way, is now 6'3" tall.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get out on a basketball court with him?

COSBY: No way. Ennis is much too quick and too strong for me. Listen, I run in a competition for older guys called the Masters, and if I can't beat men my own age—which I can't—what would I be doing going up against a 16-year-old kid? Ennis is a good athlete, but he's a gentleman athlete. He's not from the days of yesteryear, when you stayed out on the court for 17 hours even if the temperature reached 103 degrees. I mean, Ennis has *sense*.

PLAYBOY: More than you had as a child?

COSBY: No question. You know what my problem used to be—among others? Embarrassment when I found out that someone else was right and I was wrong. I'll give you an example: When I was about 12, my grandfather said to me,

"Don't play football until you're 21 years old." Now, this was a man I loved and respected. I said, "Why, Granddad?" He said, "Because your bones won't heal until you're 21."

Very quietly, I dismissed him. He was not a high school-educated man. This was a hard-working steel driver, Samuel Russell Cosby, but I said to myself, "This man is trying to stop me from doing something I want to do." So I played football in junior high, I played it on the street, I played it in high school. Got on the football team at Philadelphia Central High School. First game, I jumped over a guy and cracked my humerus—my shoulder. They put a cast on it and I was out for the season.

So I'm on the sofa in our house in the Richard Allen Projects, and my grandfather comes all the way from his house in Germantown on the trolley car. He always would come over to tell me a story and give me 50 cents—the story *before* the money. He was a very wise man. So this day, he looks down at me and says—well, it's what he *didn't* say. He didn't say, "I told you so." He just told me to take care of my shoulder—and I've never felt worse, more embarrassed. His mere presence—

PLAYBOY: What passed between the two of you at that moment?

COSBY: Fifty cents. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the Huxtables and the Cosbys, do you ever feel you're the head of two families?



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COSBY: Very much so. But I don't get my children and wife confused with the people I work with. They're family in the same way Bob Culp and I were family when we worked on *I Spy* and still are. The people on *The Cosby Show* are people I love and care for, and I have things I want for the TV children. But when the day's over, I don't have any problems with them. And I know that Phylicia is family in the sense that she could be my younger sister. I have a deep respect and love for her.

PLAYBOY: You had final say on casting *The Cosby Show*. Why did you choose her to play your wife?

COSBY: Phylicia knew how to look at a kid when you put all the guns on the table and say, "You go upstairs to your room," and the kid knows that if he doesn't do it, he's going to find himself walking on hot coals without his shoes on. Marcy and Dick brought me the three finalists for every role, and Phylicia won flat-out. In dealing with children, some mothers yell and nothing is happening except the sound of a woman yelling. Phylicia was able to say "Case closed" just with her eyes.

Lisa Bonet, who plays Denise, was also an obvious winner. Lisa was just what I wanted for Denise—a fashion-conscious teenager who's hip but who appears to be a little off-center and might just decide to become Greta Garbo. She's not on drugs and isn't supposed to look like she is, but I wanted Denise Huxtable to seem a little spaced-out, and Lisa has that quality.

Tempestt Bledsoe, who plays 12-year-old Vanessa, was clearly the best in her category. Last year, she was the gossip and the child with the wisecracks. This year, she's discovering boys, letting her jersey flop off one shoulder and, when not checking herself out in the mirror, is always on the phone.

PLAYBOY: Which was the toughest role to cast?

COSBY: Theo, the son. When the three finalists for the part read for me, the boys all had a similar way of reacting to the parent telling them to do something: They sucked their teeth and rolled their eyes before answering. I said the same thing to all three separately: "Do you have a father?" "Yes, sir." "If you said something to your father that way, what do you think would happen to you?" They all gave a sheepish smile and said they'd either wind up going through a wall or doing a crash landing out on the street. So I asked them to talk to me the way they would to their fathers, and we had the three boys go back into the hall. When Malcolm-Jamal Warner came back, I loved what he did. The moves were right; he was talking to his *dad*. He's a very flexible young actor. There was another boy I liked, and I almost asked if I could have two sons. At that point, I knew we were going to have four kids in the house, and I wasn't too sure I wanted one of them to be a six-year-old girl.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

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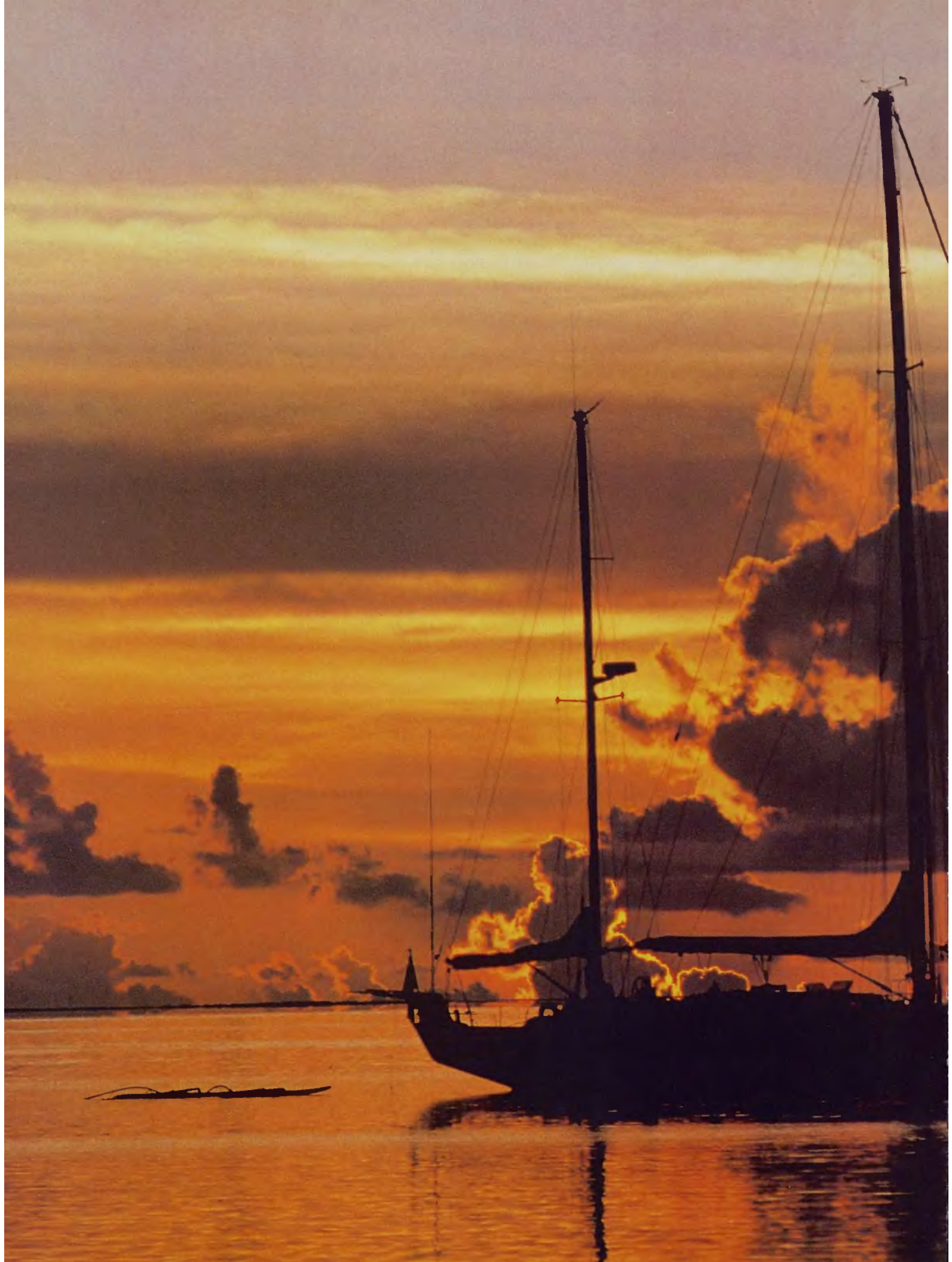
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COSBY: I told Marcy we'd be there shooting for the rest of our lives if we had a little kid. Now, Marcy was the one who wanted the teeny-weeny, and when little Keshia Knight Pulliam came in—I mean, you can't argue about whether or not she's a beautiful little girl, because, of course, she is. But I really didn't think I wanted to work with someone so young. After meeting Keshia, I said, "OK, she's very, very bright and she'll be able to handle it."

Well, now when people talk to me on the street or on airplanes, they all tell me they could just *bite* that little girl—I mean, Keshia's more than earned her keep. Getting her was a very smart decision on Marcy's part, because when you look over the Huxtable family, there's a kid for just about every age group.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any pressure about maintaining your top ranking?

COSBY: The pressure in television is to stay in the top 20. You fight to stay alive each week, and you do a lot of hoping. And meanwhile, you've got a show to put together and then perform, and en route to doing that, you watch the numbers. It's almost as if each week, you're a person looking back to see how you lived. You know, right now, it may look like I'm the boss, but the ratings dictate who's the boss, and when the numbers drop, you get a visit from the network SS men.

PLAYBOY: Who are those horrible people and what tortures do they inflict?

COSBY: Well, they're executives who seem to get younger and younger every year, and they say things like, "We think you ought to try doing it *our* way," which is not what you want to do. I've been there before. If and when the rating erosion occurs, you weigh what they say, and if it's worth anything, you try to comply. This is a very cold business, and if you don't look at it that way, you can get hurt. For instance, *The Jeffersons* was on for ten years, and suddenly the network said, "You've been on long enough; that's it." Well, ten years is a tremendous amount of time to keep a show going on network television, but I think the actors were really upset when CBS let them go.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of *The Jeffersons*?

COSBY: I felt that it taught most of America about a different kind of sound. The characters' speech was Southern, and its rhythms were different from what you'd find on *I Love Lucy*, for instance. But maybe not so different from what you can still hear on *The Honeymooners*, because Ralph Kramden, even though he wasn't from the South, was a lower-economic street guy. *The Jeffersons* got a lot of Americans who watch TV accustomed to that sound, just as Flip Wilson and Redd Foxx had done. Then Richard Pryor came along with *The Richard Pryor Show*, which didn't last long—

PLAYBOY: That's the one where he said he wanted to appear nude and the network canceled it, right?

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COSBY: Yeah, but it had impact. It worked on a sociopolitical level, as well as on an educated street level, which means you could be sitting in the Russian Tea Room, having *blinis* and having graduated from Temple University, and enjoy it right down to your roots.

PLAYBOY: You and Pryor met in the Village when you were both coming up, right?

COSBY: Yeah. He was at the Cafe Wha? and I was at the Gaslight.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take so much longer for him to make it?

COSBY: They wanted only one at a time.

PLAYBOY: And for then, that was you.

COSBY: Well, I came up at a time when Dick Gregory was doing very tough political humor, and I admired him so much I started out doing the same thing. But then I decided I had to break away from that; I felt that if Americans were going to judge people as individuals, you didn't have to hammer people over the head. So if I played the hungry *i* in San Francisco and then the Apollo in Harlem, I didn't go to the Apollo and load up on antiwhite material, nor did I load up on you-black-people-better-get-yourself-together talk. I did the same show at both places and people reacted the same way in both places: They laughed.

PLAYBOY: People often compare your comedy work with Pryor's and Eddie Murphy's. What's most obvious is the difference between their use of profanity and your avoidance of it. Has that been a calculated decision on your part?

COSBY: No, it's just that I've never been comfortable with profanity. During the early Seventies, there was a time when I used profanity on stage for about six months. I was trying to get the audience to understand the language between a father and a son, and it involved a lot of cursing. I did a bit that showed my father cursing me and I found that the audience . . . just was *not ready* for me to curse on stage. So I cut it out, and I had to find another way of doing that piece without using curse words.

Now, I happen to think that Richard's way of using four-letter words and 12-letter curse words has nothing to do with Eddie Murphy's way of using 77-letter curse words.

PLAYBOY: So you don't find Pryor's humor offensive?

COSBY: Richard to me is like Lenny Bruce, and I think a lot of what he does and says is to try to get people to understand different kinds of behavior. Richard has also developed some characters that I absolutely admire, such as Mudbone and the wino in a crap game—I've known those people. I've seen them, I grew up around them and they were wonderful. Those are not embarrassing characters. Pryor also has a brilliant study of a man getting drunk and coming home and wanting to punch out his wife but being too loaded to do anything but pass out. All of these things are pertinent to human behavior.

Now, I wish I could explain Richard when it came to physically abusing him-

self, but I can't, because I don't know behaviorally where Richard is or was then.

PLAYBOY: You seem ambivalent in your feelings toward Eddie Murphy. What do you think of the choices he's made thus far?

COSBY: Listen, Eddie Murphy is a young man who is extremely, extremely intelligent. In terms of performing and self-editing, Eddie Murphy has made a choice. He knows what's right, he knows what's wrong, he knows what will upset people and what will not upset people. He has decided he'll say what he wants to say, and if it upsets some people, fine—but he's going to say it, anyway. Now, I don't happen to think of Eddie as a stand-up comedian. One of the reasons there are only a few stand-up comedians, like Billy Crystal and Jay Leno, around is that when somebody gets hot, they go into movies—and Eddie Murphy packs people into theaters. The question, perhaps, then comes down to this: Is Eddie Murphy, with his street language, harmful?

When Murphy broke into movies in *48 HRS.*, I agreed with Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*, who raved about the young man. I did not agree with the total about-face she did on Murphy in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Same fellow, right?

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when Murphy impersonated you on *Saturday Night Live* as a kind of pompous, cigar-waving Bob Hope figure?

COSBY: I didn't mind it. I think there are always these positions younger people take, coming into a field, looking at older people and thinking, Hey, you're not that good; I can be better. That's how you get pupils to surpass their teachers.

PLAYBOY: So, overall, you like Murphy's brand of humor.

COSBY: I like his movies—his *movies*. They make me laugh. They make a *lot* of people laugh. That's not an easy thing to do, which is why I have a problem with the entire entertainment industry and its rejection of comedians. People in the industry will admit that comedy is a tough business. They will also admit that you have to be very intelligent to be able to get people to laugh. Well, if we weigh and measure the importance of making an audience laugh and the good feeling people get from that, why does the record industry always make sure it won't even *announce* who won best comedy album on the Grammy telecast? And I think it's just flat-out dumb for the movie industry not to nominate funny actors like Steve Martin for Academy Awards. Academy Award nominations almost always go to actors who are deeply serious and who are in serious movies. Of course, a lot of those movies are funny anyway.

PLAYBOY: Are you grouching because you've made ten movies and have yet to be nominated for an Academy Award?

COSBY: Absolutely, absolutely not! Whatever chance I ever had to be nominated was when I was part of the big cast—Maggie Smith, Michael Caine, Alan Alda,

Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor and me—in *California Suite*. The producer of that movie, Ray Stark, called me and told me he was taking out ads and trying to get everybody nominated, and I told him I wasn't interested. It's very difficult to tell producers that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you?

COSBY: For the same reason I told the Emmy people that I didn't want to be nominated for *The Cosby Show*: I remember the years with Bob Culp on *I Spy*, being up against my buddy and hoping that I'd be the one chosen . . . for *what*? Well, because it's the highest award you can get from the television academy. OK, I won Emmys three years running, and then I started hoping my television specials would be chosen for an Emmy over somebody else's television specials. But I wasn't *making* television specials in hopes that mine would be chosen over somebody else's. I'm not doing this situation comedy in order to compete with Bob Newhart and Robert Guillaume.

As far as that possible Academy Award nomination, hey, I knew that Ray Stark was talking to me about money, because if you're just nominated—you don't have to win—you'll be more in demand and you'll be offered more money the next picture you act in. Meanwhile, I have to tell you my performance in *California Suite* was not very good. I really didn't understand about a third of what I was doing in that movie.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

COSBY: Doc [Neil] Simon's lines don't knock me out; but then again, I'm not an actor, I'm a stand-up comedian. I like a flow from one line to another, and I just couldn't make the connections between Simon's lines. That had nothing to do with Doc's being white and Jewish. It just had to do with me—and Pryor, too, I think—not being a trained actor. If they'd done our segment with black actors like James Earl Jones, Cleavon Little, Clarence Williams III or Al Freeman, Jr.—fellas who know their way around Chekhov and Ibsen and who also know their way around the complexities of a character—well, the thing would have come off better. But I still enjoyed working with Richard and I enjoyed the physical parts of our piece—the fight and the tennis match.

PLAYBOY: Despite your successful collaboration with Sidney Poitier in *Uptown Saturday Night*, *Let's Do It Again* and *A Piece of the Action*, movies have never really been your medium. Has that been a source of disappointment?

COSBY: No, because I never cared about being a movie star. To me, that was a gimme—you want to give it to me, fine, I'll take it. That's not to say we don't all have fantasies about becoming movie stars: "Oh, I'm *so* glad you liked my last film. Yes, right now my agent's sifting through a pile of offers. Of *course* I know that Marlon wants to work with me, but I won't even consider it unless we find the

right director." In reality, the TV series is exactly what I enjoy doing.

PLAYBOY: You also once said that jazz was an important part of your life and that you learned a lot about comedy by watching jazz musicians perform. Still true?

COSBY: Yeah. I started consciously listening to jazz and loving it when I was 11 years old and bought my first pair of drumsticks. I'm a self-taught drummer, and sometimes, friends of mine like Dizzy Gillespie and Jimmy Smith will let me sit in with them. They do that as a favor to me, because it's no great thrill for them to have this incompetent up there with them—if I was *really* their friend, I'd stay in the audience, where I belong. Anyway, in the Fifties, Philadelphia had a lot of small jazz clubs, and when I was 16, I'd go listen to musicians like Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Charlie Mingus and Bud Powell. I once heard a jazz band play *The Joint Is Jumping* and *Cottontail* and then discovered that those two songs are really versions of *I Got Rhythm*. So I began listening more and more to the piano players and bass players going through intricate chord changes, and I'd also watch the next soloist thinking about what he was going to play when it was *his* turn. When I started doing comedy, I began structuring my work the same way jazz musicians do; to me, a joke is a tune that has a beginning, a middle and an end. I'm the soloist, and my chord changes are the punch lines that make people laugh.

PLAYBOY: Can you play a little for us?

COSBY: Sure. Here's a very simple joke: You walk into a room to get something, and when you get there, you forgot why you came in. You stand there trying to remember what you were looking for, and then you leave the room. Now, that's all there is to this particular tune. I start out very simply, but en route to the room or standing in it or coming out of it, I can play any chord change I want—as long as it's funny. I can go into the room, look around and have no idea what I'm looking for, and then one of my kids will come in and say, "Gee, Dad, did you forget what you were looking for *again*?" Boy, your mind's really *going*." That's one chord change, or I can talk to myself and say something like, "I'll recognize what I'm looking for when I see it." I may follow that up with another chord change: "Well, how do I *know* I'll recognize what I'm looking for when I see it?" I can play that tune any way I want to, which is how a jazz musician works.

PLAYBOY: You're also now writing a book about how to be a father. Do you consider yourself an expert on raising children?

COSBY: Ask me anything, I've got the answer. You know, when I first became a parent, I had certain ideas about how I was going to control the children, and they all boiled down to this: Children just need love. Well, some years later, you find your-

self talking to your child, who is of high intelligence, and saying, "No, you cannot drive the car until you get a learner's permit." And then, ten minutes later, you see your car being driven down the street by the same child you just told not to drive it. When the child gets back and gets out of the car, you have the following conversation: "Was that *you* driving the car?" "Yes." "Why?" "Well, I just wanted to see if I could do it." "But didn't I tell you *not* to drive it?" "Yes." "Well, if I told you not to drive the car, why were you driving it?" "I don't know." Well, to me, that's brain damage. *All* children have that kind of brain damage. Parents should prepare themselves to face that fact.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you can do about it?

COSBY: Not much. Which is why you wind up doing a lot of yelling. There have been times when I've felt like a football coach in the locker room at half time, and here we are, 16 points down against a team we're favored to beat by three touchdowns. And there I am, saying to this team, "Listen, if we win this game, we can go to the *Super Bowl*!" And I'm looking at a team that just won't wake up, though I know what they can do if they start to play. So now I'm kicking the benches, because I realize I might as well be talking to the walls, and I probably *am*.

If you're a father, you get to be very familiar with that situation. I don't know how many times I wanted one of the kids to go in a certain direction and the child wanted to go in another direction that I knew was no good for the kid, so I gave maybe my 55th reading on why the child should go in the direction I was pointing to. And there I am, putting in love, investing in presents, resorting to outright bribery in the form of cold cash and even invoking racial pride. I mean, I'm telling my daughter that black America is waiting for her, that she cannot disappoint Harriet Tubman—I'm giving it my best shot. And when I'm finally done, my little girl turns to me and says, "Gee, Dad, I don't think I want to do that."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever lost your temper and physically lashed out at your children?

COSBY: I was physical with my son just once, *very* physical, but not because I lost my temper. I just didn't see any other way of getting him to make a change, so along with being physical with him, I begged him to understand that I truly, truly loved him and that he had to understand that what I'd asked him to do was best for him. And I really wouldn't—and didn't—leave until he understood that. I stayed and poured out what was in my heart until he accepted the fact that I did the physical thing because I finally didn't see where talking to him had done any good. And that I meant for him to do *exactly* what I said and that I wanted him to understand he had no choice in this particular matter. And my son made a change.

Now, I don't want anyone to think I'm

advocating physical punishment, because that doesn't always work, either. When I was a kid, I don't know how many beatings I got for different things. It was still a matter of my priorities versus those of my parents and what I thought I could get away with.

PLAYBOY: Have you run into situations where, as your children have gotten older, there's simply no dissuading them from a course of action you oppose?

COSBY: Yes, that's happened. We live in an academic environment, and Camille and I feel that formal education is the best way to go for our kids, but one of our children—who's entitled to privacy on this—has told us, "I really don't want to learn the technical aspects of anything; I just want to be out on my own." Obviously, this child has a better idea. So we let the child go. No one's getting kicked out of the house, and we're not pulling away the safety net. We have phone numbers, and the person is to call any time there's any trouble. But we're also saying, "This is your idea, and you're going to have to earn the right to be on your own. You get no money from us toward your support." In other words, the kid's really out there. It's not one of those things where the parents say, "OK, go do it," and then they get a call and the child says, "Gee, folks, I've got this phone bill to pay and I need a car." We're telling this child, "You have to function on your own if you want to live the lifestyle you've chosen for yourself."

All our children have met a lot of black Americans who have succeeded, who have achieved and who are highly educated. The choice this child has made seems to be, "Listen, there's a lot of fun to be had out there." And it's disheartening. However, when I look at my own life and some of the choices I made when I was young—you just never know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you may be too demanding, expecting perfection from others?

COSBY: Oh, I know that everything's not perfect. I mean, I see how people love the Huxtable television family, and then I turn around and look at South Africa and hear my Government saying, "Well, we've got to take it easy," and I *know* everything's not perfect. To have a man like Jerry Falwell invoking the name of Jesus and talking about spending \$1,000,000 to strengthen South Africa's segregationist government—believe me, I know everything's *far* from perfect.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about U.S. policy toward South Africa?

COSBY: I'm actually embarrassed as an American that our Government—the one that's in office now—has done so little to change the situation there. Can't we be enough of a big brother to South Africa to take our younger brother very gently around the shoulders and say, "How do you feel?" Not necessarily "Little brother, you're wrong," but at least say, "Take a look at us. Democracy isn't as bad as you think." Instead, we go over and dance

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with that brother and we give a clear message to the world that the United States is pro-apartheid. I was shocked that a representative of the Reagan Administration went on TV to chastise Bishop Tutu for not attending a meeting with President Botha, who had basically said, "I don't care what anybody else says or thinks, apartheid will remain the law of this land—but you can come to my meeting, Bishop Tutu." Once again, we got my Uncle Jack working. And what isn't he going to give the black people of South Africa? Look at America's doctrine of democracy, and then read what the South African government says an individual can and cannot say and where black South Africans can and cannot live, and then read about how people who oppose the government—who simply *disagree* with it—are imprisoned. If black South Africans want democracy, Uncle Jack will be glad to tell them why he has decided not to give it to them—it's because they had the nerve to ask for it.

PLAYBOY: What would you like President Reagan to do about South Africa?

COSBY: Why hasn't he seen to it that somebody in the Government has stood up and said, "The Reagan Administration believes that this apartheid, this killing, is *wrong*, and you've got to clean up your act"? I am waiting for *somebody* in the Government of the United States of America, the land of opportunity, to say to its little brother South Africa, "You gotta stop this. *Period*. Forget that you're making us look bad—morally, you *have* to stop this!"

PLAYBOY: What do you believe is going to happen in South Africa?

COSBY: I think that in our first *Interview*, I made a statement about the U.S. in which I said that black Americans would never again sit still for segregation or discrimination. And now, in 1985, my statement is that black South Africans have reached that same moment in time. If the white South African government decides to kill and go to war, there will be a war. But that government will not be able to hold on to the country *without* a war. Too many black South Africans are now saying, "If I have to live as a third-class citizen under the rule of apartheid, if this is to be my life, then I don't want to live." There's no turning back for the blacks of South Africa. Now, I'm not saying or thinking that South African blacks are going to slaughter South African whites and run them all out of the country and then say, "This is *our* land." I'm only telling you that those people will no longer tolerate apartheid. All they want is to live like human beings.

PLAYBOY: When you spoke about race relations in the U.S. 16 years ago, you were very pessimistic about the future. What are your feelings about the subject today?

COSBY: The same, and it isn't just blacks and whites—it's about what's happening among all people in the U.S. More and more in this country, we're not able to say

the word American for everybody who lives here. Even the movie industry—maybe *especially* the movie industry—commits almost blatant crimes with some of the films it puts out. In *Year of the Dragon*, one white man walks into Chinatown and decimates the place. This again reminds everybody who's nonwhite that he can be mistreated—and we're still talking about Americans. For God's sake, if you grew up when I did and you were black, when you went to the movies and saw Tarzan, you were told that you could just drop a white baby out of a plane and by the time he was 16, he'd be running the entire jungle. This year, if you're black, you can go see a cult film popular with kids—and one of the dumbest pictures ever made—*The Gods Must Be Crazy*, which shows that if you just drop a Coke bottle out of an airplane, you can pretty much shake up an entire African culture. [Laughs sarcastically] Black people certainly are primitive, aren't they? If you want proof, send in a white film maker.

PLAYBOY: Let's close on your career. With everything going so well for you, why have some reporters written that this latest

*"When someone says
something dumb, I won't
help him out of the hole.
I won't smash the
shovel down, but I
let people know."*

burst of success has made you difficult, arrogant? What's that all about?

COSBY: It's all about when I say no. It's all about how I look at someone when he knows he's said something dumb and I won't help him out of the hole. It's not that I pile the dirt on top of him and smash the shovel down, but I guess I let people know when I think a question or a statement is rude or dumb or whatever. A woman from *TV Guide* recently interviews me and wants to do amateur psychoanalysis. A photographer from the *Los Angeles Times* poses me this way and that way for what seems like an hour, and I finally tell her I think I've done what she wants. They're going to tell people I was arrogant.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when you're accused of not being outspoken enough in your show on matters of race and politics?

COSBY: It depends on the person making the attack. If it's just some neoliberal who feels I should be a martyr—you know, the kind who says I should take my show, tell everything like it really is and get canceled in three weeks—that person has no idea what life is all about. And neoliberals have a great deal of racism in their hearts. Why

else would they tell you to go out and get your brains blown out?

PLAYBOY: Who are these neoliberals—members of the press?

COSBY: That's what I'm talking about, the press.

PLAYBOY: Still, you've gotten a lot of very good press lately, most of it centered on the way you've become almost a national father figure—which means that the media will continue to ask you a lot of daddy questions. Do you have any parting advice on that topic?

COSBY: I'm doing a book on being a father. It'll be out around Father's Day.

PLAYBOY: You've already discussed the subject with us, and the book wouldn't preclude some remarks from you on the subject, would it?

COSBY: It might. The publishers have paid me an awful lot of money. And since this is only one brain I've got. . . .

PLAYBOY: Come on, Bill. This is the *Playboy Interview*—some of our readers are fathers, and even more are moving into that time of life.

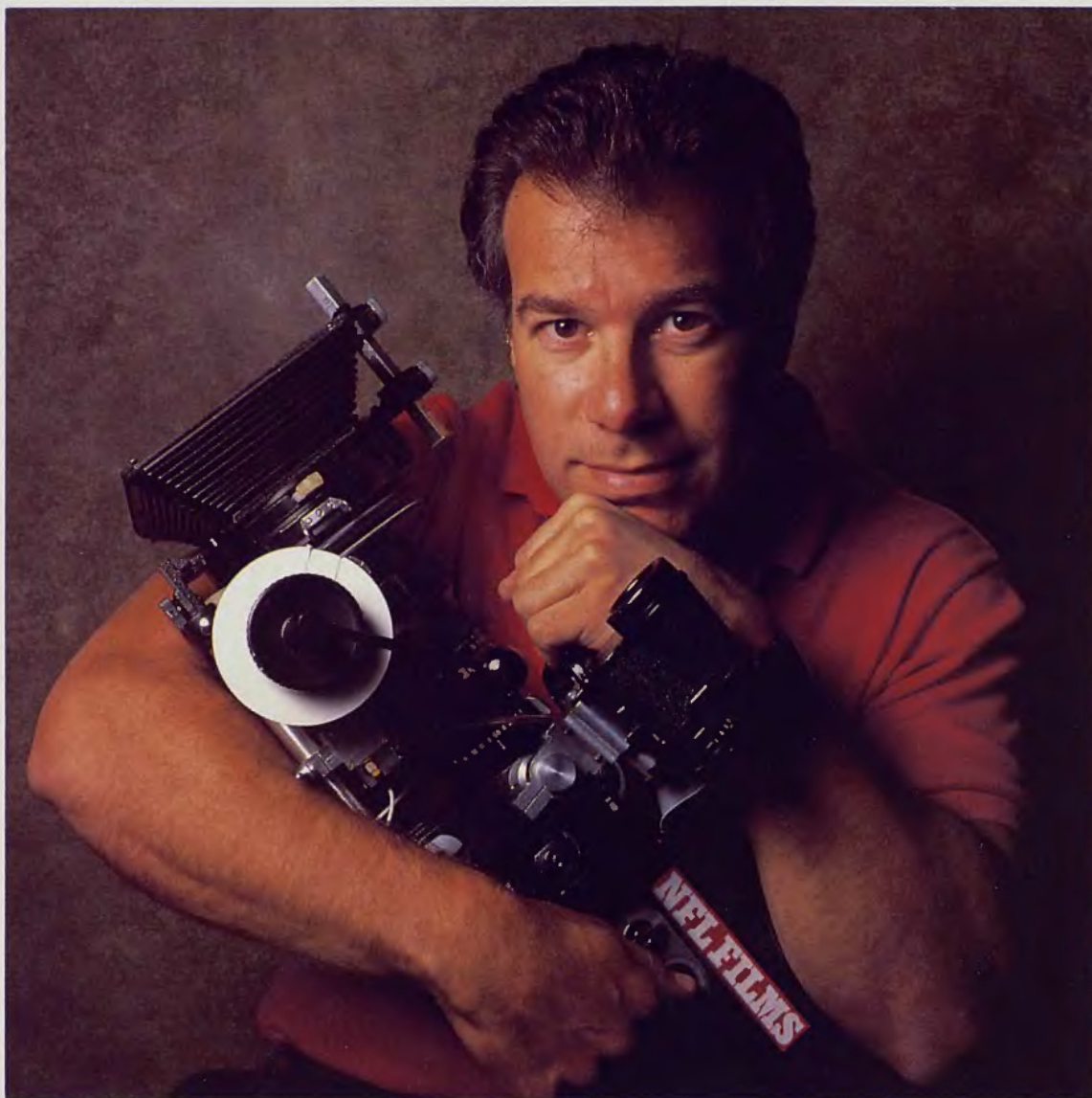
COSBY: Yeah, I think that the subjects we've talked about are interesting—especially for *PLAYBOY*—because what you have here is a guy saying that he's given all of himself to his wife and children. I think that may turn some lights on.

PLAYBOY: So we'll press you: What's your parting advice to people who'll soon be parents?

COSBY: Well, I speak to my son and daughters about heroes, people whom we look up to for various reasons. What is it we worship about a person? What is it that makes that person a hero to you? And if it is that the person is perfect, then you really haven't done an honest job on yourself, because people are not perfect. Edwin Moses is a great track star who this year was arrested for possession of marijuana and soliciting a prostitute. The TV networks picked up on it, and then came all these discussions about "What are our heroes coming to?" Now, I felt sorry for Edwin, but then I also felt, Well, if it's true, am I going to be *angry* with him and not think that he is a great athlete anymore? I told my children what Edwin was charged with, and I said, "I still want you to look at Edwin Moses as a hero." They said, "Well, Dad, how can we after he's done this?" I said, "Even if he's found guilty, are we going to trash what this man has done, which is to win 109 races in a row?" We became fans because he's a man who worked eight to ten hours a day, punishing himself to get in shape to achieve his dream. We all said, "What a great athlete; what a great man dedicated to achieving his potential." *That's* what we can say about Edwin Moses. We've got to examine who and what a hero is and how far we, the fans, go in putting these people up on pedestals. They're not perfect, but then again, neither are we.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?




STEVE SABOL

He doesn't brag a lot about his 33 Emmys. He's in it more for the fun than for the glory. That's why he still spends his Sundays on the side lines, filming football. "I'm just a shameless sports fan," Steve Sabol says. "I still love every minute of it."

With his father, Ed, Sabol started NFL Films 22 years ago with one camera and a \$5000 bank roll. Today, shooting 500 miles of film a year, it's the largest 16mm-film company in the world. "We've been

successful," Sabol says, "because we try to give a creative treatment to reality, seeing what others have seen but thinking what no one has thought."

"PLAYBOY does the same for me. From its fiction to its news makers, it's the most diverse magazine around. It stimulates, educates and titillates. It has a wonderful way of cutting to the essence."

Steve Sabol, an innovative man who knows about quality cuts. The sort of man who reads PLAYBOY. 

*when princeton's
most famous coed cuts
her foot, her
fans are the ones
who bleed*

B R O O K E

S H I E L D S

WALKS ON GLASS

personality **By O'CONNELL DRISCOLL**

"YOU'RE HERE," Eddy Jo said.

"Just barely," Teri Shields said. She made a motion as if to sneeze, then caught herself.

"I was wondering," Eddy Jo said. She carried three spiral notebooks, cradled in her arms like a fat baby. She wore a white-vinyl jacket with CIRCUS OF THE STARS written on it, and she had a blonde hairdo that fit her head like a batting helmet.

"The plane landed about an hour ago," Teri said. She was a plump woman, dressed in an oversize faded-khaki shirt and blue jeans. "Brooke's dressing now. You don't have a Kleenex, do you?"

Eddy Jo shook her head.

"I think I'm allergic," Teri said, pinching her nose. "All these animals around."

A few feet away, an orangutan perched on a folding chair. It was attended by a Nordic-looking young man in a tuxedo. The orangutan wore a red tutu and held the young man's hand, with a satisfied smirk on its face.

"So?" Eddy Jo said. "What's new?"

"It's been a long day," Teri said.

"Brooke had to go into Manhattan this morning to loop the dialog for her movie of the week."

"She did a movie of the week this morning?"

"Looped the dialog," Teri said. "It's a cute movie, I think. We only saw a black-and-white print for the looping."

"But it's cute," Eddy Jo said. "That's good."

"Then we got on the plane, flew here, got the limousine, got to the hotel—I'm not even sure what time it is." She checked her watch. "Brooke did her homework on the plane, while she was watching *The Terminator* for the fourth time."

"It's the desert," Eddy Jo said.

"What's that?" Teri said.

"Las Vegas. The desert. That's why you're allergic."

"I think it's the animals," Teri said. She looked at the orangutan, which was now holding a banana. It grinned back furiously, displaying the half-peeled fruit as if it were a sexual device.

"Monkeys," Eddy Jo sniffed.

A man approached them, carrying an assortment of combs and brushes, a can of



hair spray and a box of tissues. His hair was cut as closely as a putting green.

"Brooke's just getting dressed," Teri told him.

"I saw her," he said. He didn't look happy. "Her coif is falling. Tomorrow we're going to have to keep her hair up. Way, way up. All day long."

Teri took a handful of tissues from the box, turned her head and sneezed.

"Bless you," the hairdresser said. "For now, we'll have to do, I don't know. . . ." He looked at the can of spray and shot off a fine mist. "Something."

Teri looked at her watch again. She shook it and held it up to her ear. Eddy Jo rocked her spiral notebooks as if the baby were waking up.

"So you're going to start taking it easy," Eddy Jo said.

Teri looked at her in surprise. "I'm not taking it easy," she said. "What are you talking about?"

"On the phone," Eddy Jo said. "You told me you'd been talking to William Morris. I thought you were going to relax a little, you know. Not do so much."

"William Morris?" Teri said, shocked. "William Morris manage Brooke?"

"Well, I just thought," Eddy Jo said.

Teri started to laugh so hard she had to beat her chest with her hand.

"God help us," she said. "William Morris." She dabbed at the corners of her eyes with a tissue. "No, that was a movie they were talking about. This will grab you, Eddy Jo. They wanted her to play Pocahontas."

"Pocahontas?" Eddy Jo said. She tilted her head to one side. "Who do you mean, the Indian?"

"Yeah, can you see that? Miss Blue Eyes? With feathers?"

"Different," Eddy Jo said.

"That's why they're not handling her career," Teri said. "Here comes the Indian princess now."

Brooke Shields emerged from a dressing trailer parked next to a red-and-white circus tent. She was dressed in a red-sequined ringmistress jacket, a high-cut black leotard, fish-net stockings and four-inch black heels. She was escorted by a muscular bodyguard wearing a copper-colored suit.

"How do I look, Mom?" Brooke said. She held a green apple in her hand.

"You look good," Teri said. She took a lock of Brooke's hair and held it up as if she were inspecting for traces of white fly.

"They're waiting for you to get made up," Teri said.

Brooke took a bite of her apple and nodded.

"He'll do something with your hair."

Eddy Jo watched Brooke walk away and said, "God, she's tall."

"And she's not getting any shorter," Teri said.

"She's doing an act?" Eddy Jo asked.

"Well, she was just supposed to host," Teri said. "But she's done an act every year, so it would seem like, you know. . . ."

"A disappointment?"

"I guess."

"Is that what they said?"

"Something like that. So she's going to do this thing, this glass walk."

"What's that?" Eddy Jo said. "She's going to walk on glass?"

"Broken glass," Teri said. "Broken Dr Pepper bottles; that's what the man told me. He's some sort of specialist at this. He says that Dr Pepper bottles make a better crunching sound underfoot."

"Gosh," Eddy Jo said. "I mean, broken glass." She had to stop and think about it. "Isn't that dangerous?"

Teri shrugged lightly.

"They say it really isn't," she said.

"They say if you put enough glass down, it's like a level surface."

She made a flat-handed motion in the air. "That's what they say, anyway. Here's the costume she's wearing."

A wardrobe girl came up holding a gold, jeweled harem outfit that looked like it came from a college production of *Kismet*.

"Very different," Eddy Jo said.

"Put it in the trailer," Teri said. "It's the one with no hot water and no toilet paper."

She looked at Eddy Jo and smiled faintly.

"Maybe William Morris could help after all."

Merv Griffin, wearing a tuxedo with sequined lapels, his face thick with make-up, put an arm around Brooke Shields's waist and looked up into her eyes.

"How's the weather up there?" he asked.

There was an explosion from a strobe light and a voice said, "Love it!"

Griffin stepped aside and his place was taken by Emmanuel Lewis.

"Better get a chair for him to stand on," someone said.

"A chair? Better get a ladder," someone else said.

"Never mind," Brooke said. She reached down and effortlessly scooped Emmanuel up into her arms. The little black boy put one arm around her neck and smiled brilliantly.

A mocha-skinned photographer, sporting riding breeches and highly polished knee-high boots, shot off a burst on his Nikon. "That's cool," he said.

Teri stood a few feet away, watching Brooke on the photo stand. "I feel like I'm about to drop," she said.

The bodyguard, sitting in a folding chair with his arms crossed, got to his feet.

"Teri, please," he said. "Sit."

"He doesn't look all that big for a bodyguard," Eddy Jo said under her breath.

"He carries a gun," Teri said, sinking wearily onto the chair. "He's big enough."

A bearded man who looked like he could be John Huston's younger brother came over. He was also wearing a CIRCUS OF THE STARS jacket and was smoking a pipe.

"You going to stay out here for a few days?" he said to Teri. "Take it easy?"

"Everybody wants me to take it easy all of a sudden," Teri said. "No, we're going back tomorrow night. Brooke has to be in school on Monday."

"School," the man said. "Jesus, she goes to school; that's right."

"Yeah, I'm trying to get reservations now, but everybody's full out of Las Vegas."

"Why don't you fly that ritzy airline? The hell's the name of it?"

"Regent," Teri said. "They don't fly out of here. We'll have to catch a late flight out of Los Angeles that'll get us to New York about six in the morning. Then a helicopter will pick Brooke up and take her back to Princeton."

"She did her homework on the plane," Eddy Jo said to the bearded man.

"I'll be goddamned," he said.

Teri caught Brooke's eye and made a head-raising motion. Brooke looked back, closed her eyes and dropped her chin to her chest.

"Only thirty-six more, Teri," one of the photographers said.

"Oh, great. Only thirty-six."

Eddy Jo bent over and spoke quietly into Teri's ear. "There are some kids who've been waiting to see Brooke," she said. "I don't know if you can fit it in."

She gestured with her head across the room. A young mother and father waited patiently with their three little children, all asleep on their feet, each holding a balloon and an autograph book.

"They've been waiting since six o'clock," Eddy Jo said.

"Six o'clock?" Teri said. "God, that's six hours."

"I can deal with it if you want me to," Eddy Jo said.

Brooke stepped down from the photo stand and took off her high heels. "I want to go to sleep," she said.

"In a minute," Teri said. "There's something I want you to do first."

She led Brooke over to where the children were waiting. They watched with expressions of awe, as if they were seeing a vision.

"This is such a thrill!" their mother said as Brooke signed each of the children's books. "They just adore you!"

"Take a picture if you want," Teri said to the father. "Brooke, get in there in back of them."

Brooke bent her knees and dipped down, posing herself in back of the children like they were all a singing group.

(continued on page 126)



"Mr. Olson is about to do his 'hung by the chimney with care' stunt again."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

*the offspring of famous actors have a way with
clothes that's all their own*

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

BACK WHEN movies were movies and men didn't talk about clothes—they just wore 'em—you could tell a man by his duds: There was the trench coat that Bogey made famous in *Casablanca*, the sheepskin jacket Kirk Douglas wore in *Gunfight at the OK Corral*, the baggy overcoat worn by Harpo Marx in his films and even the executive suit worn by Jack Lemmon in *The Apartment*. Well, great fashions, like great movies, always have revivals, and the distinctively masculine clothes of the Forties are back. We asked the sons of Bogey, Douglas, Harpo and Lemmon to pose for famous Hollywood photographer George Hurrell, decked out in our selection of the year's best retrofashions. They also shared with us their own fashion preferences.


Stephen Bogart, a general-assignment editor for NBC Network News, likes to dress casually: "Jeans, T-shirts, polo shirts. I hate ties. They're sexist." When told that he was fairly impressive in the *Casablanca* look, Bogart replied diplomatically, "I like the hat." He's presently working on a remake of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, one of his father's most memorable films.

Bill Marx, currently on the talk-show circuit, promoting his father's reissued autobiography, *Harpo Speaks!*, says, "Some days, I like to dress up, because that's the feeling I need for that day. The best thing is to wear custom-made dress shirts. Somehow, they feel better to me." Marx, a jazz pianist, composer and arranger, is also a funny man: "The difference between Harpo and me is that he chased blondes—I chase anything."

Eric Douglas, one of Kirk's four sons, says, "I feel comfortable wearing as little as possible." However, he says he loves the Western look. "It's very much like me. I like to pretend that I'm a cowboy back in the 1800s." Douglas, who has followed his father and older brother Michael into an acting career, has had roles in the movies *The Flamingo Kid* and *Tomboy* and in a made-for-TV movie, *Remembrance of Love*, in which he played his father's character as a young man.

Chris Lemmon, whom we dressed in the kind of threads his dad wore in the film *The Apartment*, recalls, "Dad always said simple was best, so I try to wear nothing whenever I can. However, when I do dress up, I like to make an occasion out of it." Lemmon, an actor who has just completed two films (*Hollywood Air Force Base* and *Yellow Pages*), sums up our sentiments about the current retrospective trend in men's clothing: "It's nice to see nifty clothing like this come back in style." Here's lookin' at you, kids.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL



Stephen Bogart
plays it again in a wool double-breasted
pinstripe suit, by Hugo Boss, \$475; cot-
ton shirt, by Alan Flusser, \$75; silk tie,
by Hathaway, \$23.50; felt hat, by Stet-
son, about \$65; and Bogey's classic call-
ing card—a cotton double-breasted
bird's-eye-weave trench coat with epau-
lets, by Cerruti 1881, \$550.

Bill Marx's
all-wool outfit speaks for itself with a
greatcoat, by WilliWear WilliSmith,
\$235; lightweight turtleneck, by Aus-
tralian Outback Collection, \$140; twill
slacks, by Barry I. Bricken, about \$175;
and a cashmere scarf, by Ermenegildo
Zegna, about \$97.





Eric Douglas
and the lean honcho look—a wool-shearling-blanket striped jacket in muted earth tones, by Robert Comstock, \$385; worn over a Burgundy wool-challis Western-style bib shirt, from Acorn by Bob Goldfeder, \$120; and brown embossed double-pleated slacks, by Philippe Monet, about \$300.

Chris Lemmon
cuts the comedy when it comes to select-
ing a business suit. His choice: a wool/
silk single-breasted suit with a nubby
surface, notch lapels and flap pockets,
\$570, a tab-collar striped shirt, \$47.50,
both by Valentino Uomo; and a
geometric-patterned wool tie, by Valen-
tino Cravatte, \$35.





WHY DRUG ENFORCEMENT DOESN'T WORK

**The Reagan Administration says
we're winning the war on drugs,
and yet . . .**

MORE DRUGS OF HIGHER QUALITY ARE ON THE STREETS



OFFICIAL ESTIMATES OF WORLD SUPPLY ARE LAUGHABLY LOW



SOME DRUG TRAFFICKERS GROSS MORE THAN THE DEA BUDGET

**In short, the Government that
tells you we're winning *this* war
is again exaggerating the body counts**

JACK DEVOE was a Miami pilot who became a drug smuggler. He made more than 100 flights carrying 7000 pounds of cocaine to the U.S. from South America. He had so much money that he founded an aviation school, a commuter airline and five other businesses. He carried his money to the bank in plastic garbage bags.

Louis Garcia was another drug-smuggling pilot. He testified before the President's Commission on Organized Crime that his boss, a man named Victor, "kept a large supply of cash in the trunk of his car and told me when I needed money I was simply to take what I needed. This is typical of the amount of money that even smalltime dealers have at their disposal." The assets (not including the drugs) and the cash seized by the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1983 totaled \$235,000,000. In 1982, the DEA seized assets including a Tiffany Favrite vase that brought a record \$64,900 at auction.

In one case—the arrest of Paolo LaPorta in Philadelphia—the DEA took \$2,500,000 in cash and assets. Another suspect was photographed using a hand truck to wheel a cardboard carton containing \$4,500,000—a single deposit—into a bank. He was arrested shortly thereafter. In another case, Donald Steinberg grossed \$100,000,000 in 1978—about half the DEA budget for that year. Isaac Kattan, a money launderer, processed more than \$200,000,000 a year. When he was arrested, he had

\$383,404 on his person. Kattan had many money-counting machines. Today, it is customary for drug traffickers to weigh their money rather than count it.

One of Colombia's top drug barons, Gonzalo Rodriguez, is said to make \$20,000,000 a month. That's \$666,666.67 a day. A man could live on that. In fact, a man could have his own army, set up his own city and declare himself independent of his native country, which is what many drug producers have done, not only in South America but in southern Asia as well. Pablo Escobar Gaviria, the mastermind of a Colombian drug empire, is credited with inventing the South American cocaine trade as it is known today. His personal army is estimated at more than 2000 men. (For comparison, the United States Drug Enforcement Administration has 1800 agents.) Gaviria's personal wealth may well exceed two billion dollars. Roberto Suárez Gómez is the ruler of a renegade state high in the forests to the east of the Andean Mountains in Bolivia. The peasants who live there are his serfs. They produce coca. Suárez is thought to earn some \$33,000,000 a month.

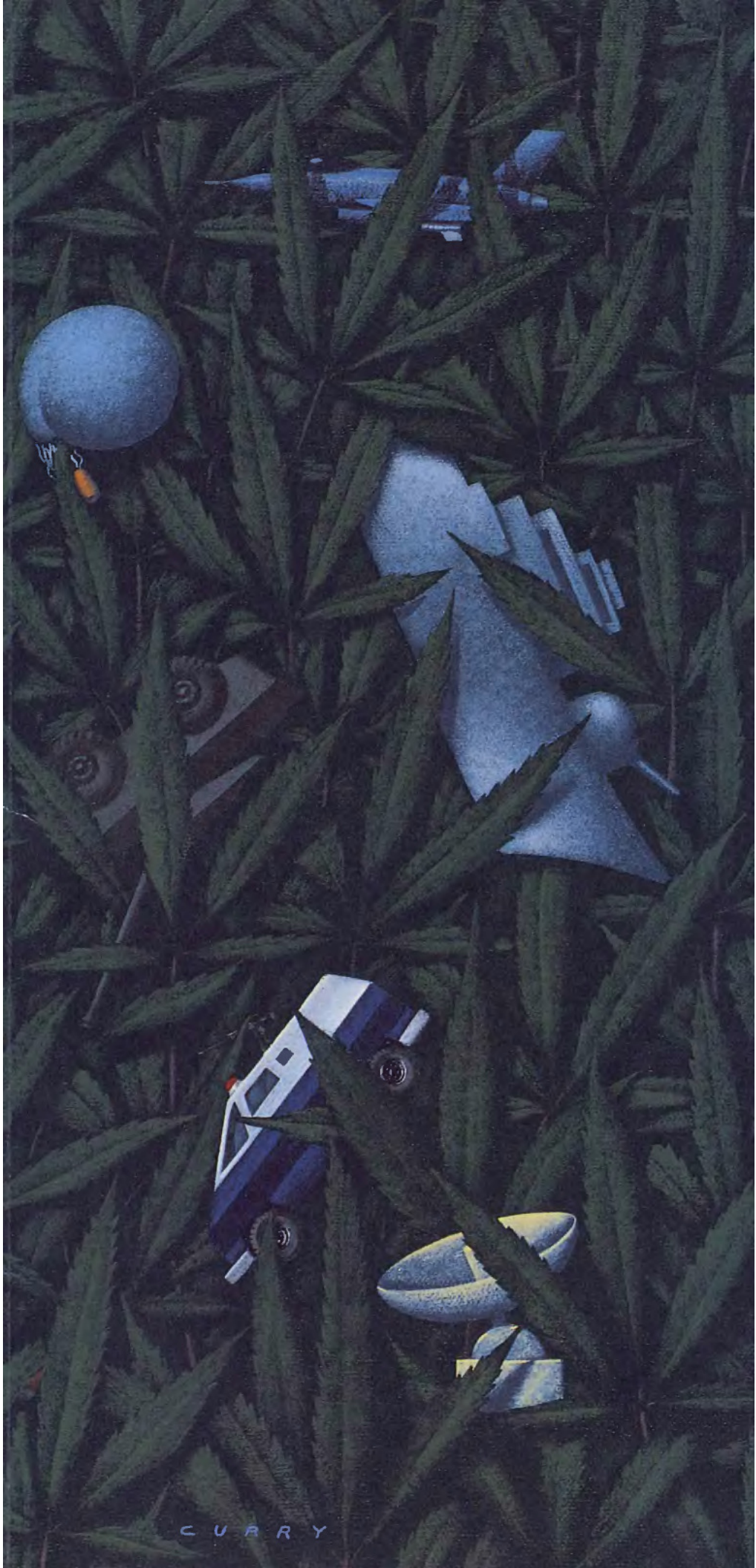
There is more money in illegal drug traffic than in any other business on earth. That is a powerful incentive for a lot of people, so powerful that experts who have been studying the problem for years believe that all our efforts to stop drug traffickers are doomed to fail. They further believe that there is no way to stop drugs from being produced, short of taking away the financial

article

By LAURENCE GONZALES







CURRY

incentive. There is abundant evidence that these experts are right: In spite of the largest antidrug effort in history, more drugs of higher quality are being sold at lower prices on American streets than ever before.

And yet the Reagan Administration is still bent on sealing U.S. borders by military might and on punishing both the users of drugs and the countries that produce them, whatever the cost. The President announced his war on drugs when he first took office. In *The War on Drugs* (PLAYBOY, April 1982), I documented the beginnings of that campaign. I showed how a national effort, conceived in the White House and spawned at the grass-roots level, was eroding civil liberties and threatening constitutional rights in the name of fighting drug abuse. Nancy Reagan spearheaded the campaign, appearing before parents' groups around the world to encourage legislative action aimed at controlling drugs. President Reagan appointed an energetic anti-marijuana spokesman named Dr. Carleton Turner, an organic chemist from Mississippi, as his special assistant on drug-abuse policy.

In *Cocaine* (PLAYBOY, September 1984), I examined addictive disease, showing that "the addictive properties of a substance appear to be far less important than a person's tendency to become addicted." Medical research points to the fact that while certain drugs can produce physical dependence, most individuals *will not willingly take those drugs*, even after experiencing their effects. A small percentage of the population, however, will become fully addicted. Of that group, the medical classic *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, by Goodman and Gilman, says, "Those who persist in the use of drugs, in spite of the social pressures against such use, and eventually become compulsive users of narcotics, have personality disturbances that antedate their contact with the drug."

In other words, drug addiction should rightly be viewed by the Government as a medical problem, not a criminal one. It has taken a long time for people to accept alcoholism as a disease. Now many employers are realizing that cocaine addiction works the same way and that rehabilitation is cheaper than hiring new employees.

But the Government persists in relegating the entire problem to the criminal-justice system. In January 1983, Reagan appointed Vice-President George Bush to lead the nation's drug-law-enforcement efforts. Three years later, the U.S. war on drugs is going full tilt, and as Congressman Dante B. Fascell, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, announced in *The New York Times* in January 1985, "The bottom line is that, despite some encouraging developments, particularly in Colombia, the war is being lost."

• *We are losing money:* U.S. taxpayers are spending more than two and a half billion dollars for the Drug Enforcement Agency, State Department and Coast Guard antidrug efforts. Many more hundreds of millions are spent by other agencies and organizations. In spite of the increase of Federal dollars devoted just to drug interdiction from an estimated \$83,000,000 in 1977 to \$278,000,000 in 1983, William J. Anderson of the General Accounting Office was forced to admit, "Recent estimates indicate the quantity of drugs supplied to the illicit U.S. market has increased. . . . Recent street price and purity statistics indicate an increased availability of most drugs." Congressman Glenn English said, "The old common rule of thumb is that if purity is up and

price is down, there must be more availability." There hasn't even been a Federal effort to count all the money being spent to stop drug use.

• *We are losing people:* The kidnap/torture/murder of DEA agent Enrique Camarena Salazar and pilot Alfredo Zavala focused global attention on drug trafficking early in 1985. That came after some notable successes in American-Colombian antidrug efforts. Now the Colombian drug dealers are offering a \$350,000 reward for anyone who will bring them the head of Francis "Bud" Mullen, head of the DEA from November 1983 to spring 1985. There are also \$300,000 rewards for several other U.S. narcotics agents.

Traffickers tried to destroy the U.S. embassy in Bogotá with a car bomb that killed a woman. In May 1984, Colombia's justice minister, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, was assassinated when two men sped up to his car on a Yamaha motorcycle, gunned him down and fled into traffic. They were believed to be doing the bidding of the infamous Pablo Escobar Gaviria. Nineteen members of an American-backed team trying to eradicate coca plants in Peru were hacked to death in the jungle. Four of them were brutally tortured first. Colombian and Bolivian drug lords have joined in offering

\$500,000 to anyone who will kill U.S. Ambassador to Bolivia Edwin Corr. And recently, ten American diplomats stationed in Colombia were sent on extended holiday with their families after death threats were received from drug smugglers.

Nor is the violence just on foreign soil: At the height of the "cocaine wars" in Miami, 28 percent of all murders in that city were committed with a machine gun.

• *We are losing civil liberties:* Laws designed to maintain basic freedoms in America have been altered or undone in a misguided effort to stop drug traffic. The Bill of Rights and various constitutional amendments were drafted to provide protection from the powers of government.

But the Reagan Administration, desperate for results in the war on drugs, appears willing to forfeit the precepts of democracy. And people all over the country seem to be going along, unaware of the damage they may be doing to their own civil liberties. For example, many employers require job applicants to submit to urinalysis screening for marijuana and other drugs. An early draft of the Reagan Administration's drug-war strategy suggested that if the test proved positive, the doper should be held in detention without trial until he could be treated for and "cured" of his affliction. Thus, the Administration claims it does, in fact, view drug addiction as a disease and is willing to treat it—if we'll do away with the bother of constitutional guarantees against pretrial detention.

In addition, Reagan is using the military to enforce domestic law, a clear violation of the *Posse Comitatus* Act, which was designed to prevent abuses of military power—including the *appearance* of a police state. (Congress, in what many legal authorities think was a poorly thought-out move, voted to make an exception for drug enforcement.) The National Guard has been called out to assist in raiding domestic marijuana plantations in 30 states. Numerous other measures taken by Reagan and by local state officials following his lead have undermined the protections afforded by the exclusionary rule, the Tax Reform Act, the Freedom of Information Act, the Habeas Corpus Act, as well as the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth and (continued on page 238)

*"There is more money
in illegal drug traffic
than in any other
business on earth."*



"Frankly, Alison, the idea of a threesome really messes with my sense of romantic idealism!"





At left, the lady is wearing a silver-and-white tasseled dress with a porous, patterned top, from Pilar Limasner; earrings and bracelet, by Eric Beamon; shoes, from La Marca. Above, her dress is by Tony Chase; jewelry, by Kenneth Lane; shoes, from La Marca. His tuxedo is by After Six.

Barely There

sight-seers, rejoice! here's the sexiest array of see-through fashion in the free world

Since the advent of central heating, clothes have become more than something to keep you warm. And, naturally, people have taken advantage of that fact. Especially women. These days, nothing seems to shock. Fashion—real, out-there, actually worn fashion—has become a laissez-faire market place. Here we see actual night people going about their giddy nightly business. We hope we get invited to the same parties.



Above left, she is wearing a shocking-pink suit with unrecognizable lettering, by Stephen Sprouse, into which she tucks a dark cloud of a blouse with wrist accents, by Eleanor P. Brenner. The silver-lattice skirt, pink blouse and silver gloves opposite are from La Coppia; shoes, from La Morca.

Dressing up now means hardly dressing at all. This is especially true when taking in a little sun. Resortwear has a flimsy history, but women these days can drape themselves with fabric sun screen that may deflect some ultraviolet rays but still affords a clear view for the rest of us. Here we see the sheerest of solar fashion. Above left, a swimsuit-and-blouse combo—inappropriate for doing laps. Above right, a minimalist yellow outfit for modern submariners. Opposite: A sun dress for afternoons on the boardwalk when you don't want to block any breeze.





Above, her suit is by Michael Haban for North Beach Leather; earrings, from Alexis Kirk; jeweled bracelet, from Kenneth Lane; silver bracelet, from Zoe Coste. The shades are from Xavier Danaud. Opposite: Her suit is Yves St. Tropez; blouse and jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent; glasses, from Optica.

See-through fashion has even entered the nerve center of the free world's economy. Above, we notice corporate interests fending off a venture capitalist's unfriendly take-over bid. The woman in white in the foreground is just clipping her coupons and watching her stock holdings fluctuate. Opposite: Women are not only entering the board room, they're taking it over. This executive is making a visual presentation. She's trying to make a couple of incontrovertible points. The one thing her attentive colleagues are not trying to do is dress her with their eyes.



DEO SERVAVIT REGNARE







Opposite: His white-tie dancing tux is from After Six. Her diaphanous skirt is from Norma Kamali; the blouse, from Eleanor P. Brenner; shoes, by La Marca. Above: Her sequined suit, which hardly needs a blouse, comes from Metamorphosis. Her demure earrings are available from Alexis Kirk.

What you wear is a way of telegraphing what you're up for. Take the couple at left. We'll call him Guido; we'll call her Babette. When Guido showed up at Babette's, he got an urgent message: She was primed for a painfully expensive restaurant and then some ballroom dancing. We see them doing a credible imitation of Fred and Ginger. Above, another couple (Gaston and Heloise) are doing research into what's cooking. While the chefs stew in their juices, Gaston nibbles on Heloise. The heat of the kitchen doesn't seem to faze them.



Above: Her hat and coat, by Andre van Pier; purple dress, by Lynn Bowling; shoes by Charles Jaurdan; necklace by Eric Beamon; earrings by Wendy Gell. Luggage, by T. Anthony. Opposite: Her chiffon coat, from Tary Chase; hat, by Whittall & Shon; earrings, by Wendy Gell; shoes, by Andrea Carrana.

Don't believe it when you hear that the romance of train travel is dead. The lady above has outfitted herself with sensible on-board attire. There's nothing worse than being either too hot or too cold; hence, the lighter-than-air dress and the overcoat donated by the animal kingdom. At right, it's the end of the evening and the beginning of another transparent relationship. They both need a lift. They're off to her place, where she can shed her second skin and he can see what he's gotten himself into. The elevator operator has seen it all before.



fiction
By LILLIAN ROSS

*some men whine after a difficult divorce;
mac light has a better idea*

T O U G H

WORN DOWN by the months of arguments, hysterics, threats, pressures, by the endless meetings with lawyers and accountants, by the "What about the house?" and the "What about the car?," by his fruitless efforts to deal with the surrender program of his lawyers and the droning sanctimonies of his wife's psychiatrist (who had also been engaged by his wife to become the kids' psychiatrist) and the final cave-in before the falsely sympathetic judge, who praised him and told him he was a "total good father" and a "total good citizen" and, after all, "the house was for the children" and "the car was for the children" and "the money was for the children"—when it was all over, Mac Light spent a day getting drunk alone in his dismal, malodorous three-room apartment in Chelsea. So be it. He rested. He thought of nothing. He cried a little. He roused himself briefly and pictured the house he had designed and practically built by himself—the large windows, the wrap-around deck, the kids trying out their first roller skates on the deck, the fireplaces, the trees he had refused to have cut down, the bird feeder

he had made, the chickadees and the red-headed woodpecker that arrived every single morning at eight for their gift of bread crumbs before he took off for the business. Also, briefly, he pictured a dinner-table scene that was now his ex-family table: trying to eat roast beef while listening to his now-ex-wife's whining sermon about the crooked butcher who had tried to slip inferior beef over on her. She was a great cook. She knew food, what was supposed to keep you alive, what was supposed to do you in, etc. Eating with her was dutiful. He had done it dutifully.

By late afternoon, he stood in the dusk, swaying in front of a window, staring at life going on in the apartment house across the street. A baby getting a bath in a basin on the stand at the window, fat adult arms grabbing him as the baby grabbed a rubber animal, the fat arms shaking the water drops off the baby, then encompassing the baby in a towel. Fade out. Another apartment, empty of furniture, newly renovated with newly installed French windows, with white-overalled painters working late. White walls in every room. Good

taste. Looking things over was a woman, young and slender, wearing a gold-colored warm-up suit. A single. Mac sat down heavily on the floor, picked up his telephone and dialed the number of his only friend, Bertrand.

"What did you give her?" Bertrand asked immediately, his tone peculiarly accusatory, with double the intensity of Mac's now-ex-in-laws.

"Everything," Mac said. "The works. Even the kids. Now the psychiatrist will be free to do the complete brainwash of the kids. Those poor kids."

"Did you give her the house, too? The whole house?"

"The whole house. Poor kids. Eating with her alone. All alone in there with her."

"Did you give her the three thousand a month?"

"Four."

"I knew it," Bertrand said, almost with satisfaction. "I tried to tell you, you had to be tough."

"I tried. But those lawyers. They took both kids right (continued on page 260)





LATE NIGHT with David Letterman

and now, from new york city, the writers
of your favorite late-night show present
the bits that they've liked best

OPENING REMARKS

A Chinese proverb tells us that "the journey of 1000 miles begins with but a single step." And so, too, does 57 minutes of late-night-network-television time begin with one lame joke. What follows is a selection of our opening remarks that have won major international awards or have been the basis of critically acclaimed TV movies or both.

- Interesting survey in the current *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*: New York City has a higher percentage of people you shouldn't make any sudden moves around than any other city in the world.
- This warning from the FDA: Nothing you wear on your head during sex can help you avoid disease. So don't throw your money away on the so-called herpes hat.
- Someone did a study on the three most-often-heard phrases in New York City. One is "Hey, taxi." Two is "What train do I take to get to Bloomingdale's?" And three is "Don't worry. It's just a flesh wound."
- Every year, when it's Chinese New Year here in New York, there are fireworks going off at all hours. New York mothers calm their frightened children by telling them it's just gunfire.
- On Nancy Reagan's recent birthday, she said she was 59. She doesn't count the two years she spent in the National Hockey League.
- A professor at Johns Hopkins has come forth with an intriguing thought about a perennial question: He says that if an infinite number of monkeys sat typing at an infinite number of typewriters, the smell in the room would be unbearable.
- Talk about Federal waste: A professor of pharmacology at Penn State just got a grant of \$150,000 from the U.S. Public Health Service to develop a time-release placebo.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CRAIG

THE LATE NIGHT VIEWER: A PROFILE

Recently, as part of its unceasing effort to improve its programming, NBC commissioned a study aimed at finding out just what sort of person watches our program every night. Although the entire 600-page report is far too voluminous to go into here, it did reveal some fascinating information about the average viewer of *Late Night*. I thought it might be interesting to show you a brief profile of this typical viewer. You may be a little surprised, as I was.

EMPLOYMENT

Nonviewer—Insurance sales representative

Viewer—No job as such, but sold two Bowie tickets for \$150

EDUCATION

Nonviewer—Bachelor's degree, Kansas State University

Viewer—Would have high school diploma if shop teacher weren't such a liar

AWARDS WON

Nonviewer—Children's hospital Good Samaritan award

Viewer—12th prize in Publishers' Clearinghouse Sweepstakes (Aladdin tar-tan-plaid Thermos)

ATTITUDE TOWARD MOVIES IN WHICH CYCLE GANGS TERRORIZE ORDINARY FOLKS

Nonviewer—Repulsed by them

Viewer—Seeks them out

FAVORITE HOBBY

Nonviewer—Restoring antique wood furniture

Viewer—Shooting at stop signs with a pellet gun

LAST MAJOR PURCHASE

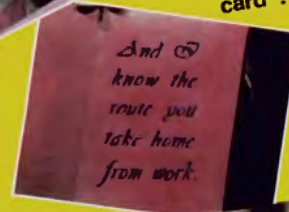
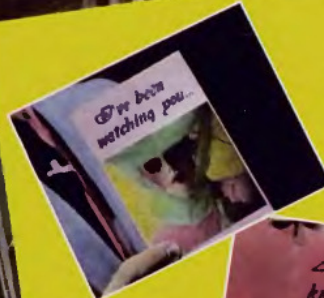
Nonviewer—Five-horsepower Lawn-Boy riding mower

Viewer—Two ten-pound bags of ice

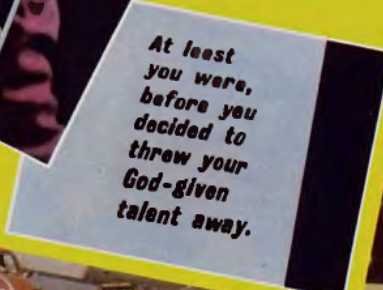
DAVE'S SENTIMENT SHOPPE

Like most people, over the years I've been approached to invest in a number of business ventures. Some looked promising. For instance, last fall I almost went into a distributorship for a company called Amway. But I never found anything that suited my personality until just recently. In the not-too-distant future, we'll be opening more than 600 Dave's Sentiment Shoppes across the country. I hope they'll be your one-stop center for sharing-and-caring supplies. So I thought I'd use this section of the book to present some sample merchandise.

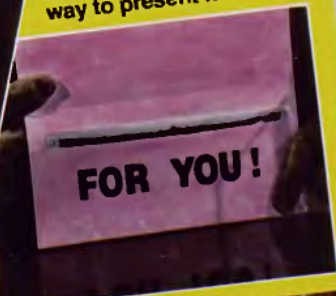
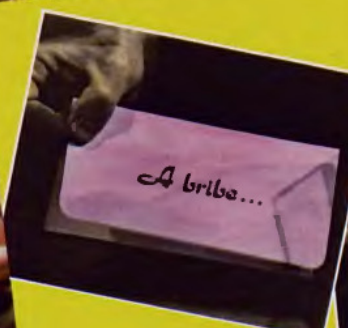
Naturally, Dave's Sentiment Shoppes stock the usual holiday and birthday cards; but we also carry a number of specialty cards to cover the entire spectrum of human emotions. For example, our "obsession card":



And our "disappointment card":



If you are a defense contractor or a Washington lobbyist, cash is often the very best gift you can give. Here's a gracious way to present it:



PRODUCTS

You know, since the show first aired, we are proud to have been able to share with our viewers literally hundreds of new products introduced by hopeful manufacturers. They all sold well, but some of them went through the roof. Why, they were more like hot cakes than like new products, so fast did they sell. Tonight we'll review this elite group of winners—products that are now fixtures in countless American homes.

ZERO-GRAVITY HAT

People insure themselves against fire, flood, even earthquakes. But have you thought of what would happen to you and your family if gravity stopped working? It never has, but in case it does, you'll be safe from head and neck injuries resulting from painful collisions with the ceiling in this fashionable zero-gravity hat. After all, better safe than sorry.



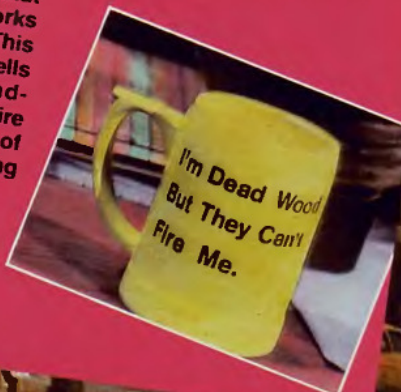
HYPNO GAS CAP

Remember the days when gas-station attendants were really polite and would fill your tank and would fill your tank for five bucks? It can still be that way when you turn on the new hypno gas cap. In seconds, he'll be in a trance and you'll hear things like: "A dollar for 21 gallons? Thank you, sir." And "Let me get the inside of that windshield, too, master."



CIVIL-SERVANT MUG

Here's something for that aunt or uncle who works for the Government. This sassy mug proudly tells the world, "I'm dead-wood, but they can't fire me." Holds two quarts of coffee, eliminating tiring trips to the coffeepot.



THE LATE NIGHT BOOKMOBILE

Everyone knows that *Late Night* has a commitment to producing top-quality television entertainment. But not everyone knows that there's a much smaller and less enthusiastic commitment to producing fine works of literature. Well, it's true. We're also doing all we can to encourage the good habit of reading.

So open the garage doors of your imagination and let's take a spin on the blacktop highway of good reading.

Following the success of **Shirley MacLaine's** best-selling *Out on a Limb*, in which she discusses her experiences in an early life, comes a new publication: *There Are Tiny People in My Salt Shaker*.

In **Jackie Collins'** steamy showbiz tales, such as *Hollywood Wives*, half the fun is in guessing the real-life counterparts. You can play this game again with her latest offering—*My Sister, Boy, Is She Easy*.

Actor-playwright **Sam Shepard** has always drawn on his personal experiences in his plays, and his latest one is certainly no exception: *Boy, Oh, Boy, I'm Actually Sleeping with Jessica Lange*.

MUSEUM OF THE HARD TO BELIEVE

Since the beginning of recorded history, man has been fascinated by the unusual and the bizarre. Who can explain our mysterious attraction to the outlandish and the peculiar? We are all strangely drawn to the unnatural and the weird. What is it about the fantastic and the unfamiliar that never fails to arouse the curiosity? The miraculous and the grotesque just seem to appeal to us. Unfortunately, items like these are hard to come by and difficult to verify. We had a much easier time putting together a list of half-baked jokes and amateurishly doctored photographs for a feature we call Museum of the Hard to Believe.

BOY WHO KEPT HIS WORD

This photo commemorates the famous BOY WHO KEPT HIS WORD. Jamie Larsen of Provo, Utah, asked a friend if he could "see his minibike for a second." Exactly one second later, he stopped looking at the minibike and went home. Hard to believe.



THE FACE THAT LOOKED LIKE A ROCK

Here, for the first time, the strange case of Bill McClory—a Western tour guide who was so impressed by tourists' keen interest in natural rock formations that looked like human faces that, like human faces, he had eagerly for fame, he had his own face surgically altered to resemble Alaska's Mount McKinley. Hard to believe.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY'S EARRINGS

Here's an impressive piece of New York's history: the Statue of Liberty's earrings. They were left out at the last minute because they made her look "cheap." Hard to believe.



THIS IS AMONG THE MOST TERRIFYING EXHIBITS IN THE MUSEUM AND IS DEFINITELY NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH.

CHRISTIE HEFNER

This exhibit is titled "The Incredible Coincidence." After Christie Hefner was named corporate head of Playboy Enterprises, it was discovered that the previous head of the same corporation was her father, Hugh Hefner. Statisticians say the odds against this occurring are 5,000,000 to one. Hard to believe.



"They showed a big close-up of your foot. There was blood. They showed you bleeding."

The youngest, a curly-headed, dimpled girl, regarded Brooke with solemn eyes.

"You have to smile if you're going to have your picture taken," Brooke told her.

The little girl's eyes became darker. She seemed ready to cry.

"Ohhh," Brooke said. "Are you sleepy?"

The little girl moved her head up and down slowly.

"Me, too," Brooke said. "It's past my bedtime. Let's just smile big one time, then go to sleep. Good idea?"

The little girl's face brightened suddenly, like the passing of a summer storm. She broke into a big, wide grin, threw her arms around Brooke and gave her a kiss. The flash on her father's camera went off with a tiny pop.

"This was so nice of you," the mother said to Teri. "I can't thank you enough."

"We run a magic shop on the Strip," the father said, taking a business card from his shirt pocket. "I'd really like Brooke to come in sometime. Pick anything she wants. Does Brooke like magic?"

"She did a special with Doug Henning," Teri said. "As a matter of fact, she's going to do a walk over a six-foot runway of broken glass tomorrow."

The mother cringed. "Real glass?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Teri said. "Real glass. Dr Pepper bottles."

"That sounds so scary," the mother said.

"They say it isn't," Teri said. "They say if you put enough glass down, it's like a level surface. Isn't that right, Brooke?"

Brooke looked at her mother sleepily. Then she smiled a skeptical smile and said, "That's what they say."

"Listen to this," Teri said. "'Who have you been dating lately?'"

"That's direct," Brooke said. She was seated at a make-up table, wearing white jeans and a black T-shirt. Her hair was up in white-plastic curlers.

Teri sat on the other side of the narrow, sparsely furnished dressing room, reading from some typewritten pages.

"This is *The Tonight Show*, Brooke," Teri said. "They want the nitty-gritty." She read on. "It says, 'I understand you've been seeing Alain Delon's son.' Did you hear that, Brooke? That's terrible."

Brooke leaned toward the mirror, applying eye shadow. "What's that?" she said.

"They refer to Anthony as Alain Delon's son. Isn't that terrible? They don't even use his name."

"Oh," Brooke said. "His feelings would be really hurt."

Teri took a pencil out of her shirt pocket and made a note on the page. "I'm going to have them change that. I don't like that."

"No, that's awful. He'd feel very bad. That would be embarrassing."

There was a knock at the door and a young man entered, wearing sharkskin pants and a navy-blue tunic shirt.

"I found the dress," he announced. "It's red. It's gorgeous."

"Did you bring it?" Brooke asked.

"It's upstairs. You'll flip."

"How much was it, Warner?" Teri asked.

Warner made a motion of indifference. "Bob Hope has the money," he said.

"Besides, I told them it was perfect, that they'll die when they see her in it, so what do they want? How can you put a price on glamor?"

"They can put a price on anything," Teri said.

Warner sat down on the couch and took an orange from a basket of fruit.

"You look divine," he said to Brooke.

She looked at herself in the mirror, at her half-made-up face.

"Uh-huh," she said.

Teri looked back at the script. "'So, Brooke, you're writing a book. What's that all about?' Brooke answers that it's to help make the transition from high school to college, da, da, da. . . ."

She flipped the page.

"What's that?" Warner said, peeling the orange.

"It's the script for Brooke's interview."

"They write all the questions and answers down? Ahead of time?"

"That just gives them an idea," Brooke said, applying mascara to her eyelash. "It makes them feel better."

"How bizarre," Warner said.

"How's school?" Teri read. "Brookie, how's school?"

"Fine; I think I might flunk out, thank you for asking."

"Really, Teri," Warner said, putting a section of the orange into his mouth. "Wait until you see this dress. She'll look so fabulous, it'll make the whole show."

"Oh, do you know what they did, Warner? They called and told me they had a wonderful surprise for Brooke. Listen to this wonderful surprise. This was going to be a big favor because they like Brooke so much."

"Sounds like trouble," Warner said.

"They wanted Brooke to call up

Michael and have him do a black-out with her on the show."

"No!" Warner said, looking incredulous. "Seriously?"

"Can you believe the nerve? This is, mind you, one day before the show tapes. How it was going to be a surprise if she had to arrange it, I don't know."

"They must be hallucinating," Warner said.

"That's what I told them. This is *also* the very same day that Michael, the biggest star in the world, is appearing before 50,000 people at Dodger Stadium. And they want Brooke—because they *like* her so much, because she is such a *great* kid—to talk him into casually running out to Burbank to do a black-out on the Bob Hope Christmas show."

"They're classy people," Warner said. "No doubt about it."

"They said, 'Well, we thought they were friends.' I said, 'You obviously don't know *anything* about friendship. A friend does not take advantage of a friend that way.' I mean, really. This shows *no* respect for Brooke, *no* respect for Michael. . . ." She counted these offenses off on her fingers.

"And here's the part you'll love. After I told them that I absolutely didn't want to discuss it, not to even *mention* it, they said, 'Well, we could *get* Michael Jackson if we wanted. *That's* not the problem.'"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha," Warner said. "Right."

"Yeah," Teri said. "I told them, 'Fine, go ahead.'"

She stood up and put her glasses on top of her head. "I have to go talk to them about this," she said, holding up the script.

"Please do," Brooke said. "I'd hate to hurt Anthony's feelings."

"Did you speak to Joan Rivers?" Teri asked.

"Just for a minute."

"Did you ask about her husband?"

Brooke nodded. "He's feeling better," she said.

"OK, you better hurry up. I'll see you upstairs."

"I saw you on *Circus of the Stars*, Brooke," Warner said, separating another section of orange. "You were super."

"I don't know," Brooke said. "I was pretty tired that weekend."

"And that act; that was such a panic. What happened to your foot?"

"Oh, it was just a little scratch. It wasn't a big deal."

"They showed a big close-up of your foot. There was blood. They showed you bleeding."

"Yeah. . . ." Brooke said. "But it wasn't a big deal. I did it twice, on two different days. The second time, nothing happened at all, but they used the first one. I guess they wanted to make it more exciting." She yawned.

"Brooke Shields draws blood!" he said, as if quoting a newspaper headline. "I think they were gasping all across



"You've been bad and that's that—I'm not going to 'cut double or nothing for it'!"

the country."

She looked in the mirror, the white-plastic curlers in her hair. "If they saw this," she said, "they'd really gasp all across the country."

The door flew open and a man dressed in brown corduroy came in.

"Brooke, Brooke, Brooke," the man said. He held a rolled-up sheet of paper in his hand and tapped it against his leg. "Everything OK? You got everything?"

"Fine," Brooke said.

"You got the questions, the script? Go over all that?"

"Yes," Brooke said. "Well, as a matter of fact—"

"Great," the man said. "Super." He looked around the room as if he were thinking of buying it.

"Just have fun, right? That's it, right?"

"Right."

"OK, listen, one thing." He brought the paper forward like a shifty landlord. "We want you to do this one bit, a promo for Joan's special. Five seconds. We'll tape it after the show."

Brooke took the piece of paper and looked at it. "I'm doing this now?"

"Right after the show. Five seconds. We'll have cards." The man looked around the room one more time. "Great," he said. "Beautiful. You want this door closed?"

"Please." Brooke stared after the man in mild wonder.

One second later, the door sprang open again and the man stuck his head back into the room. "Listen," he said, "I saw you cut your foot. Wow!"

"I've got rhythm," the chubby young man said. "I've got speed. That's my secret."

The other photographers, six of them, didn't say anything. They stood around restlessly in the narrow corridor, like expectant fathers.

"I'll be changing lenses in mid-shot. All you'll see is a blur."

A beak-faced man wearing a golf hat with an NBC pass stuck into its brim said, "How come they let you in, Norman?"

"How come they let you in, Hoos Foes?" Norman said. He was bursting out of a pale-gray lightweight suit, and he wore dove-gray Capezio jazz shoes. He did a couple of steps on the linoleum floor.

"You have to be smooth to get in here," he said. "You have to have moves."

"Your hat's on fire," the beak-faced man said, waving his hand at him.

The double studio doors opened suddenly. "Here she comes," Norman said.

The photographers came alive as Brooke stepped into the hall, carrying a bouquet of flowers. Warner walked alongside her, holding aloft a long red evening gown in a plastic dry cleaner's bag.

"Brooke! Brooke! Brooke!" They all began to shout together. "Brooke, this

way! Brooke, over here!"

There was a barrage of shutters and power winders. The whirring motors sounded like a swarm of android hornets.

As Brooke stepped forward, automatic flashes exploded in her face like the finale of a laser light show. She came to a standstill as the photographers pressed in around her from all sides.

"All right, gentlemen," Teri said, striding into the scene. "Let's have a little room to breathe. I'm not wrong in using the word gentlemen, am I?"

A nervous-looking young woman stood at Teri's side. "I guess this is a bad time to talk to you."

"No, this is a normal time," Teri said. She watched as the photographers continued their rapid-fire assault.

"My smile muscles are hurting," Brooke said to Warner out of the side of her mouth.

"If we could just set this up for tomorrow," the nervous young woman said. "I promise it won't take any time at all. We can do it anywhere you say."

"Tomorrow . . ." Teri said, thinking about it.

"*Absolutely* no time at all," the young woman said. Her eyes blinked rapidly. Her hands made little motions in the air.

"Tomorrow we have to go to a hospital in Downey," Teri said. "Do you know where Downey is?"

The young woman shook her head.

"We're going to visit a hospital there," Teri said. "Terminally ill patients, mostly children. They're having celebrities come out for Christmas."

"Oh, my," the young woman said, her hand covering her mouth. "Oh, how sad."

"Yes," Teri said.

Brooke turned around and gave her mother a look of open-eyed disbelief. Apparently the photographers had an endless supply of film.

"OK, here's what we can do," Teri said. "We'll be going from the hospital to the airport. We should get there about one-thirty. The plane leaves at two. You can meet us there."

"Perfect," the young woman said.

"It's Regent Air; it's not part of the main airport. You'll have to find out where it is."

"No problem," the young woman said. "This is just so—I can't even tell you how—" She took a deep breath.

"I understand," Teri said.

"Just a few short questions about school and boys, things like that. And how she feels about being selected America's Dream Date."

"Mom," Brooke said, looking over her shoulder again.

"We have to go," Teri said. "See you tomorrow."

She took Brooke by the arm and moved her along the hallway. The photographers

backed up in front of them, still shooting.

"What was that?" Brooke asked.

"You're America's Dream Date," Teri said.

They moved toward a spacious area with vending machines and large open doors leading to the parking lot.

"I have to get popcorn," Brooke said, pointing to one of the vending machines. "Do you have change?"

Teri patted her pockets.

"Never mind. Here." Brooke handed the bouquet to Teri. She took a white-leather bag off her shoulder, balanced it on one knee and began looking through it.

Teri turned to the photographers and said, "All right, that's enough for tonight. Thank you all, but enough is enough."

The chubby young man in the gray suit appeared next to her.

"Norman," she said, looking at him over her glasses, "the session is over. Didn't I say that?"

"I hear you," Norman said. "Hey, Brooke, great act on *Circus!*" he called to her. He looked at Warner. "Nice dress."

"So good night, Norman," Teri said.

"Look, I'm leaving right now." He pointed to the doors. "My car's out there, through there somewhere."

"That's the parking lot. That's where our car is. That's off limits to you."

"And I respect that," Norman said. A ring of perspiration appeared at his hairline and he took a handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his jacket.

"Really?" Teri said. "Like the time you respected the hotel garage?"

"What garage?" Norman said, mopping his face. "Did you say a garage?"

"The one with the security gates. The one you broke into."

"That must have been the night of the Golden Globes," Norman said, smiling fondly. "OK, maybe I broke in—you said broke in, I didn't—but, hey, I was polite, wasn't I?"

"You ambushed us in an elevator."

"I was *never* in the elevator," Norman said, holding the handkerchief up for emphasis. "At no time. I was maybe in the elevator lobby, that's all."

Teri sighed.

"They were great pictures, though, weren't they?" Norman said. "Admit it."

"They were OK," Teri said, shrugging. She watched Brooke, a few feet away, put coins into the popcorn machine.

"OK? They were *great!* That killer *Cosmo* top she was wearing? ¡Ay chihuahua!"

Brooke pressed the buttons on the machine and waited. Nothing happened.

"Kick it, is what I usually do," Norman said in a raised voice.

"Good night, Norman," Teri said.

Norman walked over to the machine, his canvas camera bags bouncing off his body. He kicked the machine swiftly with the side of his foot. A cardboard box came

(continued on page 234)

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight



Stash your vintage vino in the glass, brass and mirror Courbu Pyramid wine rack, a reproduction of the Cheops Pyramid fitted with a compass for perfect positioning, and—according to the manufacturer—the wine will age at a much faster pace, by European Design Products, \$800. We've tried it with bottles of 1981 Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, from The Chicago Wine Company, Niles, Illinois, \$690 per case. The silver-plated caviar presentoir holds four tin sizes and features an isothermic system that replaces the usual crushed ice; the presentoir, \$860, a silver-plated caviar ladle, \$120, and one kilogram of Beluga caviar, \$900, all by Petrossian Paris.

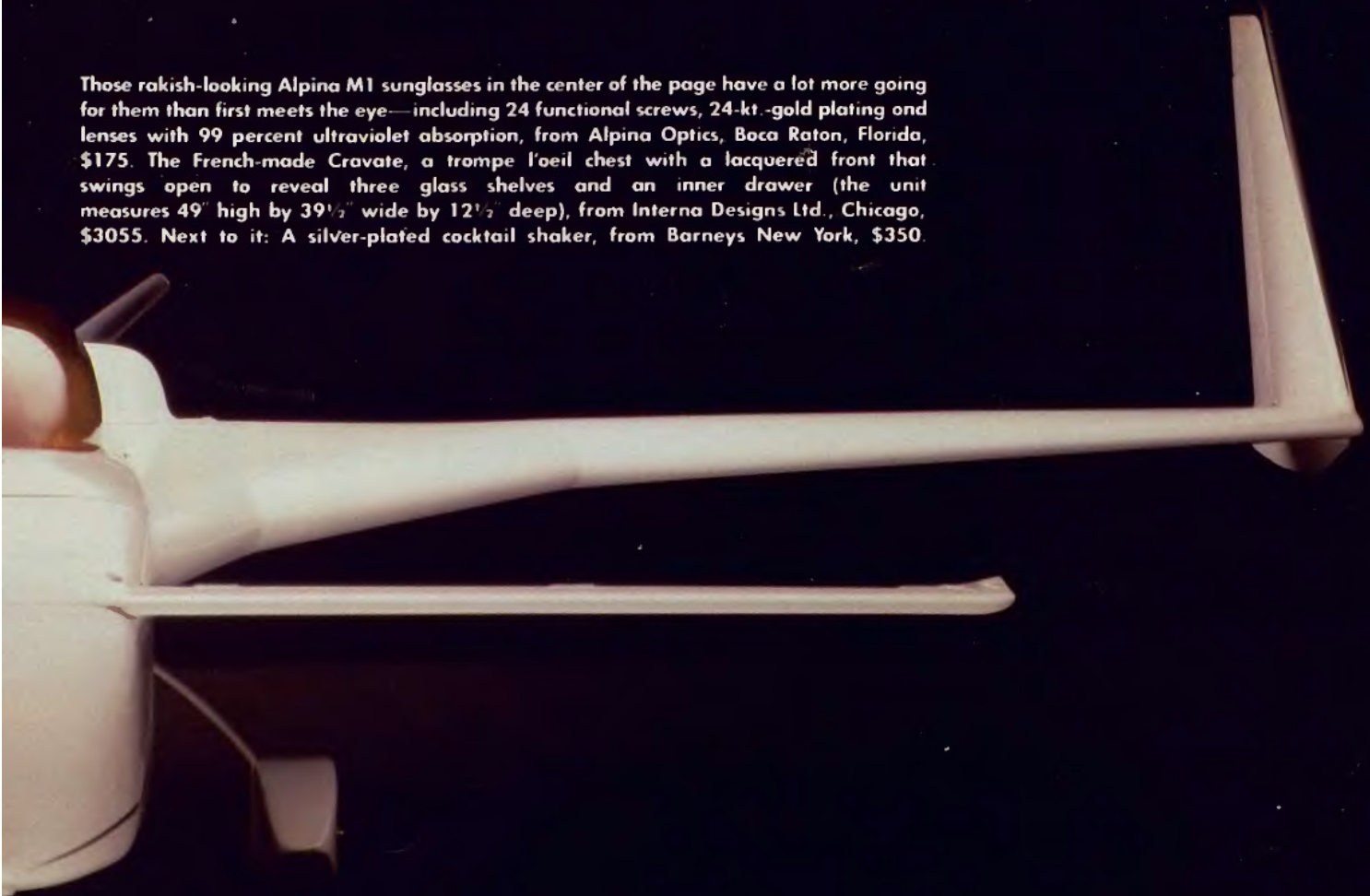
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

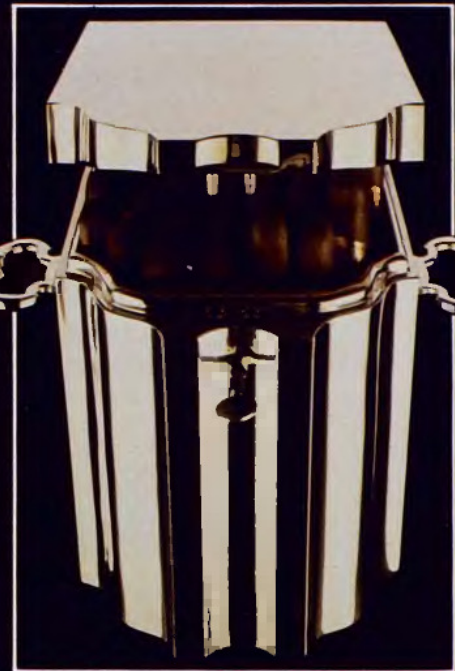
The Long-EZ radio-controlled model airplane just below, with a 62½" wing span, comes in deluxe kit form and is powered by a .40-cubic-inch model engine that will allow you to cruise your craft at speeds between 30 and 80 miles per hour, from St. Croix Models, Park Falls, Wisconsin, \$680. Bottom left: A rechargeable Seiko TFT pocket color television that's only about six inches high and even has an alarm clock, \$349. Next to it: Flexxx Phones that can also be mounted on the wall have a hook switch inside the articulated mid-section (when you flex the body back, it shuts off the phone), by TeleQuest, \$59.95.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE



Those rakish-looking Alpina M1 sunglasses in the center of the page have a lot more going for them than first meets the eye—including 24 functional screws, 24-kt.-gold plating and lenses with 99 percent ultraviolet absorption, from Alpina Optics, Boca Raton, Florida, \$175. The French-made Cravate, a trompe l'oeil chest with a lacquered front that swings open to reveal three glass shelves and an inner drawer (the unit measures 49" high by 39½" wide by 12½" deep), from Interna Designs Ltd., Chicago, \$3055. Next to it: A silver-plated cocktail shaker, from Barneys New York, \$350.





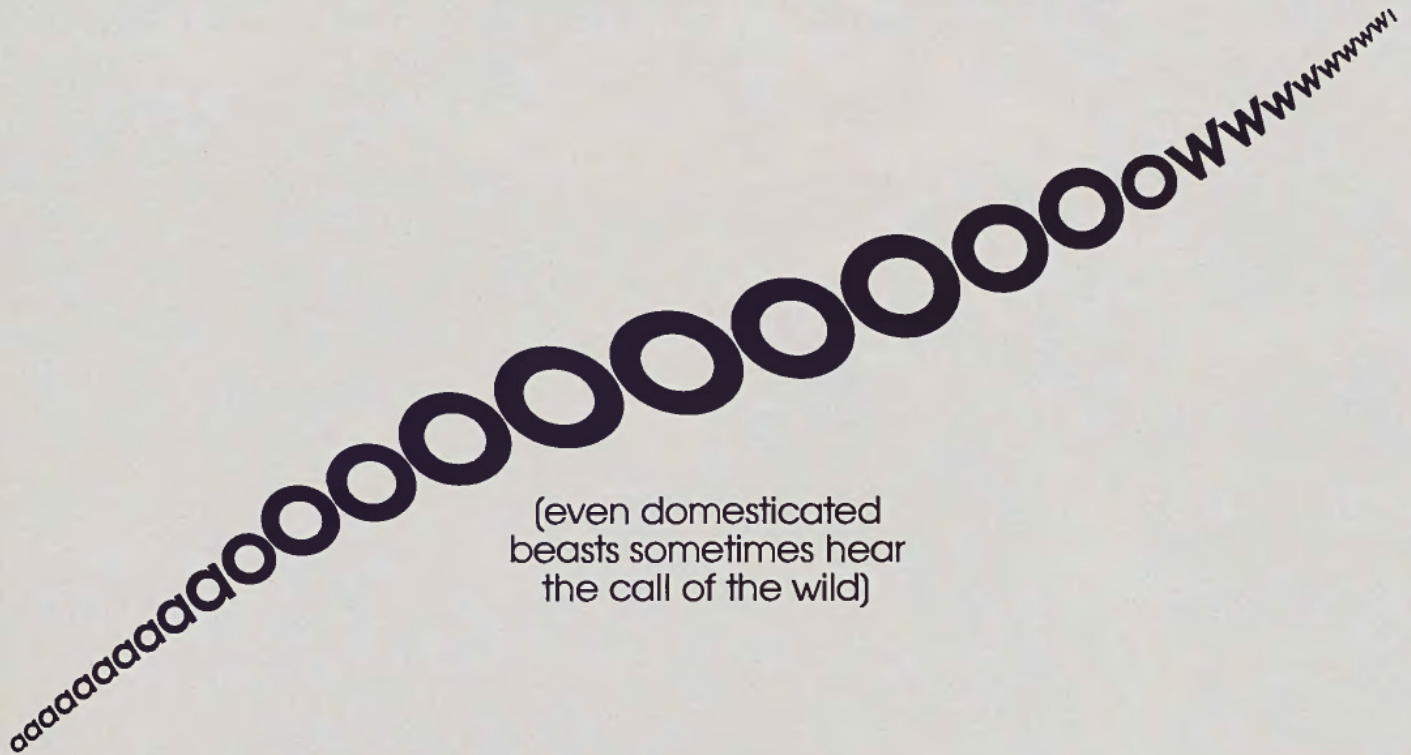
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Top left: A Baccarat Crown of Napoleon decanter handmade of heavy lead crystal and inlaid with gold holds 750 milliliters of Sempé Imperial Reserve 30-year-old Armagnac, from Regal Brands, \$350. Behind it is a rare Tiffany quart-size antique sterling-silver-and-crystal flask, from Barneys New York, \$1100. And to hold your favorite liquor, a cut-crystal Latimer brandy snifter, from Cartier, Chicago, \$160 for a set of four. Top right: If money is no object when it comes to storing your cherished cheroots, we recommend a sterling-silver cigar humidor that's lined in cedar, from Tiffany, New York, \$12,500.



We've all seen Memphis-style tables and chairs, and now that approach to design has been applied to home accessories in the form of a Memphis ice bucket and glasses, designed by Georges Briard, that includes a four-quart lacquer-finished Pyramid ice bucket, \$55; and a set of four Pyramid glasses, \$17, both by Georges Briard, Inc. Archigraphics Orbit Lamp, available in a variety of colors, is actually a light sculpture that's made up of a metal globe with a durable pointed finish that is intersected by an illuminated triangular neon tube, from Zimmermon Studio, Los Angeles, \$300.

THE BIOLOGICAL NEED FOR BOYS' NIGHT OUT



(even domesticated
beasts sometimes hear
the call of the wild)

humor By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

BOYS' NIGHT OUT—a refreshingly sinful activity. But is it for everyone? The timid soul who buries his head in his hands and says, “Oh, my God, what am I doing to my loved ones?” might just as well not leave the house. The same is true of the Lonely Guy, who is out every night anyway and won’t even notice the difference.

Most men, on the other hand, crave relief from the comforts of domesticity. Denial of this urge may be the single biggest contributor to American sulkiness and pouting. A shrewd wife or ladylove may practice sexual damage control and send her fellow off with an empty tank—all’s fair. But send him off she will.

Why would an otherwise contented male leave the comforts of hearth and home and risk the perils of the night? Is it against a salesman’s basic nature to sit in a lounge and watch *Miami Vice*? Do dentists secretly long to hunt in packs beneath a full moon? No doubt, Federally funded studies (continued on page 264)



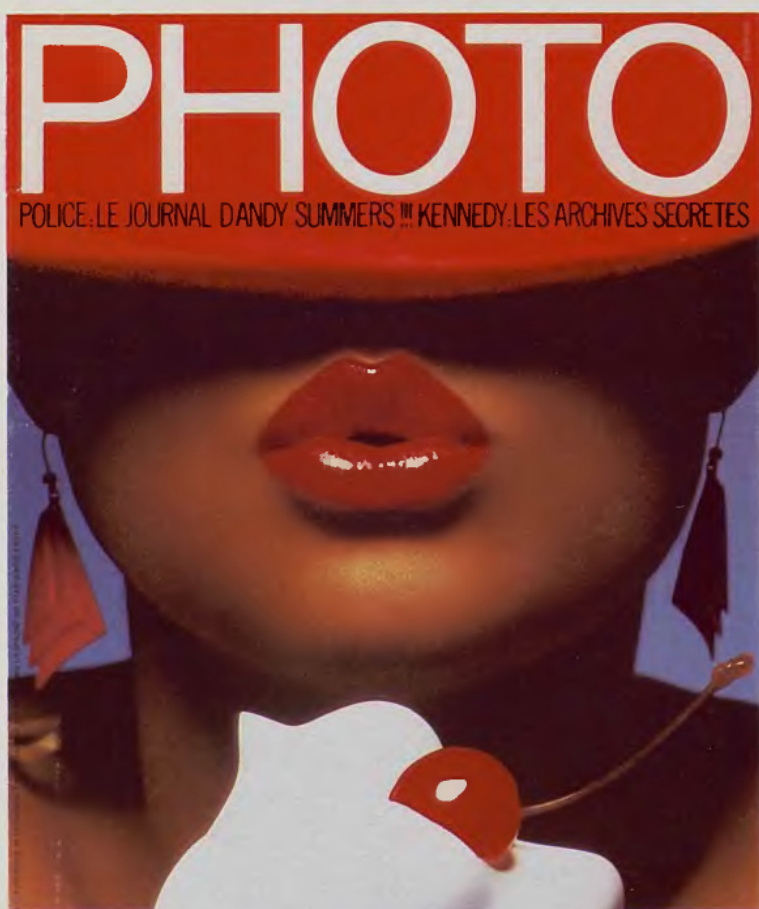
C'EST MOI!



*our christmas
carol, like miss liberty
herself, is a gift
from france to america*

IF YOU'RE FRENCH, maybe you've seen this lady modeling lingerie on tall Paris billboards. (Is Paris burning?) If you're a moviegoer, maybe you caught her line to architect John Cassavetes in *Tempest* ("I loove arsh-tect!"). If you're one of the little animals, maybe you've seen her at the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society, where she does volunteer





PHOTO

POLICE: LE JOURNAL DANDY SUMMERS !!! KENNEDY: LES ARCHIVES SECRETES



work. (She's the stunning-looking human with the lullaby voice.) And if you're none of the above, you're still lucky. You get to meet her now.

Carol Ficatier (Fih-caht'-yay): A product of France, pleasing to the senses, mischievous, bright—descended from noble blood, even. See also beauté, émigrée, noblesse, enchanteresse.

She comes from Auxerre, 20 kilometers from Chablis. It's pretty there on the Yonne River—a 13th Century cathedral, vineyards—but it's not bright lights, big city, and young Carol was *très motivée*.

"I was trouble in school," she says, "the clown of the class, always." Her accent is almost gone now—she's been working hard on it—but the English word animals, for instance, still comes out shaded by *animaux*. "And I did not work very hard. I modeled a little bit when I was younger—little magazines. Then, starting on my 18th birthday, I became a full-time model."

As she looked up just a year later at those fondly remembered (in Paris, anyway) lingerie billboards, Carol's attitude was "It is me, but it's not. I can be very objective. I am not looking at myself and saying, 'Boy, am I nice!' It's someone else, almost, someone

Between stopping by her agency for a modeling job (top left) and taking orphaned pups to the park (bottom left), Carol finds time to pucker those lustrous lips. And there is luster in more than her lips (right).





"In France, sex is more healthy, I think. Here, you really are puritans. There is ugly pornography and then, for some, sex is like 'Don't come near me!' But when you repress in one way, something bad comes out in another way."



else I know so well that I know all the flaws."

There were not enough flaws to keep her from moving on to high-profile assignments in Zurich, Hamburg, Milan, Tokyo and, after a few nights of nail biting, in the vigilante capital of the world. "New York, for French people—for a lot of people—it's a scary place," she says, covering her eyes.

"When I first came here, every time I opened my mouth, someone said, 'Oh! Are you from Fraaance? Which country do you prefer?' I don't prefer. They're different. Now I can say a sentence without causing a commotion. That's nicer."



*"A few days before I left Paris, there was a movie on French TV, *Death Wish*—Charles Bronson shooting everyone. I was thinking, My God, I'm so scared! But I loved New York at first sight."*

New York reciprocated, and now, five years later, Carol is a *très* successful model, occasional actress and defender of





"Looks don't matter in a man. Well, I can't say that. A man for me? Not necessarily superbright. I don't need dumb, obviously. Tender, kind. I want to be his companion, his lover, everything—but not dominated. I have my own identity."



animal rights in her new home town, Chicago.

"I belong to The Humane Society of the United States and another group called Mobilization for Animals, which fight the abuse of animals in laboratories," says our Miss December, whose vegetarianism arises from a revulsion for any kind of killing. "What goes on in the (concluded on page 210)

MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: CAROL FICATIER

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 1/2 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 02/20/58 BIRTHPLACE: Auxerre, France

AMBITIONS: It's not important what type of job I have as long as I can continue to grow spiritually

TURN-ONS: Romantic and tender men, cuddling, jewels, tropical islands, soft music, wine!

TURN-OFFS: Cruelty, judgmental people, rudeness, Chicago winters, getting up early, littering.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Sophie's Choice, Elephant Man, Mask, Killing Fields, Amadeus, Cocoon, Tootsie.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chocolate, French pastries, Rice Krispies squares, fruits, cheese, Spinach pie.

FAVORITE PLACE: Venice, Italy

IDEAL EVENING: A traditional French dinner with my family and husband at home in France.

BIGGEST JOY: Helping people and animals is very fulfilling to me, also I love to see my family.



Proudly wearing my imported American bathing suit.

Looking just like Maman!

17 1/2 1st modeling job!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After downing a dozen whiskeys and beer chasers, the wobbling patron called the bartender over for another round. "Sorry, buddy," said the barkeep. "You've had enough already."

"Oh, yeah? Then how come I can see that one-eyed cat coming in the door?"

"For your information, pal," the bartender corrected, "that cat is going *out* the door."

What do you *mean* you were kicked out of Disney World for talking to Pinocchio?"

"Well, actually, they kicked me out for sitting on his face," the secretary admitted to her co-workers, "and asking him to tell a lie."



The wealthy commodities broker could not believe his luck—the beautiful woman he had picked up in a bar turned out to be bright and sophisticated. Hoping to impress her, he took her back to his apartment to show off his art collection.

While she stood admiring one of his new acquisitions, the enthralled broker asked if she would care for some port or sherry.

"Sherry, by all means," the smartly dressed woman replied.

"You're not only smart, you're discriminating."

"Certainly," she said. "To me, sherry is the nectar of the gods. Just watching sherry shimmer in its decanter fills me with an otherworldly glow. Its sweet bouquet lifts me on wings of ecstasy. One sniff and a thousand violins throb in my inner ear; one taste and a symphony of pleasures explodes within me. Port, on the other hand, makes me fart."

Admitting that he still moonlighted to help pay his bills, the accountant explained that he had once gone deeply into debt after getting a girl pregnant.

"You had to pay her off," his friend surmised. "I see."

"No," the accountant replied. "But it cost me a fortune to keep that rabbit on life support."

A well-dressed man approached the drugstore counter and asked for a deodorant.

"Ball type?" the clerk asked.

"No. Actually, it's for under my arms."

The annual Big Animals vs. Small Animals football game had turned into a rout. Just before half time, the score was Big Animals 105, Small Animals 0.

The gorilla took a pass on his own 12-yard line. He was tackled immediately and thrown all the way back to the two.

"Wow!" yelled the mouse. "Who did that?"

"I did," replied the centipede.

"Where were you the whole first half?"

"Tying my shoes."

After half time, the second-half kickoff sailed to the rhino. He ran to the left, reversed, ran to the right and was smothered in his tracks.

"Who did that?" asked the excited hamster.

"I did," replied the centipede. But then he disappeared into a crowd on the side lines.

On the last play of the game, with the score 227-0, the giraffe took the snap from center, faded back and was sacked for a safety.

"Who did *that*?" asked the prairie dog.

"I did," said the centipede.

"What the hell were you doing since the second-half kickoff?"

"High fives."

I felt sorry for myself because I had no women," the lonesome philosopher declared, "until I met a man who had no hands."



D-d-doc," the patient stammered, "you've g-got to help m-m-m-me. My st-stutter is ruining my c-c-c-confidence."

An examination revealed the man's penis to be so large that its weight was straining his spine, which in turn strained his neck and vocal cords. The doctor recommended surgery to remove eight inches of the penis.

Although the operation was successful, the patient returned a few weeks later, again in a state of despair.

"At first it was great, doc," he said. "I had much more self-confidence. But pretty soon my wife began to lose interest, and now she wants to leave me. Please, doc, you've got to give me back the rest of my penis."

"S-s-sorry. T-too l-l-late."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



BUCK BROWN

"Oh, here's the mix-up—Miss Fowler, you're seated opposite Mr. Wilkinson!"

CHRISTMAS

fiction By PAUL THEROUX

*i wanted to spend the longest night
of the year with this beautiful
woman. but what did she want?*

I THOUGHT I had set off in good time, but this was the shortest day of the year—four days before Christmas. I was in ancient Yorkshire, walking the coast north of Whitby. It was twilight before I had gone ten miles, and at Runswick Bay and Kettlewell, I found it hard to see my feet. It was that uncertain time of day, just after a winter sunset, when the way is made visible by the pale sky showing in puddles on the muddy path.

And then everything was black. I stumbled on through the wykes and dumps until I saw a wavering light. This is how I came to Blackby Hole.

The village was not yet visible. But I knew there were cottages hidden in the nearby darkness, because there was in the air the burnt-toast smell of smoke from coal fires, the sharpest odor on frosty nights in English villages. There was only darkness and this coal smoke for a few hundred yards, and then clammy air rolled over me; and the next time I saw the light, it was smudged and refracted by the drifting fog.

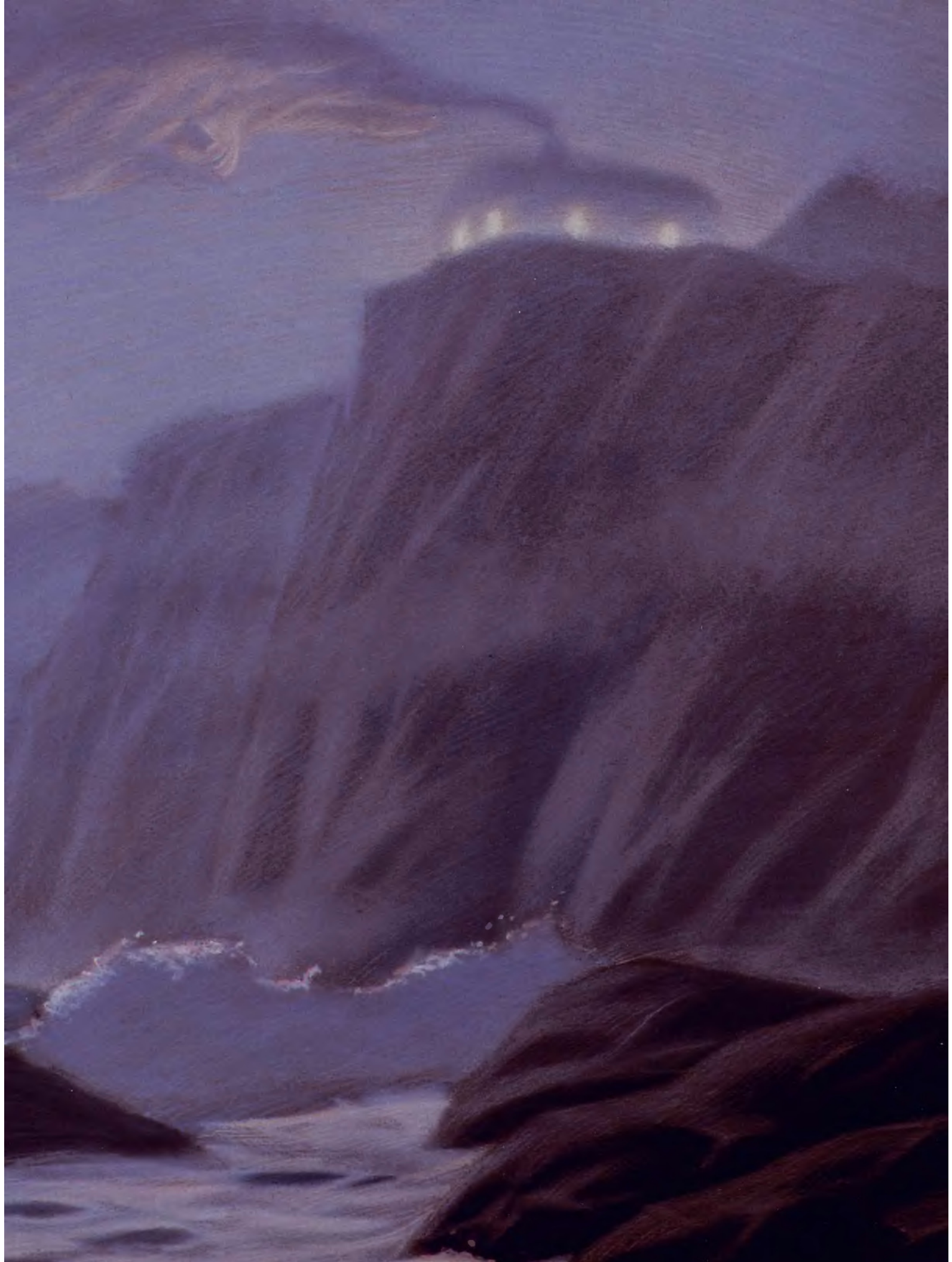
This was the north—I had expected Christmas snow, but the sea fog was stranger and just as cold and penetrating. It was as if I lay with my face against a slab, and the ghostly progress of sloshing surf on the foreshore under the cliffs suggested terrible things. I imagined stepping off one of those cliffs or the edge breaking under me and the loose chunks of headland bearing me down and flinging me into the black water. The sea fog had settled and thickened, muffling sound and shrouding the coast.

I regretted this trip already. England is one of those safe, civilized countries where a traveler has to go to a great deal of trouble to place himself in danger. After days of struggling against the tameness and safety of the Cleveland Way, I had now succeeded in placing myself at risk.

The swimming light showed me a stile. I plunged over it and into a narrow lane. I heard the creak of a sign before I saw the pub itself—the Crossed Keys. And cottages appeared suddenly as dripping walls and shuttered windows. I was muddy and cold, so I decided to warm myself by the open fire at the Crossed Keys. There was a sign saying VACANCIES in the window, but I procrastinated. If I could find *(continued on page 226)*

FANTASY





still more timeless wonders from our favorite
collection of erotic art

PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES

IF YOU'RE a regular PLAYBOY reader, you're familiar with Boston art dealer Charles Martignette's collection of antique erotica. We've featured pieces from his collection—probably the largest in the world—in our October 1980, January 1983 and January 1984 issues. Still, we've but scratched the surface of Martignette's risqué treasures. He adds new items each year, some of the most recent coming from the now-defunct International Museum of Erotic Art in San Francisco. Our selections this month—from a snuffbox to an ornate *art nouveau* bronze vase—prove, once again, that there is no common object upon which man cannot project his erotic imagination.



In 1775, while we were up to our noses in revolution, the French were putting their snuff into hand-painted boxes like the ivory one above. In case you can't make out the details, a woman is pointing to a couple engaged beneath a tent and suggesting to her swain that they follow suit.



The Victorian bronze at left is by Parisian sculptor J. L. Gerome. At its base, three men's open mouths await the dropping of gold balls that the woman holds in her hands. The serpentine arrangement of women in green crystal, above, is a jewelry case designed in Paris by René Lalique in 1900.



The First Century bronze wall plaque above shows the best of ancient Roman pleasures, while the petticoat of the English porcelain doll, actually an ashtray (below), is inscribed WHERE'S THE MOUSE?, a question easily answered by turning the doll over. The German bronze vase (bottom), circa 1890, could only make whatever you poured from it taste better.

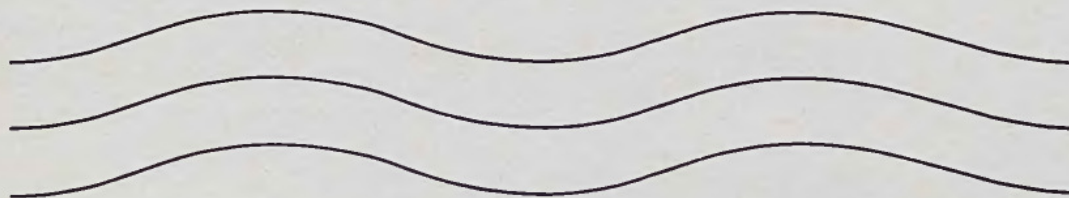


The essence of sexual inscrutability, the 1890 Japanese bisque wall plaque above seems innocent, but turn it over (see inset at left) and you see what can happen to a young lady after too much sake. The 1910 Japanese Hakata doll (below left) has a surprise on the underside. When you pick up the doll (see inset), you discover what she's hiding beneath those robes.



C HRISTMAS IN THE AIR

food and drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG



a holiday shopping list of gourmet goodies available posthaste by post

WHEREVER SHE MAY BE, at home or on the road, actress Carol Channing knows where to get fresh seafood—in a hurry. She phones Legal Sea Foods, Boston, Massachusetts, on an 800 number and places her standard order—swordfish or gray sole. The fish is shipped via air express and arrives promptly, in pristine condition, frigid but not frozen. Expatriate New Yorker Max Lent, now living in Marina del Rey, California, assuages the pangs of nostalgia with a periodic fix from Zabbar's, home of New York's best native New York fare. The perishable merchandise—smoked whitefish or carp, kippered salmon, pickled lox, pickled beef tongue—is at his doorstep within 24 hours of being shipped.

Those two instances are definitely not isolated happenings. They are prime examples of the passion for mail-order

shopping now sweeping the country. In effect, it's the open-sesame to an abundance of foodstuffs, unique, hard-to-find items gathered from every part of the globe: buffalo steaks from Wyoming; a complete New England shore dinner; champagne-laced chocolate truffles from Switzerland—and thousands more. Many of the offerings are regional classics, available only from small family enterprises that follow heirloom recipes. You can get them at the farmhouse door, in a few hometown shops or via mail order—that's all.

The boom in mail-order food shopping and the consequent proliferation of food catalogs were triggered by technological advances in packing and shipping that made it feasible to send the most delicate and perishable goodies almost anywhere. Mary Jane Anderson, publisher of the industry newsletter "Foods by Mail," says that mail-order food is becoming a billion-dollar business—which suggests that catalog browsing may be our second favorite indoor sport. The following is a listing of

distinctive and uncommon mail-order foods certain to delight you, with explicit instructions on how to order them. You won't find the usual fruitcakes, plum puddings, fillet steaks, Smithfield hams, fruit clubs and banal gift baskets that pop up annually. Not a cliché in the bunch. We've also noted whether the company accepts checks (CK), money orders (M.O.), Visa (V), American Express (A.E.), MasterCard (M.C.), Carte Blanche (C.B.) or Diners' Club (D.C.). For tips on *Mail-Order Smarts*, please refer to the sidebar on page 253. Finally, you should know that prices are subject to change; confirm them when placing your order. Happy hunting!

SAY CHEESE

If cheese is "milk's leap toward immortality," then the future of Maytag blue cheese is assured. An aromatic, creamy cheese made from rich whole milk and slowly cave-aged, Maytag is not merely the best American blue but a world-class cheese. A 4-lb. wheel is \$25, a 2-pounder, \$13.75. Maytag (continued on page 250)



country girl barbi benton
bares a few
gifts for the greeks

BARBI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



LIVING ON a grand scale demands as much panache as it does cash. Without a sense of personal style, cruising the Aegean in a 50-meter yacht is just, well, showing off. As Beau Brummell once observed, no one should ever notice how well you're dressed. No one would ever accuse Barbi Benton of a lack of personal style. In fact, she's one of those people who can live well and make it seem almost folksy. Luxury, for Barbi, is just another word for comfy.

Y'all remember Barbi. She was the sparkly, shapely ingénue with the

An exuberant Barbi Benton, above and right, is understandably excited about a yacht cruise through the ancient Greek isles. At left, she is piped aboard by the captain and crew of the good ship Christina II, a charter from Valef Yachts, Ltd.



irresistible smile who got her showbiz start in 1968 on the set of *Playboy After Dark*. There she met Hugh M. Hefner, who was so smitten that she became his steady for some five years. Almost as enthusiastic were fans of *Hee Haw*, the country-music show on which she became a regular; since then, she has turned up with great frequency on such series as *Fantasy Island* and *The Love Boat*.

"*Love Boat* is my second name, you know," laughs Barbi. "I've done so many of those shows over the years that I've become identified with them. For me, it was the *Love Boat* School of Acting. But it was great. Aaron Spelling, more than any other producer, believed in me and gave me a lot of chances—before



At right, the whitewashed sparkle of an island village street complements the sensuous form of our American beauty. When the shadows grow long, the men of the village (above) gather at one of the local coffeehouses to swap old fishing stories and lift a glass or two. No women, just men. Barbi puts a definitive and welcome end to that old tradition.







I was ready. Because of that, it's been difficult for me to break into more serious parts. But I've done a few now, and I'm starting to get some recognition as an actress rather than simply a celebrity who does some television." Of course, Barbi

The two women in the picture at the top are dressed distinctively—Borbi in a little something she took along for the cruise, the older woman in traditional Grecian dress. Borbi's outfit above is Greek, too. But from another era, the golden age.







didn't depend entirely on the *Love Boat* School of Acting. She immersed herself in the study of the craft for six years, with classes twice a week, seven hours at a time.

"My acting coach, Milton Casallas, has a strict

If you take your own toothbrush, a yacht can be just like home. Barbi gets into the rhythm of the waves (opposite) on the afterdeck of the *Christino II*. Obviously enjoying herself (above), she cancels the papers back home and calls all able hands on deck.



policy: You sign up for Milton's class and you go to class twice a week unless you die."

Acting classes involve, among other things, rigorous self-examination, emotional control and sensory development. *(text concluded on page 210)*

At nightfall, even the most enthusiastic sailors wind down. Dropping anchor, Barbi retires to the master cabin, where soft bouzouki music wafts in over the sea from the islands. Somewhere there is strife. But there's nane here. Not tonight.



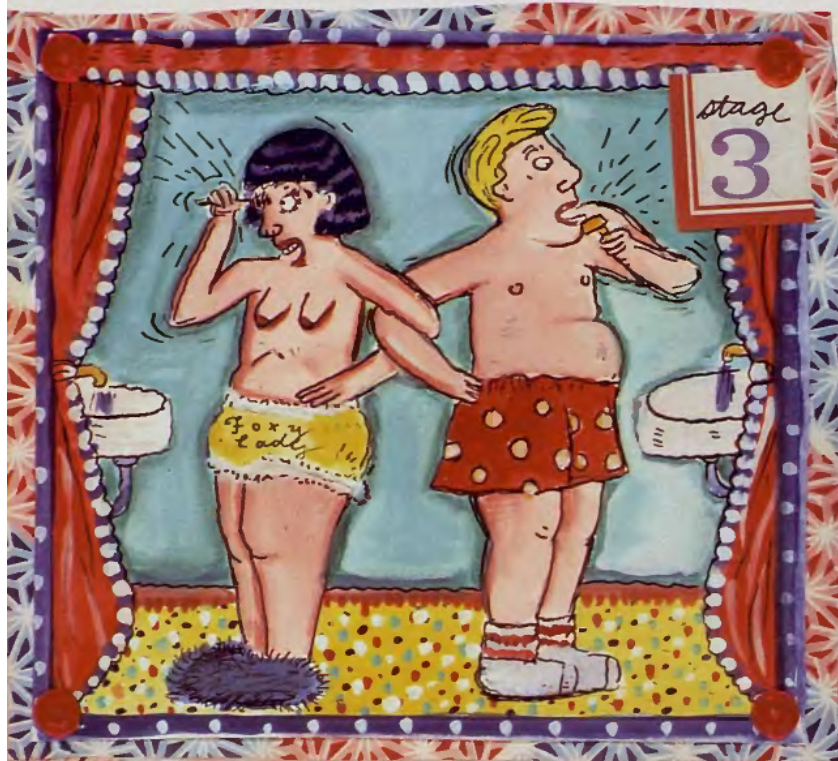






LYNDA BARRY

SEXUAL PASSAGES



why women in love give great head, and other short-lived phenomena

AH, HOW I LOVED HER. It was an *amour fou*. Zoom in on Letitia for one moment. Tall, with straight ginger-ale-blond hair, graceful as an astral projection. Eyes that were, well, Tiffany box blue. In a face so vivid and sensual the glass over her photograph used to sweat. And she was intellectual, witty, eccentric. I first met Letitia at a noncostume party: she wore this big water-heater coil and several brass gaskets on her head. Letitia spoke about Truman Capote. Later she sketched a complex protein molecule across my cocktail napkin. Later yet, Letitia threw both shoes off, got up on the local Steinway and played *Stardust* with her feet. Letitia came from Sutton Place and was writing a play that required dice to perform. (For every line of dialog there were six possible responses. Each actor, she told me, would roll and then speak. It made Ionesco seem a social realist.) I was short and insecure: at the age of 19 I thought I needed an intellectual, eccentric woman who would understand (or locate) my finer qualities. I fell hard. But Letitia was steadily dating Rafael, a Hispanic Yale sophomore who looked like Fernando Lamas and did his hair, I think, with Grecian Formula gray to appear more mature. I can be (continued on page 193)

essay **By D. KEITH MANO**



20 QUESTIONS: HUEY LEWIS

attention, "sports" fans—the bay area's best rock-'n'-roller goes a cappella

Former yogurt salesman Huey Lewis and the band he fronts, the News, are doing their best to make sure that the heart of rock 'n' roll is still beating. "Sports," the News' third album, sold 6,000,000 copies, and "The Power of Love," their song from the Steven Spielberg presentation "Back to the Future," hit number one soon after it was released. David and Victoria Sheff met with Lewis in his smallish London hotel room. They told us, "He's the only rock star who plays golf and occasionally punctuates a sentence with 'For fuck's sake.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: Since *Sports* was released two and a half years ago, it's been on the charts for well over 100 weeks. We keep hearing from people in the record business that it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. LEWIS: That really is the secret. It had nothing to do with the record or the fact that we're a good band or the videos. It's just that I'm a nice guy.

2.

PLAYBOY: Don't nice guys finish last? LEWIS: I'm not *that* nice a guy. It really has been amazing. *Heart and Soul*, *The Heart of Rock and Roll*, *I Want a New Drug* and *If This Is It* all went to number six and stopped. Six happens to be my lucky number. The album was number one for six, seven days, until Bruce [Springsteen] knocked us off, and, boy, were we glad when he did—all that pressure. Much rather be number two or three, back where we belong. The record has refused to die, which is fine, though it's made it hard to make another record. Most groups put out a record a year. It's been three and a half years since we made *Sports*. It's a bit frustrating, but that's not the kind of thing you bitch about.

3.

PLAYBOY: *Sports* is a good album, but more than 100 weeks on the charts? To what do you attribute its massive success?

LEWIS: I think it's my golden voice. And the fact that I'm a nice guy. Next question?

Seriously, we are very fortunate, OK? There's a certain belief that if you are a serious musician, you have a chip on your shoulder. You don't have to. We don't take ourselves very seriously, but we *do* take the music seriously, and the two things are not mutually exclusive. And we also hit a nerve somehow. It wasn't a calculated thing, but because we were a real band from a real neighborhood—no gimmicks,

just us—people could relate to us. We insisted on producing the records ourselves and having control: We conceived the videos ourselves, for the most part; we did the album cover ourselves, because we wanted literally as well as figuratively to stay out of Hollywood. I'm generalizing now—rather largely, but what the hell? Hollywood is out of touch with Cleveland, Tulsa, Memphis and everywhere else but Hollywood. People there don't have a clue. If somebody had told them, "We've got this little black man with his hair in a pompadour; he's going to wear purple lingerie and he's going to be huge," they would have said, "What, are you crazy?" If they'd said, "We've got these six guys, see; they really don't look like much—just boy-next-door types—and they are going to be the next big thing," nobody would have bought that, either. We *look* like the boys next door. I'm talking about imagewise. We're not.

4.

PLAYBOY: Want to tell us about *I Want a New Drug*?

LEWIS: A lot of people could relate to that song—for some strange reason. [Laughs] There is a tradition of songs with similar themes—*You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me* or *I've Got You Under My Skin* or "I get no kick from cocaine . . . I get a kick out of you." But it was new to this audience. *I Want a New Drug* is not about drugs. It's a Sixties song. And that's what we're proudest of, being children of the Sixties. It was a lot of fun to write. You could write a hundred million verses for it, but three is all that the law would allow.

5.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction the first time you heard Ray Parker, Jr.'s, remarkably similar song from *Ghostbusters*?

LEWIS: I was fairly well shocked. The suit is over, thankfully, and one of the conditions of the settlement is that I can't talk about it. And, no, I didn't see the movie. I had to boycott it on principle. I understand it was great, though.

6.

PLAYBOY: You're an A-level star now. What have been the pluses of this success?

LEWIS: It certainly has improved the hotel rooms. [Laughs, looking around his messy, standard single room] The best part is that I've gotten to meet Ray Charles and Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen and Tina

Turner and that sort of stuff. To have Quincy Jones say "I love your stuff" is too much. Meeting sports stars, too, which is really something for me. Dwight Clark and I have played golf twice. It's like a mutual-admiration society. We spend time gushing over each other. He wants to talk about the videos, and I want to talk about the Super Bowl. Also, Dylan sent me a tune. You know what I'm saying? "Here's a song I thought you might like. Take care. Good luck. Bob." I'm speechless. And it's a good song.

7.

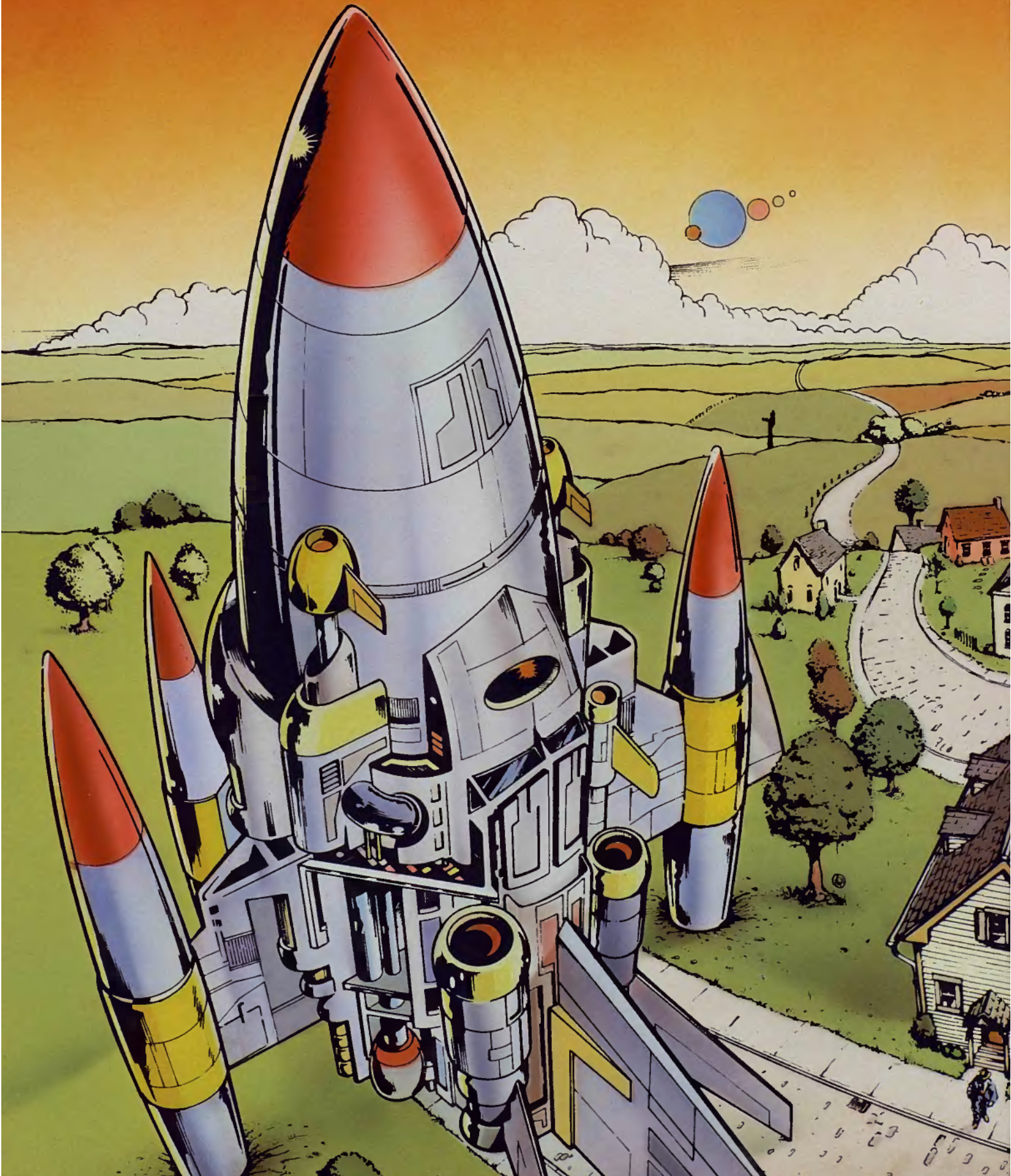
PLAYBOY: Who is the coolest person you have ever met—someone who had you shaking in your boots before meeting?

LEWIS: I met a lot of them at the *We Are the World* session. Dylan is really cool, and Lionel Richie was fantastic at the USA for Africa session. Quincy Jones above all. And Ray Charles, whom I never actually met. I mean, there he was, but I was so embarrassed, so in awe of him that I couldn't go up and say, "Hi, Ray. Nice to meet you." I just couldn't bring myself to do it. The best thing about it was that nobody was allowed in the room except the artists themselves. So we had breaks every two hours or so, and there I was talking to Dylan and Willie Nelson, both of whom I've idolized for years. We had that Sixties feel. There was Waylon Jennings talking to Smokey Robinson. There were Kenny Rogers and me and James Ingram having a rap. The best line came from a pop star who shall remain nameless: "If they dropped a bomb on this session, John Denver would be back on top."

8.

PLAYBOY: Has success changed what you have in your pockets? Come clean.

LEWIS: What? I mean, I've been asked some weird things. [Reaching into his pockets] Oh, yes. [Removing his wallet, opening it, grabbing some snapshots, handing them to us] Want to see my daughter? She's almost three. Here she is with her old man. The worst part of being on the road now is the family. I really miss my daughter. I can talk to my wife on the phone, but my daughter doesn't do that yet. It certainly has increased the telephone bill. It's rough. Here are some more pictures. Her birthday is March ninth. Cracks me up, I really miss her, and the pictures make it worse. You pick up the pictures and you linger. I do this nightly. [His mind wanders.] (continued on page 272)



HITCH YOUR SPACESHIP TO A STAR

*the astrologers of figulus knew the future, but
they had yet to learn about naked truth*

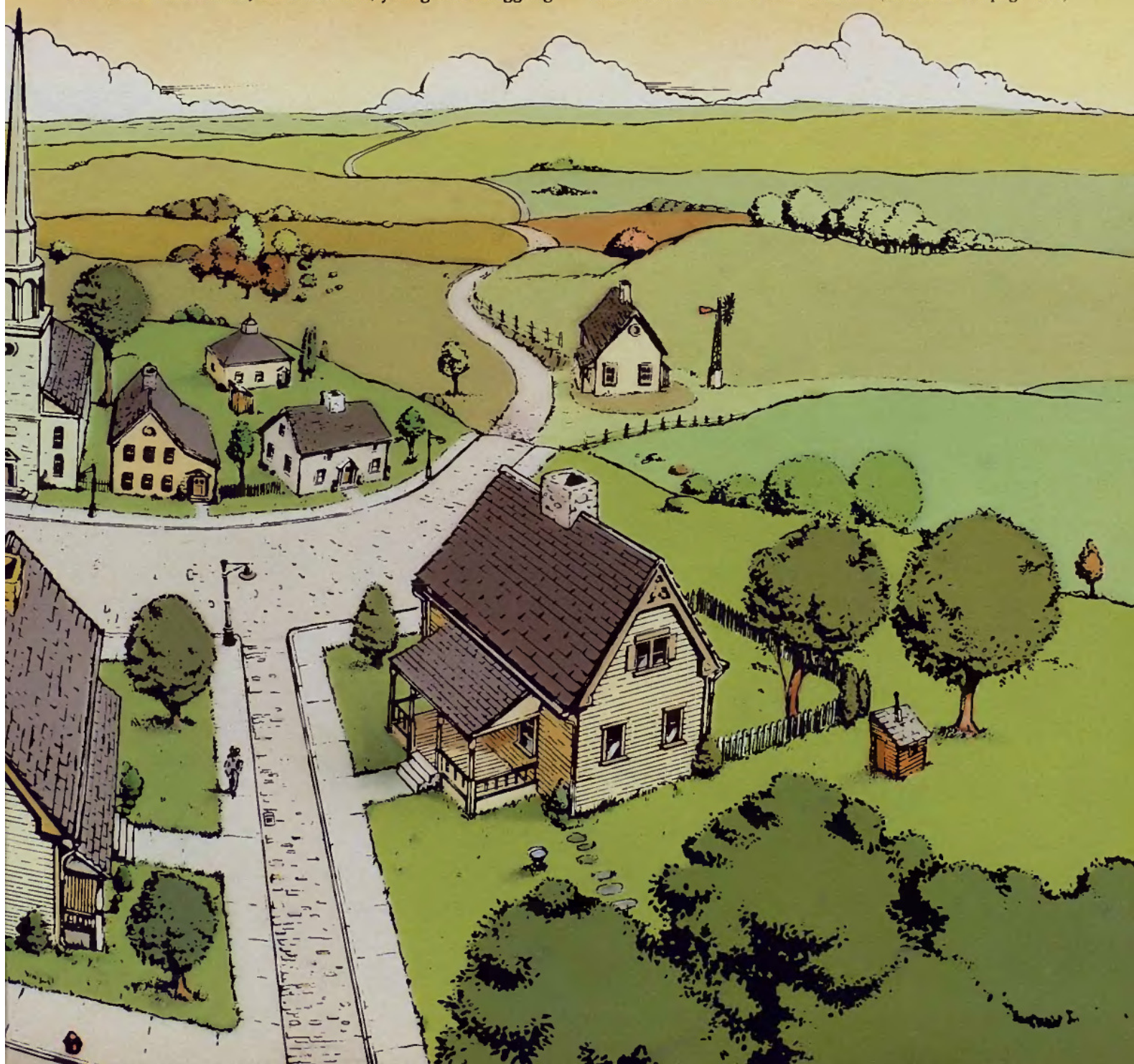
fiction **By DONALD E. WESTLAKE** From the beginning of Time, Man has been on the move, ever outward. First he spread over his own planet, then across the Solar System, then outward to the Galaxies, all of them dotted, speckled, measled with the colonies of Man.

Then, one day in the year eleven thousand four hundred and six (11,406), an incredible discovery was made in the Master Imperial Computer back on Earth. Nearly 500 years before, a clerical error had erased from the computer's memory more than 1000 colonies, all in Sector F.U.B.A.R.3. For half a millennium, those colonies, young and struggling

when last heard from, had had no contact with the rest of Humanity.

The Galactic Patrol Interstellar Ship *Hopeful*, Captain Gregory Standforth commanding, was at once dispatched to re-establish contact with the Thousand Lost Colonies and return them to the bosom of Mankind.

Breakfast on the *Hopeful* consisted of ocher juice, parabacon, toastettes, mock omelet, papjacks, sausage (don't ask) and Hester's coffee. It was called Hester's coffee because Hester made it and Hester *(continued on page 216)*



SEX STARS OF 1985

good grief! is hollywood becoming just another marriage mill?





text by JIM HARWOOD ARE WE REALLY heading back toward the rock-ribbed Fifties, when, as the song had it, love and marriage went together like a horse and carriage? Could be, at least if we judge by the behavior of our Sex Stars of 1985, who've been engaged in a mad rush to the altar. If celebrities are trendsetters, bridal boutiques are in for a banner year.

Although hard statistics are impossible to come by, there's no doubt *(text continued on page 268)*

GLITZKRIEG: This year's hottest media darlings were musicians—both of whom broke hearts by tying the knot. Scores of reporters and photographers tried to crash the wedding of Madonna (left)—whose nude photos (like the previously unpublished one here) had just made the news—to actor Sean Penn. Bruce Springsteen (above) and his bride, Julianne Phillips, however, managed to elude the press.



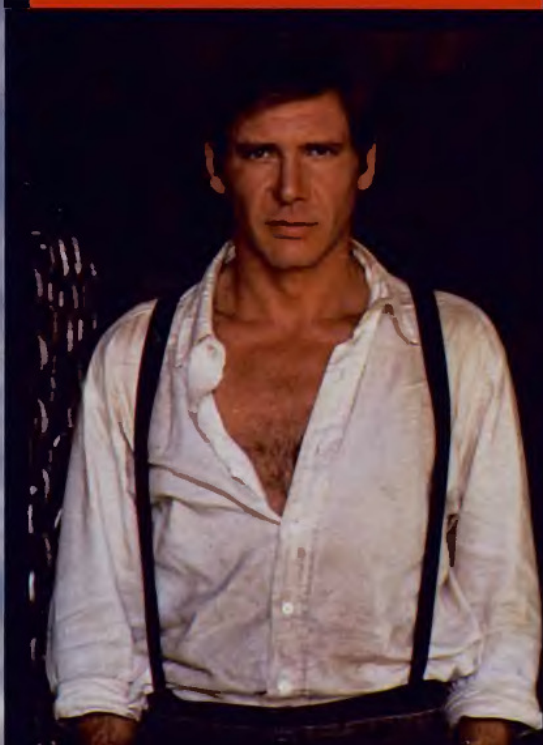
TRUE-BLUE GENES:

Stardom is definitely in the blood of these stellar performers. Jamie Lee Curtis (above left), the daughter of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, sizzles in the otherwise lack-luster *Perfect*. Rae Dawn Chong, Tommy (of Cheech and) Chong's girl, has come a long way from *Quest for Fire* (above right) to this year's *American Flyers* and *Commando*. Tahnee Welch, the attractive alien from *Cocoon* (right), looks strikingly like her glamorous parent Raquel. That's something we probably wouldn't say about Nastassja Kinski (left), who undoubtedly inherited a lot of her histrionic talent from daddy Klaus. Nastassja, lately in *Maria's Lovers* and *Paris, Texas*, became a mother last year but is back at work with two films, *Harem* and *Revolution*, due.





CHANGING SCENES: Kathleen Turner (above) has been *Body Heat*'s killer lady, *Romancing the Stone*'s naïve novelist, *Prizzi's Honor*'s killer and is that novelist again in *The Jewel of the Nile*. Harrison Ford (below) blasted out of *Star Wars*/*Indiana Jones* thrillers to a serious role in *Witness*; soon he'll play an eccentric inventor in *The Mosquito Coast*. Kim Basinger (left), once an ingénue, is enmeshed in sex and violence in *9½ Weeks* and the upcoming *Fool for Love*.





ROYAL TREATMENT: Last year's reigning sex star, Prince (below), has kept a somewhat lower profile in 1985, but he's busy writing a sequel to the fantastically successful *Purple Rain*. His first lady, Vanity (above), was a redeeming feature of the film *The Last Dragon* and is now making *Never Too Young to Die*. Meanwhile, Prince's other princess, Apollonia Kotero (not shown), has landed a gig in the vineyards of *Falcon Crest*.





SIRENS: What would the movies be without their sultry sex goddesses? It's a cult whose priestesses have included Theda Bara, Greta Garbo, Hedy Lamarr, Ava Gardner—and, today, this arresting quartet. Barbara Carrera (left) is coming on strong as a new femme fatale in TV's *Dallas*; Kelly LeBrock (above), the titular *Woman in Red*, teaches teens the facts of life in *Weird Science*; Brazilian temptress Sonia Braga (right) plays several fantasy roles, including the title one, in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*; while Joan Collins (below), the demon *doyenne* of *Dynasty*, masterminded and stars in a CBS Television miniseries called *Sins*, due early in 1986.





BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN:

But let's lay another old saw to rest—these fair-hairs are far from dumb. Shannon Tweed (left), our 1982 Playmate of the Year, now has a recurring role in TV's *Days of Our Lives*. Lori Singer (above left) shone in *The Falcon and the Snowman* and *The Man with One Red Shoe*. Randi Brooks (above right) has recovered from the spell of TV's *Wizards and Warriors* to land movie roles in a horror film,





Terror Vision, and a comedy, *Hamburger*—*The Motion Picture*. Supermodel Christie Brinkley (right) married singer Billy Joel and expects his child in January; father of a three-year-old with his lady, actress Patti D'Arbanville, is *Miami Vice*'s Don Johnson (below right), one of the hottest performers in television. Theresa Russell does a Marilyn Monroe turn in *Insignificance* (below center), while Sting (below left) became almost simultaneously the latest incarnation of Baron Frankenstein in *The Bride* and Meryl Streep's luckless working-class stud in *Plenty*.





LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION: Adventure fare has been the key to success for Sylvester Stallone (above), whose *Rambo: First Blood Part II* was a socko surprise this past summer. A photo from her model's portfolio, dropped off at Sly's hotel, did even more for Brigitte Nielsen (left) than did her starring role in *Red Sonja*: It caught Stallone's attention, and they're engaged. Grace Jones (right) wowed 'em in the newest James Bond flick, *A View to a Kill*; Tina Turner (below right) did likewise in her first major movie role as Auntie Entity in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, opposite the actor *People* magazine this year dubbed "the sexiest man alive," Mel Gibson (below left).



AMERICA'S BEST SINGLES BAR



playboy polled the experts for the hottest singles action across the land

compiled by

BRUCE KLUGER

IN JULY 1984, when PLAYBOY conducted its first nationwide singles-bar survey, an unattached Georgia woman responded with considerable reserve to one of our Atlanta choices. "I can't believe you guys picked that place," she said. "That's not a *singles bar*. And I should know. My girlfriends and I go there every weekend."

Hmmm. That's when we patted ourselves on the back and decided to go for another round. We again polled those with their ear closest to the singles' stomping ground: more than 100 newspaper columnists, city-magazine editors, radio and TV journalists and others in 17 cities who cover the local scenes. Our thanks to them all.

So here they are: the best dating bars, town by town. This year's pickup-line blue-ribbon winner is a guy in Miami who approaches the brass rail every Friday night, wearing a girl-scout pin and carrying a copy of *Modern Bride*. He's such a curiosity that the women approach *him*. Cheers!

BOY'S SURVEY FOR THE SINGLES-MINDED

from coast to rowdy coast, we found the b

ATLANTA		BALTIMORE		BOSTON		CHICAGO		DALLAS/FT. WORTH		DENVER		DETROIT		HOUSTON			
THE LINELIGHT 3330 Piedmont Road N.E.	SNEAKERS 3000 Windy Hill Road	WATER STREET EXCHANGE 110 Water Street	CHAPS 5801 Palmski Highway	THE COMMONS at Capley Place 100 Huntington Avenue	THE BULL & FURCH PUB 84 Beacon Street	THE ULTIMATE SPORTS BAR & GRILL 354 West Armitage	GAMEKEEPER'S Tavern & Grill Corner of Lincoln and Armitage	THE FOUR FAR- THERS TOWER 2600 North Cleve- land	ACAPULCO BAR 5111 Greenville Avenue, Dallas	CARAVAN OF ORISAMS 312 Houston Street, Fort Worth	RENOVATED SHELWAY 8530 East Hampden	RICK'S CAFE 60 South Madison	FLOOD'S 731 St. Antoine	JUREBOX 4616 North Woodward	FIZZ 6400 Richmond Avenue	COOTER'S 5164 Richmond Avenue	THE RED OMEN Marina del Rey 4215 Admiralty
40,000 sq. ft., 20,000 lights, 22,000 bolts of steel, 8 bars, con- crete columns... you know, the usual	Flashy and off the wall: neon manne- quins hanging over neon bar, imported Italian light show you know, the usual	Midwest Ball & Bear look: old-line Victorian with a dark wood, anti- furner feel	Brass and glass and dirty 81. Col- ored fountain hit- ting the windows from the outside	Garden-park look: garden bar, white- lattice woodwork, trees here and there and ceiling stars that twinkle at night	TV's Cheers based on this place: dark and basement, with bars, wood and stained glass boiling ring	Strictly sports: front-page head- lines, club photos, basketball shoot and full-size boxing ring	A gamekeeper's lodge in an English country estate: dark wood, hunting posts and stuffed pheasants	Corner tavern in 4-story Victorian building; restored clubby look, with tin ceiling and brass chandeliers	Mexican resort: Spanish arches and stone columns; soft pinks and blues, private mix- ing studios—all in wine red and brass	Elegant jazz-and- blues night club: Seals 350. Also, 212-seat theater and 2 recording studios—all in wine red and brass	Renovated SHELWAY with 1500 capacity; 29' x 67' dance floor; a food cor- ner, a game corner and—ahem—a private balcony	Old mechanics' garage gussied up: wall-to-wall floor, with 40-seat bar, L.A. juvies and lots of booze	100-year-old his- toric tin building; slick and deceiv- ing; with 40-seat bar, L.A. juvies and lots of booze	Fifties diner in a bright-yellow building; dramatic bar stools, pink and green tile; neon and chrome	Wide-open dance club with sensory overload: neon palm trees, 4 bars and high-density bottle zones	"A 20,000-foot tinge light on the water, giant bar to rear, with a touch of marble	A Mardi Gras set- ting light on the water, giant bar to rear, with a touch of marble
Corporate bigwigs to twinking; gawk- ers, Georgia Technics and ladies from Coca-Cola Average age: 23- 25	From drag queen to sophisticate: 800 stand-up drinkers, happy-hour tie boosers and grogginess wait- resses	25-40: sulping Ballo folks, Harbor Place tourists, city officials, ladies, downscale average secretarial pool	21-70: admittedly sophisticate: 800 stand-up drinkers, happy-hour tie boosers and grogginess wait- resses	25-40: good Yop- pie mix, but not college crowd, by- scale New Eng- landers, downtown investors and a bit of Boston boozies	22-38: 15-year regulars, free-base regulators, network aholics, some junior college coeds and fran- ciscans intent on staying	22-35: those who know and love sports; the Cubs, Bears and Black- hawks; business parties, Lincoln Park joggers and smart-and-classy ladies	Second City com- ics, trailers and lawyers, admen and groups of has- sle-free ladies (who may be doing the hassling)	27-50: well-to-do locals, white, collar button right off Lake Michigan and upscale ladies who "don't fall for any old line"	20-45: artist meets musician; international visitors and partying fashion gals. The meets slumping ground	21-60: junior ex- ecutive climbing the ladder, bodybuild- ers, gas jockeys and charmers of the board. Also, chic femmes who "are and receive"	26-32: Yuppies in law, sales and real estate; great- looking, hard- working ladies looking to unwind	21-55: parking lot bells the tale: Fer- ries next to lines next to pickup trucks. Yoppie ladies by the dozens	25-34 and single: top-of-the-line Houston Yuppies, next to pickup trucks. Yoppie ladies by the dozens	25-35: neighbor- hood Galtiers crew; the guys from Ex- ton and Shelt; ten- gallon hat ladies and ladies you'd swear were from Dallas	23-40: no teeny boppers here; pe- tals from Miami and Westwood; Rams, crotch local patching club	A Mardi Gras set- ting light on the water, giant bar to rear, with a touch of marble	
20,000 lights worth of it...	The house songs are Sex and Muddy Girls.	A 99-degree fever without the edge	Lots of people leaving hair in hand	A warm front at lunch turning into a scurcher at night	Nonclassy friendly	Balmy: not as crusty as you think it is friendly	Country-club com- fy: classy but clean contact	Vibrant in an el- egant sort of way (hem...)	No question about it: south-of-the- border	Like a hot-jazz sax solo	Enough to shake the Hoovies	No snowcap here	Dodge the deaf makers. Otherwise, an upbeat, good bet	A "no-pressure" pressure cooker— a college bar for big kids	Fizz sized!	They have a Hot Bud contest on Wednesday nights...	
2-1	3-2	3-2	4-1 (you bet)	3-2	1-2	1-2	1-1	2-3	Easy 5-3	1-1	1-1	1%-1	2-3	1-1	7-3	3-2	1-1
Flashdance T- shirts and Spandex to turn on the weekend	Pure and simple: the latest	Dress code en- forces itself; the fascist-leader-polo- shirt-and-jacket crowd	Whatever's in <i>60</i> or <i>Crave</i> ... next month	Jacket and tie, for the most part, and lots of stockinged legs	Sweat suits to three-pieces to blue punk hair	Anything goes	Low-key com- popolitan garb	Informally prep- ped, with the topside boating look on Saturday afternoon	They encourage an over-all neaty look in a T-shirt	You'd feel foolish in a T-shirt	Complete outfits, rather than throw- together	Everything	Take your time dressing up	Ruthless walk to batters in silk dresses. "Heat and clean" is the only role	Their dress code: "Fiz is fashion."	Happy hour: cool and tie. After: Outhouse come off, bars go around hard	...and a thought- nightie pajama party on Thursday
Scantly clad lady dancers; later shows, color mists, sawdusts and private booths	Entertainment from women fire-eaters to flip, the Strip- ping Clown	Sidewalk cafe with Perrier umbrellas and mums in flower boxes	Female Jell-O (strawberry) wres- tling and live bear (700 lbs.) wrestling for the weight waiters	City's number-one d.j. spinning plat- forms on Thursday; waitresses in lears with red camme- rands	Sponsors the Bos- ton Bantleyoppers; the gang that drinks and runs... 5 miles!	O. and A. sessions with national sports stars; field trips to ball games (bus ticket and keg of beer: \$12)	Their unparalleled Bearnaise chess- burger	Prides self on qual- ity service; also sponsors the occa- sional golf outing	Daily gatherings: Exclusively Mrs. Chik, Greenville Avenue Bachelor Society, et al.	Rooftop genetic dome with cactus garden, 2 water- falls and grotto bar—all beneath the stars	Lighting system that ranges from neons to chasers to whippers to light- ning bolts	Tree-lined patio with bar serving customers and employees	Pride of the apper- tizers-menu circuit	The Fizz Femme Card and The Fizz VIP Card: cover and drink freebies for the gals	15 bar stations; poolroom with 8 tables; world's biggest St. Patty's Day parking-lot bar	Downstairs: Pea- r Harbor—a '41- style dance hall with South Paci- fic and kamika plane through it	
D.J. spins Eros high energy from 9 p.m. - 4 a.m.	D.J. blows Top 40	Friday p.m.: D.J. spins oldies to dis- cuss staff; other- wise, piped-in jazz to Sinatra	Live Top 40 band in Chaps; contemp. d.j. in adjoining club, Chapter Two to Sinatra	D.J. 7 days a week: pop and dance	D.J. Thursday and Saturday p.m. Otherwise, home- made tapes from jazz to funk	D.J. every night, playing top sellers and finding requests	Oldies tapes and rare jakebae gems	Piped-in popular	D.J. spins blend of current Top 40 and classic rock 'n' roll	Live 5 nights a week; local to national acts— often avant-garde	D.J. spins Top 40 Wednesday through Saturday from 4:30 p.m. - 10:00 close	Taped and piped in through 8 speak- ers: easy listening to contemporary rock 'n' roll	Live 3-piece combo Wednesday through Sunday; surf jazz, easy listening	D.J. spins live, 1955-1970	3-person booth with d.j., v.l. (video) and j.l. (lights); an eight gals' lounge, music gals' lounge	D.J. entertains and spins "anything you can party to"	Piano bar upstairs live Top 40 band downstairs 7 nights a week
Domestic, 2; imported, 1	Domestic, 4; imported, 1	Domestic, 6; imported, 8	Domestic, 4; imported, 3	Domestic, 2; imported, 1	Domestic, 3; imported, 2	Domestic, 3; imported, 2	Domestic, 6; imported, 7	Domestic, 7; imported, 5	Domestic, 4; imported, 6	Domestic, 1; imported, 3	Domestic, 6; imported, 2	Domestic, 6; imported, 9	Domestic, 2; imported, 6	Domestic, 2; imported, 3	Domestic, 2; imported, 4	Domestic, 3; imported, 3	Domestic, 3; imported, 3
"You model, right?"	"Frankly, my dear, I'd like to buy you a pearl."	"Uh! I saw you, I missed the Cotts."	"I'd rather wrestle with you than with the beer."	"Are you new in Boston or have I hit on you before?"	"They cast Shelley Long when they could have had poo?"	"Hi, I'm Rye Sand- berg. Everyone says I look taller on chicken 9."	"May I help you with your coat? Good. How about your dress?"	"A farthing for your thoughts."	"Everything is big- ger in Dallas. I have proof."	"Fee-hai!"	"Hunter Thomp- son? You mean Uncle Hunter?"	"Want to see a thick portfolio?"	"You remind me of my ex, Cristina Ferrari."	"How about a quick hand jive?"	"They say there's a rich and Texas rich. I'm both."	"Can I give you a ride home? What kind of car would you like?"	"Mind if I drop anchor and doc- tor?"
CAFE 768 East Paces Ferry Road/ 3906 Roswell Road	THE BRASS ELEPHANT 924 North Charles Street/ PETER'S PUB 21 South Cabot Street/ WINCHESTER'S 182 Water Street	JASON'S OF BOSTON 131 Clarendon/ JOE'S AMERICAN BAR & GRILL 279 Barnum Street/ G.I. L.FRIDAY'S 26 Exeter Street	BUTCH MC GUIRE'S 20 West Division Street/ THE SNUGGLY 15 West Division Street/ WICK'S 9 1973 North Hubbard Street	THE FAST AND COOL CLUB 3606 Green- ville/ CAFE DALLAS 5600 Greenville/ IRLEY 808 S. 2520 North Commerce	MARLOWE'S 511 16th Street/ CHRYSLER 2555 East First Avenue/ TRIMMS 320 South Bench Street	GRIPOLIS 27815 Middlebelt Road/ GALLI- CARE'S 519 East Jefferson/ RODMAN'S 1800 STREET STATION 245 South Elon	STUDEBAKER'S 2630 Augusta Drive/ HARDY'S 12230 Westchase/ COOTY'S 3400 Montrose Avenue	HARD ROCK CAFE Lincoln/ STARS 7473 Melissa									

"Her body was, man, weird. Henry Moore didn't do abstract sculpture: no, he copied Letitia from life."

tenacious as Simon Wiesenthal, however. For Letitia I became the acrobat of romance. I was an entire ways-and-means committee when it came to love. I wooed her for more than one full year—mostly at a distance. (Even when together, we were at a distance: Letitia was 5'10". I saw much beautiful underchin.) In return, she'd call to chat with me about Kerouac and Webern and DNA. Or drop a pleasant card from Paris. I was rabid with passion by then: I needed a new microchip for my brain, I did so adore her. People would say, "Him—oh, his name is Keith—who-loves-Letitia." And, finally, I stuffed her ballot box, I ran Letitia down. Tribute to my wit and determination and gallant courtship. It also didn't hurt that Rafael had left her for a Brazilian dog handler. A male Brazilian dog handler.

So, all at once, Letitia loved me. So, too, all at once I was ready for The Laughing Place. These things, you see, I soon found out about my Beloved: (1) She could play piano *only* with her feet. Only *Stardust*. And *whenever, wherever* a piano appeared. (2) Her wit was wholly on loan from *Esquire* and *Scientific American*, each of which she would more or less memorize. Beyond that twice-per-month exercise Letitia was illiterate as a rock cornish game frog. I'd've been better off just subscribing. (3) Her uncle—who lived in this expensive halfway house (halfway between sanity and being a human baffle plate)—had written the notorious dice play. (4) Her body was, man, *weird*. Henry Moore didn't do abstract sculpture: no, he copied Letitia from life. (5) She wouldn't wash that body, nor harvest her armpit hair. You know the cliché "By the skin of my teeth"? Letitia . . . had . . . skin . . . on . . . hers. When lying next to Letitia I could *hear* her postnasal drip. (6) And worst. She wouldn't use contraception. Instead she chanted, "We won't get pregnant, we won't get pregnant" in an upside-down lotus position before and after. I was full of dread. The pronoun *we* seemed particularly dreadful.

Collapsola. Bleaksville. Copious despair. A male Brazilian dog handler would've looked good to me by then. The climax came (or didn't) that December in my parents' summer cabin. I refused to make love by her chanted rhythm method. Letitia went sullen. In reprisal she got squiffed cold on a quart of Canadian Club. No life signs. Consciousness a closed shop. To get her backfield in motion, I went with my famous fireman's carry. All of a quickness, as we passed through the living

room, Letitia put on even more weight. What was it? What it was, was, was . . . God, from my shoulder height she had grabbed a wrought-iron chandelier. Off balance, I fell hard. With her. Her with the chandelier. The chandelier with a weak roof beam and about 16 pounds of plaster. Enough: I was through romancing that stone. Or almost enough. Letitia had used my toilet and, of course (with all that armpit hair, what else?), had forgotten she should flush. Next April, when I went up to open our cabin, the commode was overgrown with morbid yellow-white fungus. It hung down like Spanish moss. No, like Puerto Rican moss. Some metaphor for lost love, that, lemme tell you.

Good night, sweet princess, and flights of B-52s send thee to thy rest. Well, so, I probably disappointed her just as much.

This is, to be sure, a rather catastrophic example of Where Love Has Gone. Nonetheless, romantic passion, I suspect, imitates human biological life exactly—it will begin the inevitable death process about one half second after birth. I don't mean to sound pessimistic and bring on a cluster headache when next you tongue that special woman. Natch, there are love relationships that age, so to speak, like Marlene Dietrich or Sophia Loren—and I am *a very happily married man* (italics mine)—they can be mature, wise, patient, sweeter than old briar-bowl caking. But, for those exquisite transports that make us fire out as some blood-doped sprinter would, they have a certain predictable oxidation rate. In fact, cheap gutter pipe has about the same rust factor. Moreover, there is a distinct pattern. I call it The Five Ages of Love.

1. Infanthood. (Astonishment, discovery, an emotional water-main break.) You call her Sam instead of Samantha. She calls you Ter instead of Terry.

2. Adolescence. (Fervor, complete mutual absorption, all feelings have a high blood-alcohol content.) Move on to "Sweetheart, Honey, Darling."

3. Adulthood. (Settling in, comfort, you actually look forward to her tuna surprise.) The age of pet names. She is Squeekum or your little Punchbowl. You are Rumbledumbkin.

4. Middle Age. (Letdown, some seven-month itch, less excitement than show betting at a tennis match.) Punchbowl has become PUNCHY. Rumbledumbkin is just plain Dumb.

5. Senility. (Collapse, bitterness, absolute spiritual sock wilt.) Back to calling

each other Sweetheart, Darling. As in "Darling, a 17-year locust comes quicker than you do." Or "If you'd just change your rhythm once, maybe I wouldn't need this factory-size vibrator, dear."

The Five Age format can be applied to all character traits. Take, for instance, her clothing.

1. What surprising, imaginative outfits she has. (Right now she could wear black construction paper and still look good to you.)

2. Clothing irrelevant. At this stage you're both mostly nude.

3. Wardrobe repetition. Dear little Punchbowl, she has her good old high-top basketball sneakers on again.

4. You start to buy things for PUNCHY. New underwear, say, without a honey spot in the crotch. Her image might reflect on your taste. God, you'd think she read *Women's Wear Yearly*.

5. You begin throwing her stuff out on the sly. She wears that razor-creased A-line dress just to irk you. *Dearest*, did your chemise include installation and rubber padding?

Or apply the formula to his high-explosive snore.

1. What scrumptious male sounds he can make. Like a lion in the veld.

2. She actually puts her ear to his mouth at night. He is the Voice of America, sleeping.

3. Well, I'm just glad to feel I have a man in bed with me.

4. Hum, at least here are some signs of human life as we know it. (Will put pillow over her head.)

5. Doing it on purpose, he is. He'd like me to be so tired I flunk my ceramics midterm. (Will put pillow over his head.)

In Age One he's Jacques Cousteau on her unprobed coral reef. She might be Magellan rounding his mysterious Horn. This is the Age of Revelation. Listen, we all have Life Stories, don't we? Even those of us who are boring as a shoe tree. I mean, *something* must've happened to you in those 20 or 30 years. Try to remember. So his father claims to have discovered the color beige in 1928 but didn't patent it. So her father was a major Nazi war criminal who hung around playgrounds mostly until his deportation back. In this stage we are interesting by default. His first totaled car, her first out-of-body experience, his first appendix removal, her first dysmenorrhea. Some people can dine out for a month on The Life Tale. Some lives are exciting enough to be featured at Great Adventure. Some wouldn't fill the fare drawer of a gypsy cab. But long or short, dull or scintillating, they'll all seem new.

And by now everyone here should have a decent game bag worth of effective one-liners. Her sharp quotation from Nietzsche. His down-home phrase for sex that grandpa used back in Nebraska. Me, at 42, I can talk for 11 days straight without

having to paste up any original thought whatsoever. Intellectual Meadow in a Can you could call it. Also, she makes one dynamite recipe—Ragout of Controlled Substances, say. He is welcome at one special restaurant: the waiter there doesn't get instant glaucoma when he waves for service. Gift giving, too. We all have at least one can't-miss, unique present. (For a while, I handed out Orgasmatrons—had 76 of them in payola after my last sex-aid article. Women got good vibes from me.) And we all make love—if not well, somewhat differently. She shaves her pubic hair into a dollar sign. He can put top spin on his downstroke. She has that swell whimper of completion. His cuttlebone duck-hooks to the right. Given some chemical attraction (and I assume that) all this will seem as exotic as Buffy Sainte-Marie and her Indian mouth horn. Romance, however, eats up new material faster than *The Tonight Show*. You can write this axiom down: repetition is the murderer of love.

But, for that time, you'll hear with your entire body, as a snake's flicking tongue can hear. The ulcer is cured. Life becomes a barrier-free environment. I once fell in love so absolutely I thought throughout that First Age the woman had platinum-blond hair. (Some clown must've put petroleum jelly on my lens, I guess. She was a dark brunette.) Once my wife had a crush—at their first kiss she fainted, hit pavement head on and spent that night in the emergency room. (She didn't even stagger for me, but . . .) Your world has been reprinted in 30-point type. Air and sky are on steroids. Arm over arm you slide step into The Second Age.

This is the age of intimate and electric surprise. Together you make sheet lighting in bed. She will give head with such fierce, innocent zeal that your seven-inch nondairy creamer ends up chapped. And she can respond. If, as Dr. Ruth Westheimer has said, "Un orgasm iss like a schneeze," your woman must have sexual hay fever. Both bodies are miraculous: the way her teeth overlap, that cute hair on his ear rim. You exchange shy, secret knowledge. Her menstrual cycle will go on his desk calendar with A and B for alternate ovaries. (A can cause violent breast bloat. B tends to be latish.) She has bought an inflatable sea-serpent ring for his cute, plump hemorrhoid. Sex becomes the universal solvent in which every depressing thing—grief, fear, disappointment, Mario Cuomo—will vanish. You possess her: you say These-tits-are-mine (and maybe there is some narcissistic inversion in that thought). Both are daily astonished. This spectacular woman, whose Gestapo father spent his American exile under a kiddie swing, has been given to you.

The Second Age, furthermore, is one of glamorous self-reflection. You are seen, as

it were, in a rose-colored mirror. She has become this-otherness-that-is-also-you. (And may even care for you more than you care for you.) A woman whom I loved would cry when she saw me. Why? Because I was so beautiful. (No, Eraserhead, she didn't take lithium.) Each rock tune from that period is laminated as if it were a little Blue Cross card. And, more important, you both declare intellectual *détente*. He may be the worst sort of born-again atheist, while she has to cross herself after belching. She may be an eagle freak, though he thinks nuclear waste should be dumped in Yellowstone. They don't talk about it. They don't need to talk about anything. They can spend the night, wordless, grooming each other like gibbons in a tree.

By nature Age Two, more torrid than an Indian sweat lodge, doesn't often last long. In fact meltdown will begin soon on: Age Two is ready for Graves Registration the moment both he and she first say, "I love you." Language has delimited passion. English is imperfect inasmuch as we have no more superlative verb than that old trull "love." "Adore" cloys. "Worship" is theologically unsound. "Cherish" belongs on a Mass card. Say "love" and you've gone all the way linguistically—repetition and lame-duck status follow. All we have left is heavy breath and something that may resemble the dance language of honeybees. Deflation. Strain. Letdown. Sure, it might last a month—more, maybe, if she is married and can get out only when Mr. has gone to his fiber-diet class. But lovers want more of each other. They want to cavort for that gracious, accommodating mirror again and again. Before long your Life Story is all used up, and you've begun on Ernest Hemingway's.

The Third Age can still reach a flash point or two. But by now both have begun wearing psychological cool-down suits. He and she see each other more often: maybe they've moved in together. The World—job, ex-wife, social obligation—will assert itself again. They start killing two birds with one stone, and the two birds are them. He will drag her along when his car has a mufflergram. She hopes he won't mind playing hook-womb over the swivel chair in her study carrel at Columbia. Love is magnificent but time expensive. And you won't get a Guggenheim for it.

Familiarity can breed some cheap delight, though. (Just before it breeds a lot of cheap contempt.) At least temporarily, housework and personal hygiene may become romantic as Mayerling. He will learn how she, dear kiwi bird, inserts a vaginal sponge into her warm lagoon. She will kiss his Speed Stick—and rub it behind one ear so she can remind herself of him at the office. He will learn how to cook tripe (though not why). She will actually

watch while he shaves and applaud when the razor has slid safely over that hazardous chin cleft. This may engross—for some short time—but it's like being backstage at an abortion clinic. The illusion won't last. It might be poignant to know that Rumbledumbkin has a hammertoe (until now he wore one white sock even in the shower). And, imagine, Punchbowl keeps her 90-mile-per-hour hairdo in place with a pound of Scotch tape before bed. Imagine, imagine. Yet he is no longer loved by that sensuous fashion model—what was her name?—but by someone with irritable-bowel syndrome and flashes of dullness. She is no longer loved by that suave, \$200,000-per-year ad exec—but by some corporate clip-bender to whom his boss said last Tuesday, "If you don't stop flat-dicking it, Tom, you'll end up with the Railway Express account." Right, uh-huh, no doubt, sure, that mysterious Other can still give back a validating, brilliant self-reflection. Except now he or she isn't so mysterious anymore—just another dumb arch support like you. May as well love yourself at that rate.

The heart is becoming a lousy hunter, but poor Punchbowl and Rumbledumbkin, they've gone public and that may redeem their self-prestige. Until next Friday at least. The dimming mutual reflection can be cable-boosted by some small external publicity. They are an item in their old neighborhood. He won't even mind when someone says, "What can she see in that decrepit tuft hunter? Must be worse than getting laid by Mr. Bill." Family, friends are exchanged, and, first off, this will intrigue both, like being given citizenship in a little kingdom—His People, Her People. Mistake. Unknown origin is part of successful myth, and even Vishnu would've given up godship if confronted with his baby-picture album. Not to mention other disconcerting events. Her father may ask delicately whether he can, um, handle an epileptic seizure. Then slip him this old leather tongue depressor with big toothmarks in it. Or he may come out of the john, fly open. And Mother, as though by long reflex, may zip it up. From inside. Of course, a best friend will say, "You're with her now? Does she still go, 'Aaaah-aaah-aaah,' when you finger her little whoopie wart?"

Vanishing prairie time. Time to get in the old bunker. There's this bench warrant out for your happiness. You need a salaried crisis theologian in the bedroom. Affection and warm complacency (Age Three) are turning to vulgar disillusionment (Age Four). The passage may be subtle, so here are unmistakable signs.

A. Creeping nostalgia. He and she begin to revisit that favorite (Age Two) motel or park or bistro for a quick blast from the past. But memories have no value as

(continued on page 278)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

YOU REALLY SHOULD READ THE PROSPECTUS—REALLY

there are many ways to lose money in a tax-shelter deal—and one very good way not to

JACK FROST roasting on an open fire, chestnuts nipping at your toes; although it's been said many times, many ways: It's not enough to rely on the soothing sales pitch of a grand old name in finance—read the prospectus.

To which you reply, very reasonably, that it's not Jack Frost roasting on an open fire this time of year, it's Jack Frost nipping at your chestnuts—and there's no way you have the time or expertise to read some enormous long prospectus. Or even some enormous short one.

I'll start with the short one, just to get your toes wet (we can toast them over the open fire); and then, because you're desperate for some last-minute 1985 tax shelter, I'll tell you about a deal that comes highly recommended.

THE ENORMOUS SHORT ONE

This example comes courtesy of Jane Bryant Quinn's column in *Newsweek*. It regards an ad that ran in various newspapers for the Oppenheimer Special Fund, which "touts an annual return of 21.5 percent and invites you to compare that with the rate you get at banks."

Now, you may be no Ivan Boesky, but you know that 21.5 percent is a heck of a lot better than you could ever get from a bank. You also know that Oppenheimer is German or Yiddish or South African or something for "smart with the bucks." There are not a lot of pro ballplayers named Oppenheimer, but who wants Matty Alou managing his portfolio? So, while you know that a mutual fund can't *guarantee* returns like this, of course, and that you may have to pay a sales commission to buy into this fund (you do: one to eight and a half percent, depending on the investment), you figure that this has got to be one hot fund. Up 21.5 percent compounded for a decade? Why, that's enough to turn a \$10,000 IRA into a \$500,000 IRA in 20 years, even if you never add another cent to it!

Anyhow, you know there are a lot of mutual funds out there, but this one certainly sounds as good as any, so in you plunge. Oppenheimer sends you a prospectus along with the application papers, and as prospectuses go, it's

not even all that enormous. But what are you—a lawyer?

Jane Bryant Quinn isn't a lawyer, either—just *magna* from Middlebury—but she read the prospectus and reports that "the big gains that Oppenheimer packs into its alluring yield of 21.5 percent came long ago. Between 1974 and 1980, share values rose an average of 39 percent a year. But zigzag performance from 1980 to 1984 brought an average annual loss of four percent. In the first quarter of 1985, the Special Fund measured 519th out of 773 funds tracked by Lipper Analytical Services."

Maybe the fund will regain its touch, Quinn concludes, "but its ad (and similar ads for other funds) would lead you to think it has been making a lot of money lately which is not the case."

THE ENORMOUS LONGER ONE, HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

OK. Get the idea? It's a jungle out there. You've simply got to read the prospectus. And since you won't—most prospectuses are all but unreadable—you've got to stick to sensible investments recommended by competent, disinterested parties. Not competent *or* disinterested, competent *and* disinterested—which very likely leaves out tips from your dentist (other than the tip about flossing) and may even leave out advice from your accountant, who may be getting a commission for steering you into the deal.

If only you had access to an expert you could *trust*. Someone who did know how to read a prospectus.

With that in mind, pour yourself a beer and get out your letter opener,* for what we (continued on page 256)

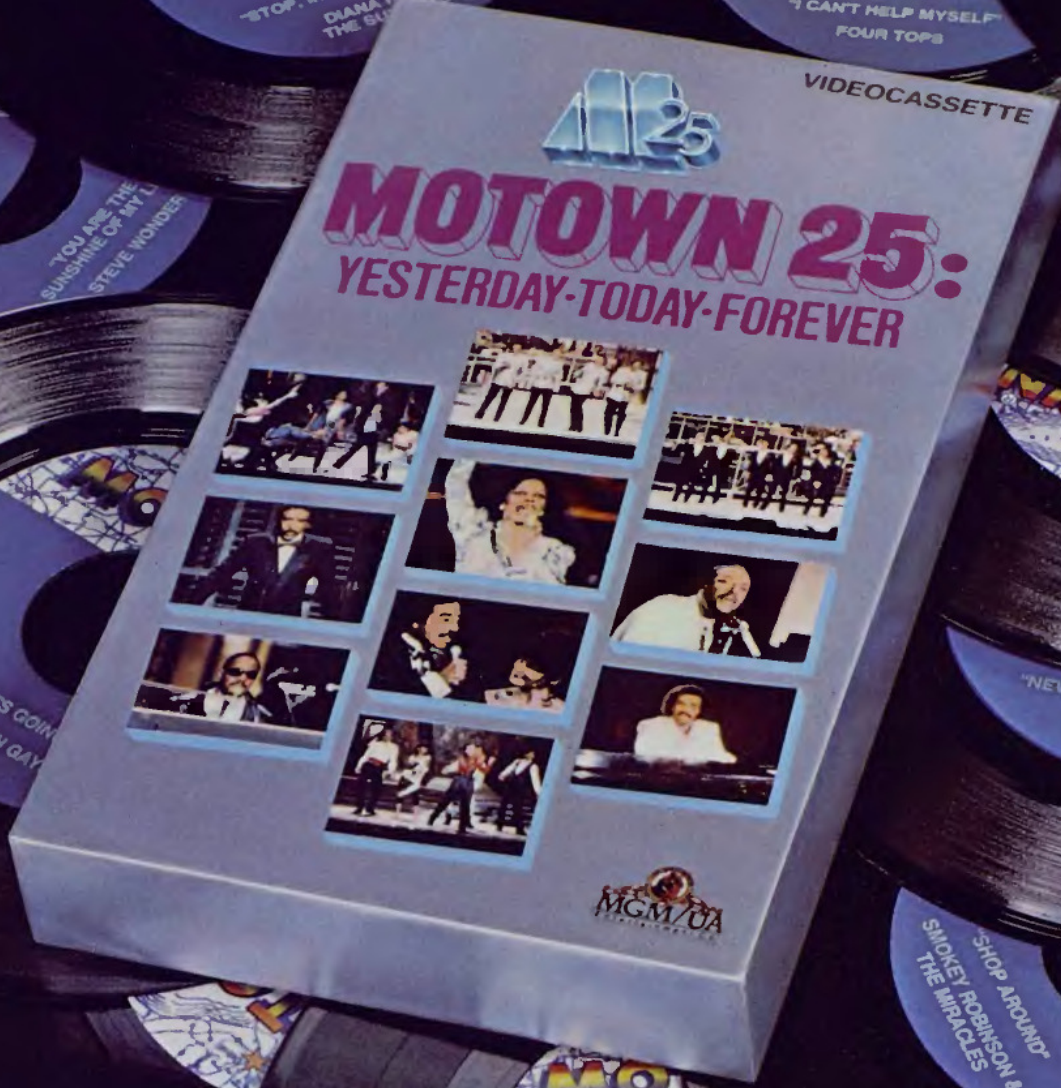
*Excuse me for interrupting, but if you open an envelope with a letter opener, wouldn't you open a can of beer with a beer opener? Is this not precisely the sort of thing the analogous-thinking section of the SATs was supposed to prepare us for? A bison is to a bos'n as a bassoon is to a blank? Is it possible that the inventor of the letter opener, rich beyond imagining though he must be, is one of those guys who got, like, 300s on their aptitudes, man, and got sent to work in the mail room—like, this was all he'd ever *amount to*, man—and then, stuck there in the mail room dreaming great, unconventional dreams, he one day invented, and misnamed, the "letter" opener?

If you think *this* footnote is bizarre, wait till you read some of the ones in financial prospecti.



Don Madden

"Gosh, I thought we'd been too naughty."



MOTOWN'S 25th ANNIVERSARY SPECTACULAR IS NOW ON VIDEOCASSETTE.

You're invited to celebrate with MOTOWN's greatest stars, performing some of the greatest hits of all time. Two hours of live music —featuring 30 minutes of new MOTOWN footage available *only* on this videocassette. And rare clips from the 50s and 60s. Available at fine video stores now.

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*Stereo sound compatible with Beta Hi-Fi VHS Hi-Fi and Stereo VHS



PLAYBOY GUIDE

FUTURE TECH

*in the fast-forward world
of electronic entertainment,
tomorrow is today*

THE TROUBLE with predicting the future is that the present keeps changing. Just look at old Buck Rogers (the space traveler, not the baseball manager). He sure seemed futuristic at the time. His equipment and adventures were based on technology and ideas already in existence. They fulfilled expectations of what the world *could* be. Today, what seemed futuristic in the Fifties looks like so much tin foil. Now we are aware of many possibilities undreamed of then, and many of the technologies we take for granted surpass anything available to poor Buck.

There is a lesson to be learned here about crystal balls and humility. Technology is advancing at such a furious pace that tomorrow practically materializes before our eyes. Here, we take a peek into the electronic future, starting with the sure bets, then plunging forward into less certain territory, up to—and a little beyond—the turn of the century. If your ray gun is loaded, we'll start the voyage. (continued on page 208)

As new technology brings new freedom, here's a look at what's ahead. From left: Pioneer's space-saving Pro-800 shelftop system combines an integrated amplifier, tuner, front-loading turntable, cassette deck, compact-disc player, equalizer and speakers, all operable via one remote control, \$1800; the ADS CD3 compact-disc player, \$895, can be controlled by the RC-1 Master Control handset (below), \$100. Eventually, the same remote will operate a full complement of components, from tuners to satellite receivers. For video ease, Sony's CCD-M8U Mini-8 camcorder is the size of a paperback book and weighs only two pounds. It operates on a rechargeable battery. It's sold with the EV-C8U recorder/player, \$1800 for both. Record-changer convenience now comes to compact discs. Toshiba's XR-V22 double-drawer CD player will play two CDs sequentially, \$500. Pioneer's CDX-P1 brings the quality and durability of compact discs to your car. It mounts easily in your dash to work with pre-existing radio/tape players, \$600.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYSZARD HOROWITZ





FI HEADS

STANDARD TV AUDIO / NO OTHER CABLE NEEDED FOR DIGITAL TV SOUND

Hi-Fi

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5:28:00
DIGITAL
SONY

SONY

SONY

SONY



On the horizon, from left: Fisher's FVH-840 VHS Hi Fi VCR has four video heads for clean, clear special effects, MTS broadcast-stereo-decoding circuitry and a 15-function wireless remote, \$900. Sony's CFD-5 portable CD player with cassette deck, tuner, equalizer, amplifier and detachable two-way stereo speakers weighs about 17 pounds and operates on batteries or A.C. cord, \$500. Panasonic's CT-5511 monitor has a five-inch color screen, operates on batteries or A.C. line and weighs about nine pounds. It also includes a tuner, if you just want to watch TV, \$430. Technics' SL-XP7 portable CD player fits into the palm of your hand and has all the features of home units, \$300. For the best of both worlds, Kodak's MVS-5380 is a home 8mm deck with a detachable recorder section for portable use. It has a digital-stereo sound track and an audio-only mode for up to 12 hours of digital music on a two-hour cassette. The unit's TV tuner has a built-in broadcast-stereo decoder, \$1500. General Electric's RRC-600 Control Central allows you the benefit of remote control even when your system combines products from different manufacturers, \$150. It's the forerunner of universal remote controllers capable of operating every appliance in the house.

PLAYBOY GUIDE

HOLD ON, IT'S COMIN'

*quick, take a sneak peek at
the electronic drawing board*

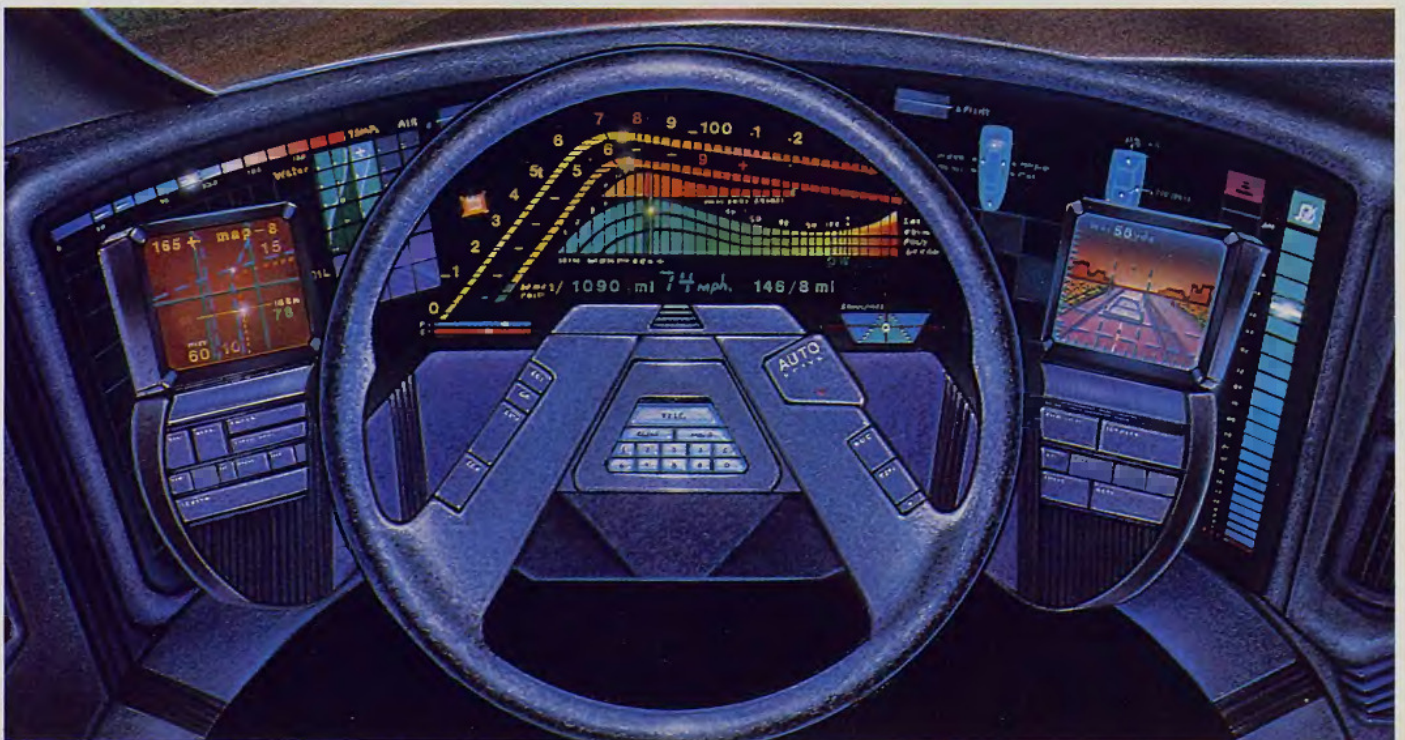
We'd love to tell you that Sony is about to come out with a new product called the Crystal Ballman. If only a clear view of the future were that easy. But with some imagination and a reasonable knowledge of current electronics, going out on a limb isn't all that hard. Simply, if you can think of it, it'll probably happen. With that in mind, come with us to the drawing board.

Most current domestic robots look like high-tech trash receptacles. The next step, though, isn't that far off. Hollywood has already shown us what can be done with a little silicone and some plastic skin. The brain of our real doll (right) amounts to a microcomputer that accepts ROM commands from a compact disk. Insert it into her slot; she'll follow you anywhere.

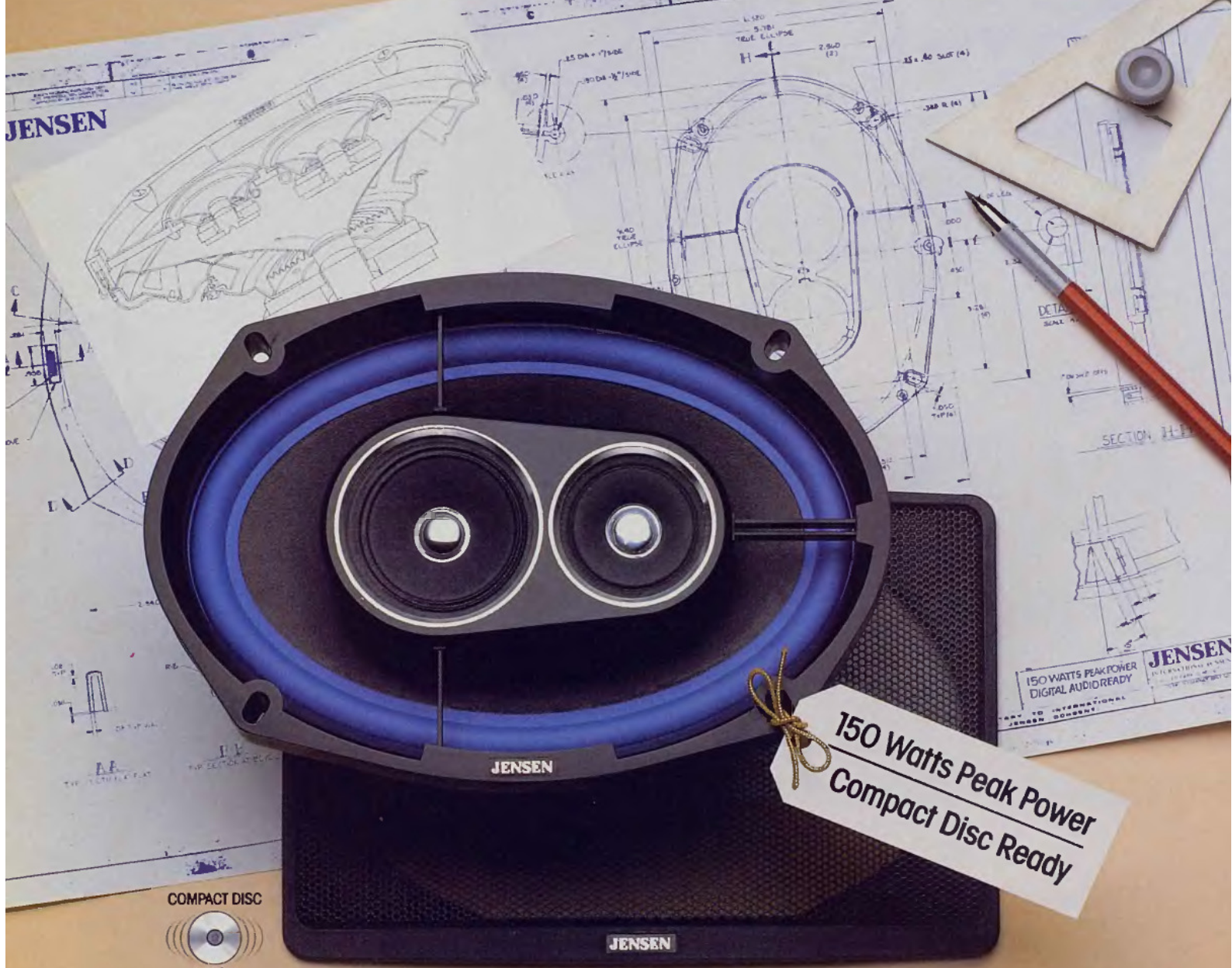




As you can see, we're very tuned in to television. At the bottom of the preceding page, you'll find the TVG (television goggles), the ultimate in personal stereo and video. In addition to already existing digital sound, TVG will feature 3-D viewing inside the goggles' lens (prototype technology has already been demonstrated) with 180-degree screen (the same technology that brings us flat-screen TV will allow this). There's no more futuristic way to watch those *Honeymooners* reruns. The fellow at the top of this page is a big TV fan, too. He's wearing something we call the Dishman. It's a portable satellite dish that is worn comfortably about the head and is complemented by a small flat-screen TV. With high-power direct broadcasts from satellites already using smaller dishes, you just add available micro-miniaturization to give every man his own private receiving station. You'll be able to make video phone calls on the run or, by just tilting your head a tad, pull in the latest episode of *Dynasty*. Finally, dashboard computer navigation is about to come off the drawing board. Such companies as Philips and Bloupunkt already have it in the prototype stage. This dashboard of the near future will be totally digitized. Via a rooftop antenna that will bounce beams off an orbiting navigational satellite, your position on the road will be constantly plotted on coordinate display. With CDs providing the maps, the satellite will alert you to changing road conditions and rest stops. There'll also be an infrared sitting screen for night driving. And G.M., says the rumor mill, is working on something close to automatic pilot.



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A classic stands the test of time. So whether you invest in the most advanced audio components or explore the digital world of compact disc, Classic Triax will handle it with unparalleled fidelity—today, tomorrow, and years from now.

DESIGNED FOR SMILES
Emotion should never be under-

estimated. And you'll smile every time you listen. This sound is that good. In the final analysis, your sound system is only as good as your speakers. If your speakers can't play it all, you won't hear it all. So don't buy backwards. Speakers first—and begin with a Classic!



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When you want it all.

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PEAK PERFORMERS

rising stars open their homes and tour buses to show their stuff

HARRY ANDERSON

"I'm a real high-tech kid," says the star of NBC's *Night Court*. "Any chance to look at a TV screen, I'll do it. The only problem is, I can't just sit still and watch. I have to be doing something else at the same time. Computers, then, are perfect for me. I get to stare at the screen *and* do a lot of neat things at the same time. It's very satisfying.

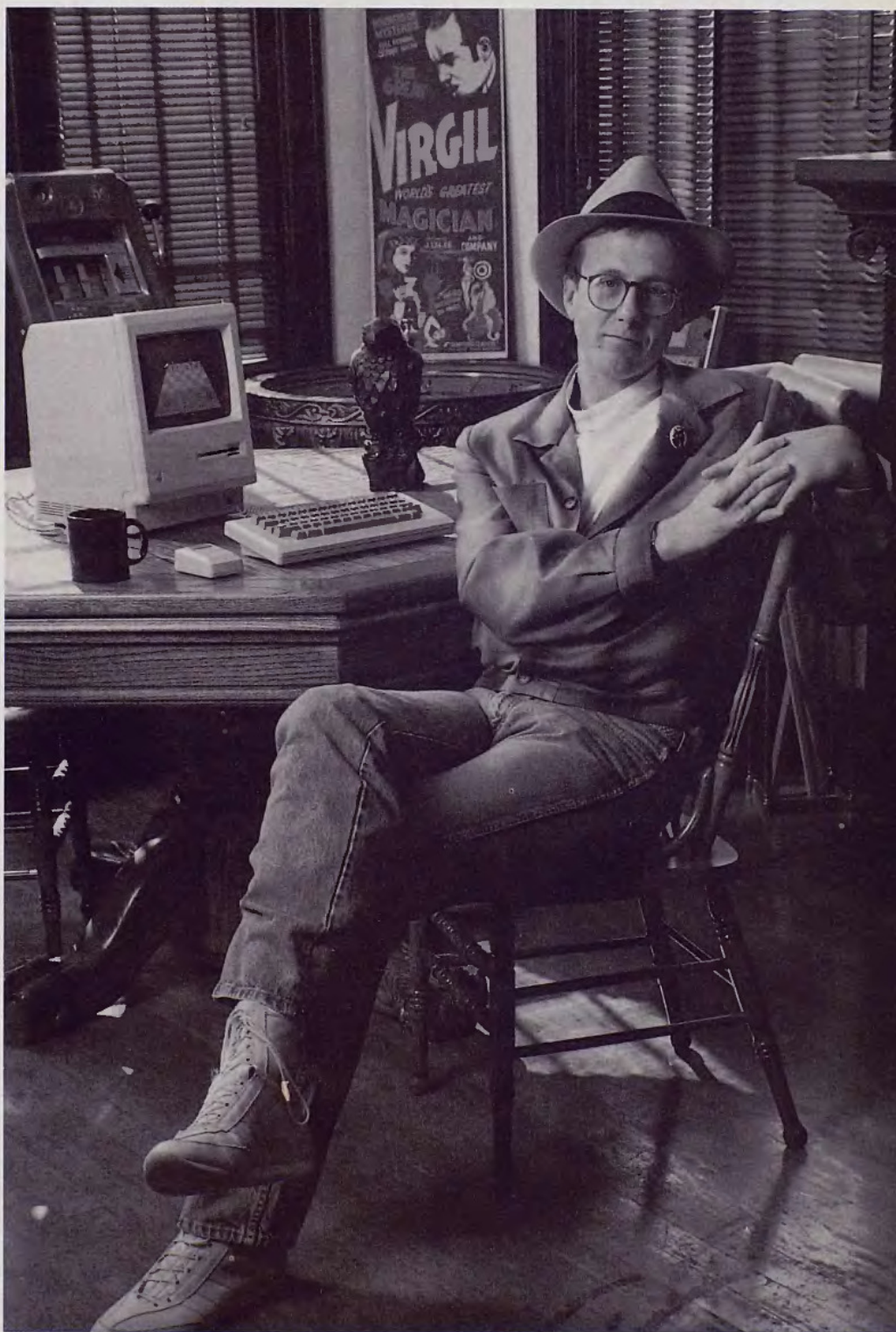
"The first computer I bought was a little \$100 Commodore. I got it in a toy store when I was shopping for my four-year-old daughter. When I got it home and started playing with it, I realized what a good time it was, so I moved on and bought an Apple IIe, a real hot-rodder.

"But then I heard about the Macintosh and I bought one for my wife. Before long, though, we were both using it. Everything else looked antiquated next to it. What really impressed me was that my wife, who's not electronically oriented at all, really started doing serious work on it, plus all the household stuff—checkbook balancing, party lists. She loved it. So I had no choice—I had to get one for myself.

"I use mine for storyboard ideas; I even outline magic tricks on it. Right now, I'm in the process of inventorying 1200 props. And I bought Macs for the other members of my production company. The four of us draft work, exchange information, write routines. We used it to write *Hello, Sucker!* [a Showtime special]. It really helped our writing a lot.

"What I like about it the most, though, is how friendly it is. It looks like a kitchen appliance, nice and homey. And the interface between the user and the machine is so pleasant that you expend all of your efforts on the creative process, not on trying to learn how to use the computer. Hey, who are we kidding? I'm no computer scientist. I want to be able to get right to work without a lot of study first, and you can do that on the Macintosh. It's made a convert out of me. The machine can really work magic—both literally and figuratively.

"What's the best thing about it? That's easy. It's the one computer that's so slick you can use it and never, ever feel like a nerd."



RON MESAROS



MARIO CASILLI

JOAN VAN ARK

"My workdays run between 12 and 15 hours," says the star of CBS' *Knot's Landing*, "so by the time I get through with a week of shooting the show, the last thing in the world I feel like doing is going out. Anywhere. Thanks to the video setup we have, though, we really don't have to. We can just curl up on one of the leather couches and watch a movie on the VCR. We have a G.E. 5018X and an RCA 45-inch TV that I gave my husband [L.A. television reporter John Marshall] for his birthday last year. The giant screen is great. It almost makes you feel like you're at the movies. Of course, they don't have leather couches at the movies.

"If we just want to watch what comes over the tube, we have a lot more choices than we used to. We took the satellite dish that we'd inherited when we bought the

house and updated it by installing an antenna actuator and satellite tracker. So now, instead of just the usual networks, we get about 130 stations from all over the world. It's really fascinating to watch, so many different perspectives, and it was remarkable during last year's Olympics. Instead of just watching what ABC wanted everyone to watch, we could flip all over the world and watch the coverage from Japan or France or Australia or even China.

"These days, we listen to everything in stereo, since we've hooked the TV up to Jack's music system. He's very devoted to a Sony STRV-7 receiver and his JBL Century L-100 speakers. The entire effect is absolutely fabulous. We can watch anything we want on a huge screen, with crystal-clear sound. The only problem we have now is protecting our privacy. Ever since we made our system so great, all of our friends want to come over and watch it with us."

WEIRD AL YANKOVIC

"I usually sleep for most of the hours that we're on the road," says the hot pop parodist. "But when I do wake up, usually for lunch, the first thing I do is turn on the video monitor and see what's playing on the old VCR.

"The machine I have, a Panasonic PV 1225, came with the tour bus, but it looks a lot like the machine I have at home. It's got an awful lot of buttons and knobs, and you know that when something has that many buttons and knobs on it, it's got to be darn good. It just looks so impressive, you figure it'll do all sorts of great things besides play tapes. I tried it once. I pulled up to somebody's driveway and pushed all the buttons and waited. I guess I did something wrong, though. The garage door never did go up.

"Still, it does seem to play tapes nicely. My only problem is, I have just one tape: *On Golden Pond*. It came with the machine. I've been watching it every day for the past month and a half, and I love it. I've memorized it. I'm even beginning to understand the plot.

"It would be nice to have a couple of other cassettes, but it's a logistical problem to rent tapes on the road. You take them out and the next day, you've got to drive a couple of hundred miles back to the store to return them.

"I'm hoping, though, that everybody keeps getting tapes, especially copies of my new one, *The Compleat Al*. I hope I don't sound too pushy by plugging that, but I do think it could turn out to be the next *On Golden Pond*. I haven't gotten Henry Fonda's voice down yet, but I do a great Katharine Hepburn."



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FUTURE TECH (continued from page 198)

"Imagine a screen the size of present-day projection units but flat, very thin and self-contained."

Compact discs have already brought a major change in the way we listen to music. Less than half the size of their black-vinyl predecessors, these digitally encoded doughnuts provide longer play and superior sound, durability and convenience. They have spread from the home to the car, and you can have complete portability with battery-powered micro-players such as the Sony D-5 and the Technics SL-XP7. The secret of these laser-read discs is their incredible storage density, which is just beginning to be exploited. Record companies are starting to introduce CDs with graphics to accompany the music.

Meanwhile, computer manufacturers are exploring the possibilities of CD-ROM. That means whatever is stored on the disc at the time it is made can be retrieved, but nothing new can be added. For those who need enormous amounts of fast read/write storage, a number of companies—including Sony, Matsushita (parent of Technics and Panasonic) and

Nakamichi—are working on erasable CDs. The first fruits of their labor may be available very soon to computer users, and within a few years, we may see blank, erasable CDs that can be used over and over on combination recorder/players.

Digital technology is also making its mark in television. The first digital sets—from Panasonic and Toshiba—are already available, and more are on the way. They use a set of ITT chips to convert the incoming TV signal into a series of digital codes, which are then manipulated to perform the signal processing required to retrieve the picture and the sound. But the fact that the signals are in digital form permits additional processing to achieve special effects and improve picture quality. Current models do just one trick, called picture in picture. You can monitor a second channel on a small subscreen set into a corner of the picture. But far more is possible. Mitsubishi is working on a model that can display up to nine separate pictures. And within the next few years, we

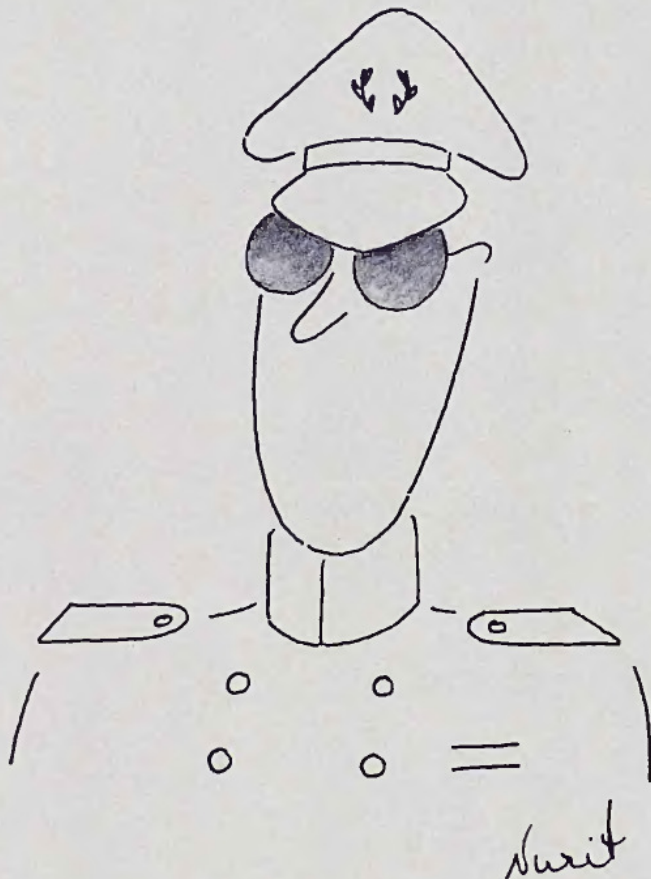
will see units that can freeze the frame, zoom in on a small portion of it (to settle those close calls), eliminate most ghosts and enhance detail. Eventually, almost all television receivers will be digital.

Also in video, we're beginning to see the first serious push for 8mm video-cassette decks and camcorders. These machines use tape that's about half the width of VHS and Beta, and the cassettes are much smaller. That makes possible very lightweight, compact units, such as Sony's Mini-8. Some manufacturers (including Kodak, Pioneer and Sony) have gone a step further and added stereo digital sound tracks for ultrahigh-fidelity sound. A bonus feature of these decks is an audio-only mode that enables each to record as much as 24 hours of music on one cassette.

While the video-recording technique used in 8mm VCRs is essentially the same as that used in Beta and VHS units, new methods are being tested. Perpendicular recording, which can pack much more information per square inch of tape surface, is one possibility. This might even be combined with digital encoding of the video signal, which could provide a VCR picture of broadcast quality. Look for developments by the end of the decade.

So much for the near future. There are even more exciting horizons a little further off: flat-screen TV, for example. Imagine a screen the size of those that come with present-day projection television units but flat, very thin and self-contained. (It might be necessary to plug it into an external tuner, but that would be much smaller than a projection console.) A number of companies (RCA, most prominently) are working on such systems, but the technical obstacles are formidable. Obtaining adequate brightness, resolution and color accuracy in a reasonably priced system is going to be tough. Nonetheless, the problems should be solved by the middle Nineties, in time for you to watch the ball drop at the turn of the millennium.

By then, video will have another new world to conquer as serious development of commercial high-definition television (HDTV) begins. This, too, entails great technical and practical difficulties. All of the HDTV systems developed so far would require the equivalent of several standard television channels to broadcast just one signal. But research into human visual acuity could help pare them down by telling us what information could be omitted without lowering picture quality. Another avenue is data compression, which could squeeze the necessary information into a smaller signal-band width. Or will there be an end run around the issue, using direct broadcast from satellite (DBS) to carry HDTV broadcasts? This would require the installation of small dish antennas on the rooftops of receiving homes. And then there's the matter of trying to maintain some compatibility with existing television sets for a graceful period of transition. Nonetheless, some sort of



A CONVENTIONAL WARHEAD

HDTV should be available by the year 2000 or so, bringing with it life-size images as sharp as those of 35mm slides. And well before that, there will be fully compatible enhancements that will yield better picture quality in both broadcast and reception of conventional television signals.

You've probably noticed that cars, cameras and appliances are beginning to talk to you. Unfortunately, they don't listen when you reply, but that's about to change. Voice-recognition technology is becoming good enough and cheap enough to be used in consumer products. By the early Nineties, remote control will mean (at least in part) the ability to tell your TV set to change channels and your stereo system to turn on and play the CD of your choice—just as the Jetsons did.

At the same time, great strides are being made in the fabrication of integrated circuits—the tiny chips that are at the heart of all of today's advanced electronics. More circuitry is being squeezed into smaller packages. By the end of the century, this will lead to personal supercomputers—desktop units so fast and powerful that they will be able to solve problems that now require the world's largest and most expensive mainframes. The same technology, combined with voice recognition, artificial-intelligence software and electronic sensing systems, will make personal robots a reality within a decade. These will be far superior to the primitive models developed in recent years. They will be able to hear and respond to spoken commands, to learn from experience or from watching a task being performed and to do most simple household chores. By early in the next century, you should be able to buy a gentleman's gentlebot that can clean house, wash dishes and mix you a drink—all without ever asking why you didn't come home last night.

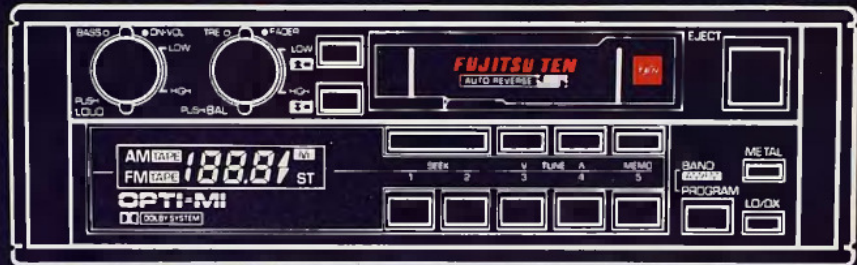
Sometime in the first quarter of the next century, even the compact disc will be displaced by solid-state modules that are smaller, completely nonmechanical and reusable. These, similar to the crystallike memory units that taught Superman in the movie, probably will displace tape as well. Together with high-density integrated circuits, they will make it possible to put an entire home-entertainment system (except for the video screen) into a small box that can be voice- or handset-controlled from anywhere in your home. Or there may be a second, larger box that contains all your music and video recordings, which you obtain not from a record store but from the satellite dish or fiber-optic cable feeding TV, radio and other services into your home. When you want to take your music with you, you plug your personal stereo into your home system and fill it with whatever you want to hear; a plug-in cartridge serves the same function for your car.

All of this will come to pass. The luckiest of us will be around to enjoy it. Buck Rogers can only dream.



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BARBI

(continued from page 166)

All to the good, says Barbi: "It's changed my life. I'm aware of so many more things than I was before. Listening to music, I hear so many more notes and instruments than I ever did. I smell things that I never have before. If I walk into a room, I can smell the curtains. I can smell dirty feet."

"I've also been going to classes at the Groundlings, which is a Second City-type group in Los Angeles. And we're doing improv. Working with the Groundlings has helped me, because it has allowed me to be very silly on stage."

"Well, it's all come to something. I'm very secure now with my acting, and that's all that I really care about. I want to be able to do good work when it's offered and not be embarrassed by the reviews."

"I don't want to be queen of the B's, and I'm turning down the roles that are being offered to me in that area, because they're not movies that I can take my parents to. I've done a few of them, and they're just not quality films."

There was a time, back in the early Seventies, when Barbi was best known for her appearances in PLAYBOY pictorials. So popular was she, in fact, that the myth persists that she was either a Playmate or a Bunny. She was neither. But her last PLAYBOY feature appeared in December 1973. Why did she decide to pose again now?

"Marilyn Grabowski, PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor, had approached me a number of times about doing another pictorial. I finally decided, Why not?"

Barbi has plenty of other things on her mind as well. She has recently discovered self-discipline and its attendant rewards. So now it's bed by ten, up at six, health food and lots of exercise. She had always been a sports fanatic, but now she has

moved beyond the pale. She skis expertly, runs up to 12 miles a day and thinks nothing of 200-mile bicycle rides. She has conquered the marathon and is eyeing the triathlon. Luckily, her husband, businessman George Gradow, is similarly motivated.

Music, too, is still a passion for Barbi. She has put a lot of study and training into her singing career and has come a long way. "I remember when I used to audition for the high school musicals and they'd say, 'You should be a dancer.'" As a country-and-western *singer*, she has developed quite a following in the U.S.A. And in the Scandinavian countries, she's considered a rock star.

"It's the only place I feel like Rod Stewart!" says Barbi, but the fact is, she once had, simultaneously, the top single and four albums in the top ten in Scandinavia.

"I love country music," she says. "And I love rock 'n' roll. But my next album is going to be new-age music. I spent a summer learning how to play the piano, and I am obsessed with it now. When I run in the morning, I write melodies in my head. I can't wait to get back to the piano to find the chords that I hear."

"Now I don't need to work with somebody else. That is the biggest release I've had in a long time. Before, I had to sit with somebody else. I would sing a melody and the other person would find the chords, and it was frustrating. Now I can find it myself, and it has opened up the world of music for me. When I come out with my next album, it is going to be unique. I am not going to be a carbon copy of anybody. I've always been looking for this kind of independence and have never found it—until now."



C'EST MOI!

(continued from page 144)

laboratories—the testing done on animals—is atrocious. It's sick. But you couldn't fight that every day. You would cry all the time. So, at the Anti-Cruelty Society, I take the dogs out of their cages and take them for walks. I give them some affection. I would like to be part of a program called Pet Therapy, too—taking puppies to hospitals or nursing homes. It does wonders. Old people who haven't talked or shown emotion for years, they talk, they cry. One job I want to have someday is training animals to help blind people. I would like to help people and animals at the same time."

Carol gets a little weary of constantly being asked her impressions of the United States, but she can't help mentioning a few differences between her home country and this one.

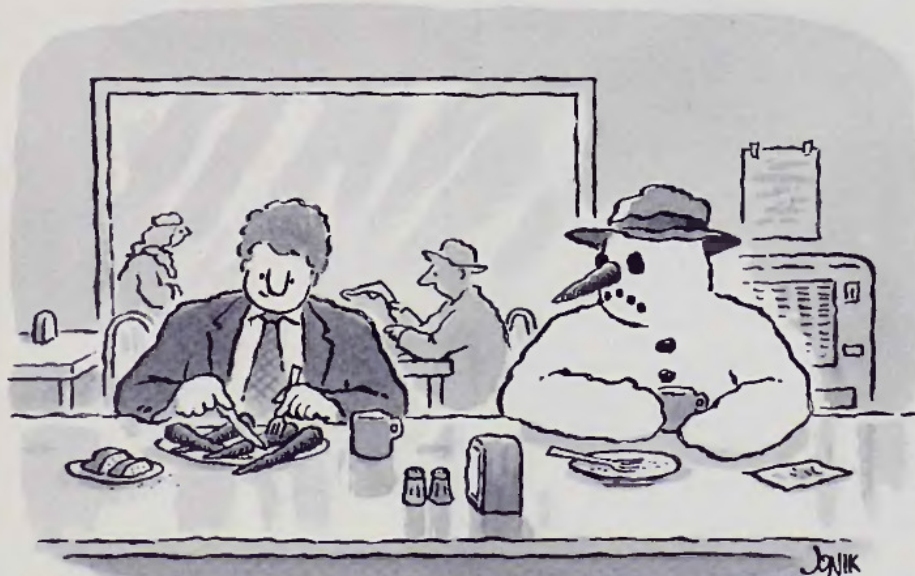
"I find American people much more friendly than the French. Women here are nicer with other women, for one thing. When I first got here, I would go to a restaurant and a lady would say, 'Oh, you look wonderful; you're so pretty.' And I thought, That's so *strange!* In France, if you look wonderful, another woman will check you out, but she will never tell you that you look nice. Also, I like the kind of fun you have here. American fun—whatever kind—it's more loud, there's so much more *noise*."

"Now, with sex, I must say I prefer the French. Americans are more repressed," she says, taking pains to point out that her American husband is an exception. "The French are more open. Nude beaches everywhere; you can be topless anywhere. It seems to me that with French people, sex is more natural. It's something that is there, and it's nice, and let's not make a big deal out of it."

Soon Carol will be studying the big deals we call the Boston Tea Party, Bunker Hill, the Louisiana Purchase (known in France as "*une grosse erreur*")—those mightily important events about which Americans have forgotten all the details.

"I have to learn your history," she says. "I'm going to try to be an American citizen. It's funny, you know? I am French. It's my background and, goddamn it, I'm French. But as far as America is concerned, you can't be both. America says, 'If you become American, this is it. You *swear* you won't have anything to do with your other country.' Which is a little drastic. The French, they say, 'Tough. Who cares? To us, you will always be French.'"

Carol Ficatier, as French as the lilt in her voice and the mischief in her eye, is going to be one of those Americans to whom the rest of us point with pride.



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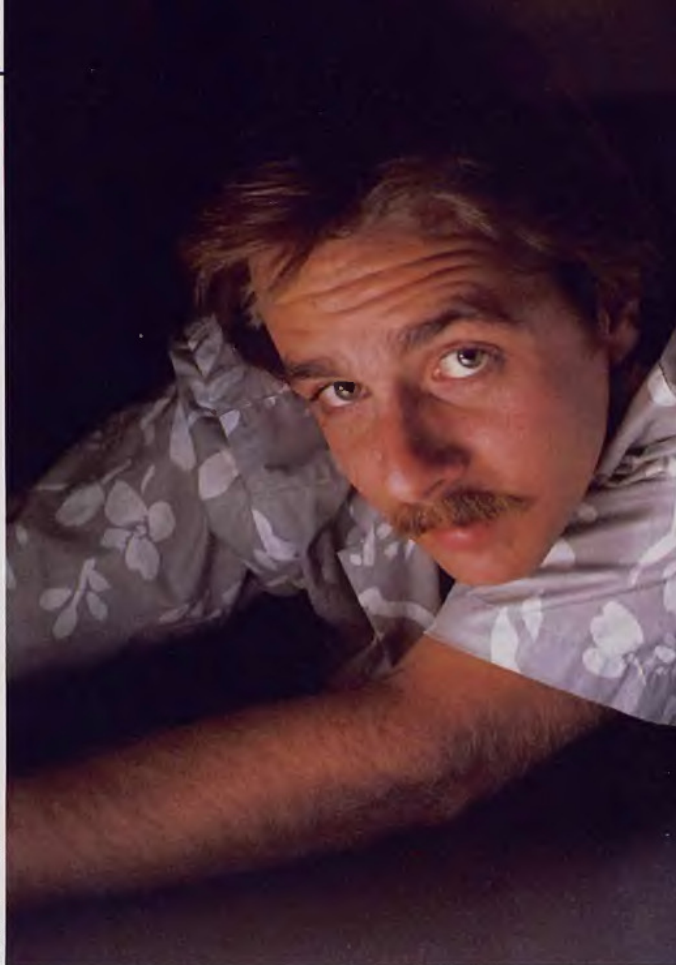
BERKE BREATHED▷ *bird brain*

In 1980, Berke Breathed wasn't sure whether he'd be photographing penguins or drawing them. His first choice was drawing—at least, drawing the one bird that now serves as the centerpiece for his *Bloom County*, one of the best of the socially conscious comic strips to follow *Doonesbury*. But when the University of Texas photography major tried to peddle his work, he found little interest in satire featuring a talking penguin, a wheelchair-bound hero, a neurotic child, an opportunistic attorney and other odd types, especially when topics range from nuclear disarmament to Eddie Murphy.

"I had contacted all the major syndicates and had been turned down," Breathed remembers. "So I was hoping to become a *National Geographic* photographer instead." Finally, one small syndicate gave him a chance and Breathed promptly earned a cult following in 450 newspapers, along with a reputation for controversy that has seen some of his more pointed satirical gibes pulled by local editors.

"Editors are afraid of being sued," the 28-year-old New Mexico resident complains. "And the comics are getting more and more commercial. It's going to destroy them as it destroyed children's TV."

Breathed, of course, plans to protect *Bloom County* from such a fate. "There are no more Mark Twains," he says defiantly. "Cartoonists are the last renegade commentators in society." —STEVE GOLDBERG



STEVEN PUMPHREY



RON MESAROS

◁ MARK PEEL AND NANCY SILVERTON *beyond the tuna melt*

"Sometimes, I think I'm living inside that *New Yorker* cartoon in which the man is saying to the waiter, 'If *pesto* is *passé* . . . bring us whatever's taken over,'" says Mark Peel, who, with his wife, Nancy Silverton, has earned a national reputation creating foods of the moment.

Both Peel, 30, and Silverton, 31, were chefs at the legendary Spago, one of the glitziest Los Angeles restaurants and one of the most adventurous in terms of cuisine. Recently, they moved to New York, where they're now running the kitchen of the newly revamped Maxwell's Plum.

"If you work on an item long enough, you'll inevitably screw it up," maintains Peel. "Sometimes, dishes you think are completely off the wall, like lobster and vanilla sauce, come out tasting great.

"My mother tells me she's terrified to cook for me now," he says. "She did for 25 years and I never complained."

"People don't understand," says Silverton. "We're never critical in people's homes. My favorite dish is tuna melt. I cook tuna melts about three times a week." —MERRILL SHINDLER

▽ JAN HAMMER

scoring with crockett and tubbs

Although *Miami Vice* seems to have spawned its share of imitators, with Top 40 music blasting from several TV sound tracks this season, it still has an exclusive on Jan Hammer, the man who singlehandedly composes, arranges and performs the show's moody and hypnotic score, which augments and sometimes even overshadows the more familiar songs.

Every ten days or so, after a segment is shot in Miami and edited in Los Angeles, a rough cut is delivered by courier to Hammer's 150-year-old farmhouse studio in Dutchess County, New York. There, using a range of old and state-of-the-art digital synthesizers, recorders, guitars and a Steinway piano, the Czech-born Hammer rushes to compose 20 to 25 minutes of music. Four of his songs are on the new *Miami Vice* sound-track album.

"It's a real high-pressure job," he says wearily. "Once, I finished a show just two days before the air date. It's like doing an album every two weeks."

Not that the 37-year-old composer is complaining. "I pretty much have my say on what kind of music it will be. It lets me be free when I write," he explains. "This is the musical equivalent of shooting your mouth off; it's true experimentation." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL



SPACESHIP

(continued from page 175)

drank it; the others had to draw the line somewhere.

This morning, all hands had gathered for the prelanding meal. At the head of the round table sat Captain Standforth himself, under the glassy eyes of nearly two score defunct birds mounted on the walls, the stuffing of which was his only true vocation. Descended from *those* Standforths, the ones who had so routinely over the past seven generations covered themselves with glory in the service of the Galactic Patrol, the captain had been compelled by both family and destiny to enlist when his turn came, just as the patrol had been compelled by family and history to take him, inadvertently and unhappily proving that sometimes neither nature *nor* nurture may create character. Taxidermy? A Standforth? Regrettably, yes.

Gathered around, scoffing down the fabrifood, were the rest of the expendable captain's expendable crew, plus his lone expendable passenger, Councilman Morton Luthguster, as plump and pompous as a pouter pigeon crossed with a blimp. The crew consisted of second-in-command Lieutenant Billy Shelby, young and idealistic but not too awfully bright; Astrogator Pam Stokes, *very* bright and very beautiful but a stranger to passion; Ensign Kybee Benson, whose encyclopedic knowledge of human societies did not keep him from being personally antisocial; and stockily blunt Chief Engineer Hester (of the coffee) Hanshaw, proud mistress of the engine room.

The captain wiped his lips on a toastette, then ate it. "Well," he said to his murky band, "we'll be landing soon." His mild eyes gleamed with visions of this unknown new planet and the unimaginable new birds he would soon disembowel.

Councilman Luthguster, swirling a forkful of papjack in pseudoleo, said, "What is this place we're coming to, Ensign Benson? What are its characteristics?"

"No one knows for sure about this one, Councilman," the ensign told him. "The old records simply say the colonists were a group of like-minded people whose goal was a simple life free of surprises."

"Well, *we*'ll be a surprise," the council man said.

•

Jim Downey and Hank Carpenter stood gazing up into the clear green sky, where the sun—good old Ptolemy, nicknamed sun after the good old Sol from which their forebears had so long ago departed—poised midway up its morning arc. "They're late," Jim said.

"They'll get here," Hank assured him.

•

Councilman Luthguster said, "What's the name of the place, Ensign Benson? I've noticed that the name the colonists give their settlement frequently offers a clue to



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their social structure.”

“It’s called Figulus,” Ensign Benson said. “Figulus?”

Blank looks around the table. Billy Shelby said, “Wasn’t he one of the founders of ancient Rome? Figulus and Venus.”

“No, Billy,” said Ensign Benson.

Jim frowned skyward. “You don’t suppose they got the coordinates wrong? Landed someplace else on Figgy?” Behind them, on the knoll where they stood, the pleasant town dreamily awaited.

“They’re dawdling over their breakfast, like as not,” Hank replied. “In fact, there they come yonder.”

“Publius Nigidius Figulus,” Ensign Benson said. “He was the most learned Roman of his age, a writer and a statesman, died circa forty-five B.C.”

Billy looked sad. “Died at the circus? That’s awful.”

“Terrible,” the ensign agreed. “Figulus was most noted for his books on religion and—”

“We’re,” Pam Stokes said, her ancestral slide rule moving like a live thing in her slender-fingered hands, a subtle alteration simultaneously taking place in the faint aura of engine hum all about them, “here.”

Everyone jumped up to go look out the view ports at Figulus, third of ten planets in orbit around the Sollike star called Ptolemy. Only Ensign Benson remained at the table, draining his vial of ocher juice. “And astrology,” he finished.

“People of Figulus—”

“Hi, Senator,” Jim said.

Councilman Luthguster frowned across the top of his P.A.-system microphone at the two locals at the foot of the extruded stairs. He was on the platform at the top. Both were middle-aged, mild-mannered, Jim with a gray cardigan and a pipe, Hank with eyeglasses and a tweed jacket. All four elbows sported leather patches. “I am a councilman,” he informed them.

“Ha!” said Hank. “That’s a five-buck you owe me, Jim.”

Jim scratched his head. “I would have sworn a plenipotentiary from Earth would be at least a senator.”

Councilman Luthguster stared. “I haven’t told you that yet,” he told the world through the P.A. system.

Just inside the ship where the others waited, Ensign Benson frowned and said, “What’s going on out there?” He edged closer to the open hatch, where he could hear both sides of the conversation.

“Well, in any event,” Hank was saying, while his pal Jim sadly produced a five-buck from his wallet and handed it over, “the councilman is not the one we have to talk to here. No, we want the man in charge.”

“You mean the captain?”

Hank said, “No, no, he’s just some sort

of hobbyist along for the ride. We want the—what will you call him? Social scientist. Anthropologist.”

“Sociologist,” Jim suggested. “Ethnologist.”

Ensign Benson stepped out into the light. “Social engineer,” he said.

“How do you do, sir,” Hank said, smiling behind his glasses, coming up the ladder with hand outstretched. “I’m Hank Carpenter, mayor of Centerville.”

Back on the ground, Jim made a dang-it gesture with his pipe. “I knew he’d be a Scorpio! Dang it, *that’s* what we should have bet on.”

Ensign Benson accepted Hank’s firm but friendly handclasp. “Centerville?”

“Well, sir,” Hank said, “it happens that *this* is the center of the universe. May not look like much, but that’s what it is and why our forebears came here. But let’s quit jawing. You and the councilman and the

four inside the ship, come on to town and meet the folks.”

Ensign Benson held tight to the stair rail. “Four inside?”

“Well, there’s your captain,” Hank said. “Tall, skinny, distracted fella. A Pisces. And his number two, a nice young boy but not too quick upstairs—probably a Moon Child. Moony, anyway.”

“Show-off,” Jim said. He was still smarting over his fiver.

Hank went on, pretending not to notice. “Then there’s your navigator——”

“Astrogator.”

“Same thing, just gussied up. A highly motivated young person, probably female.”

“Not yet,” Ensign Benson muttered.

“But definitely Virgo.”

“*That* I’ll go along with.”

“Now, your engineer,” Hank went on, “a solid Taurus, but we just can’t decide if

it’s a man or a woman.”

“Nobody can,” Ensign Benson said.

“I heard that,” Hester said, coming out onto the platform to shake a wrench at the ensign. “I’m a woman, and don’t you forget it.”

“Why not?”

“Come on, folks,” Hank said, gesturing toward town. “You’ve had a long, hard journey; come along and relax.”

The captain, the lieutenant and the astrogator joined the three other Earthlings on the platform and they all looked off toward town. A pretty little place with peaked roofs, a traditional white steeple and a sports ground alive with running, yelling children, it nestled in a setting of low hills where neat farms mingled with elm groves, the whole area very much like certain bits of Devon and Kent—the parts beyond commuting distance from London. “What a nice place,” Pam said, her slide rule for one instant forgotten.

“You’ll learn to love it,” Hank assured them, “in time.”

“Chick, chick, Nero,” Jim said as Hank explained to the Earthers, “Our energy sources are really very slender. No oil, no coal. Hydropower and solar power give us enough electricity to run our homes and businesses, but there was no way we could keep powered transportation. Fortunately, there were several indigenous animals capable of domestication, including the like of old Nero here.”

Nero, a gray-and-white creature that might very well pass for a horsy steed in the dusk with the light behind it, was apparently quite strong; without effort it pulled this ten-seater surrey and its eight passengers along the gently up-and-down crushed-stone road toward town. A farmer in a nearby field, plowing behind another Nero, waved; Hank and Jim and Billy and Hester waved back.

“Have many birds here?” the captain asked.

“Oh, all sorts.”

Ensign Benson had been deeply frowning, intensely brooding, acutely staring into the middle distance, but now all at once he nodded and said, “Hyperradio.”

Jim frowned around his pipe. “Say what?”

“You must be in hyperradio contact with one of the colonies we already visited.”

“Not us,” Jim said. “Never heard of hyperradio.”

“Then someone else has come here from off planet. Recently.”

“No, sir,” Jim shook his head and Nero’s reins.

Hank said, “You’re our first visitors in five hundred years. You’ll be starting the guestbook.”

Ensign Benson gave him the old gimlet eye. “You knew we were coming. You knew how many of us and where we were from and our mission. Somebody had to



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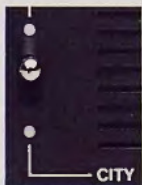
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that's all *wrong!*"

A friendly citizeness patted his hand. "You'll learn them," she assured him. "Won't take long—a strong-willed Leo like you."

"Oh, no." The councilman was firm on that. "How happy I am I'll *never* have to learn such gibberish."

His audience just smiled.

"If your stars tell you we're staying here," Ensign Benson said, "they're crazy."

"Look, friend," Hank said. "What if the billions and billions of human beings scattered across the Galaxies were to learn that right here, smack in the middle of it all, was a place where they could find out almost *everything* about the future? What would happen?"

"You could do a great mail-order business."

"They would come here," Hank said. "In their billions. Our town would be destroyed; our way of life would simply come to an end."

Reluctantly, Ensign Benson nodded. "It could get difficult."

"And that's why the stars say you'll remain here and *never* expose us to the rest of the human race."

"Sorry," the ensign said. "I understand your feelings, but we have our own jobs to do. We just can't stay."

"But you will," Hank said apologetically but firmly. "You see, there's an armed guard at your ship right now, and there will be for the rest of your lives."

Odd how easily the next month flowed by. Billy Shelby got a paper route *and* a job delivering for the supermarket. Pam became a substitute math teacher at one of the high schools, where the male students could never figure out what she was talking about but flocked to her class anyway. Captain Standforth, roaming the countryside with his stun gun, brought back many strange and—to him—interesting new birds to stuff. Councilman Luthguster took to hanging around down at city hall, and Hester Hanshaw became a sort of unofficial apprentice at the neighborhood smithy.

Socially, the local belief that "those who sign together combine together" made it easy to meet folks of similar interests. Herds of hefty Taurians took Hester away for camping trips, Billy joined a charitable organization called Caring Cancers, a Piscean gardening-and-water-polo club enrolled Captain Standforth, Pam linked up with the Friends of the Peace Memorial (an organization devoted to maintaining the patch of flowers and lawn around said memorial) and Councilman Luthguster joined the local branch of Lions Club Intergalactical.

Only Ensign Kybee Benson failed to make the slightest adjustment. Only he sat brooding on the porch of their nice white-clapboard house with the green shutters. Only he resisted the overtures of his sign's organization (the Scorpio Swinging Singles Club). Only he failed to learn the local idioms, take an interest in the issues raised by the morning and evening newspapers (which gave the following day's weather with *perfect* accuracy), involve himself in the community. Only he refused to accept the reality of the local saying that meant the end of negotiation, parley, haggling: The buck stops here.

"Buck up, Kybee," Billy said, coming up the stoop.

"What?" Ensign Benson, in his rocking chair on the porch, glared red-eyed at the returning delivery boy. "What is *that* supposed to mean in this miserable place?"

"Gee, Kybee," Billy said, backing away a little, "the same as it does on Earth. It means 'Be cheerful; look on the sunny side.'"

"*What* sunny side? We're trapped here, imprisoned in this *small town* for the rest of our—"

"It's really not that bad, Kybee," Billy told him. "The folks are real nice. And I do like my jobs. I'm not making big bucks yet, but—"

"*Garr-rraaaghh!*" Ensign Benson announced, leaped to his feet and chased Billy three times around the block before his wind gave out.

Somehow, the second month was less fun. The area round about Centerville had shown to Captain Standforth its full repertory of birds; the board of aldermen would let Councilman Luthguster neither deliver a speech to them nor (as a noncitizen) run for office against them; the high school boys, having grown used to Pam's useless beauty and having realized none of them would ever either claim her or understand her, now flocked *away* from her classes; at the supermarket, Billy was passed over for promotion to assistant produce manager; and a Nero kicked Hester in the rump down at the smithy, causing her to limp.

On the social side, things weren't much better. Hester found her hiking Taurians too bossy and quit. Caring Cancers met every week in a different member's home to discuss, over milk and gingersnaps, possible recipients for its good works but so far hadn't found any, which made Billy feel silly. The captain's gardening-and-water-polo club kept postponing its meetings, necessitating constant rounds of messages and plan reshufflings. No two Friends of the Peace Memorial, including Pam, could agree on a flower arrangement. And Councilman Luthguster, after a hard-fought campaign in which he had taken an extremely active part, had been blackballed at the Lions Club.

More and more, the former space rovers



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hung around the house, vaguely fretful. The bilious green sky, the nasty sun (color of ocher juice), the two mingy little marble moons in their eccentric orbits all pressed down on the landscape, on the town, on their own little gabled house, with its squeaking floors and doors that stuck. The local citizens had brought from the Hopeful all their personal possessions—clothes, tools, video camera and monitor, the captain's birds, Pam's sky charts, Billy's collection of *The Adventures of Space Cadet Hooper and His Pals Fatso and Chang*, Ensign Benson's folders of Betelgeusean erotica, the bound cassettes of Councilman Luthguster's speeches to the Galactic Council (with the boos edited out), even Hester's coffee mug—but all these things simply reminded them of their former lives, made their present state less rather than more bearable.

Centerville was a small town in no nation. Distractions were few and local. No movies or video, only the *Morning Bugle* and the *Afternoon Independent* for reading matter, very little variety in clothing or food (all good, all stolid) and no real use for any of their skills or talents. In 500 years, the population had grown from the original 63 to just over 11,000, but 11,000 people aren't very many when *that's all there are*.

Even the news that both high school bands would march in next month's Landing Day parade didn't lift their spirits a hell of a lot. That's how bad things were.

Ensign Benson brooded alone in his rocking chair on the front porch, watching the world (hah!) go by, when a bit of the world in the person of Mayor Hank Carpenter came up onto the stoop to say, "Hidy, Kybee."

The ensign gave him a look from under lowered brows. Hank cleared his throat, a bit uncomfortable. "We're sending an ambulance," he said.

"You're what?"

"Sorry," Hank said, looking truly sorry, "but we'll be taking the captain over to the hospital for a while."

"What for?"

"Well, uh, he's about to try to commit suicide."

Ensign Benson stared. He knew these people now; they didn't lie and weren't wrong. But the *captain*? He said, "I thought I'd be the first to snap."

"Oh, no," Hank assured him. "In fact, you'll, uh, be the last."

"That's it," Ensign Benson said. Rising, he pointed a stern finger at Hank. "Keep your ambulance. We'll take care of our own."

"Well, if you're sure you—"

But the ensign had gone into the house and slammed the door.

He found the captain upstairs in his room, fooling with a rope. "Come downstairs," he said. "Now."

In the kitchen, Billy and Hester were making coffee—separately, in different pots. The ensign and the captain entered and the ensign said, "Watch him. If he starts drinking anything funny, stop him."

Billy said, "You mean, like Hester's coffee?" But the ensign was gone.

Soon he was back, with Pam and the councilman. "It's time," he told them all, "to quit fooling around and get out of here."

"But, Kybee," Billy said, "we can't. These people *know* the future, and they say we'll never leave."

"Probabilities," the ensign corrected him. "The future is not fixed, remember? There's still free will. The probabilities are caused by *our* narrowing free will. Things will *probably* happen in this way or that way because we are who we are, not because the stars force us into anything."

Hester said, "I don't see how that helps."

"We have to break out of the probabilities. Somehow or other—I don't see it clearly yet, but somehow or other—if we *do* what we *wouldn't* do, we'll get out of here."

Pam said, "But what wouldn't we do?"

The ensign gave her a jaundiced look. "I know what *you* wouldn't do," he said. "But I would do it, so that's that. No, we need something that's so far from the probabilities that, that. . . ."

The others watched him. Ensign Benson seemed to be reaching down far inside himself, *willing* a solution where there was none. "Take it easy, Kybee," Billy said.

Hester said, "Do you want some coffee? Billy's coffee."

Slowly, the ensign exhaled; it had been some time since he'd breathed. "I know what we're going to do," he said.

"No!" said the captain. "I won't!"

"That's the point," Ensign Benson said.

Hester said, "There's no way you're going to get *me* to do a thing like that."

Pam said, "Kybee, this is just a scheme of yours; I can tell."

"Gosh, Kybee," said Billy.

"My dignity," said the councilman.

"Precisely!" Ensign Benson said. "Your dignity is what keeps the probabilities all lined up in a neat and civilized and *predictable* row. It's the only way we're ever going to get back onto the Hopeful. Think about it."

They thought about it. They hated it. But that, of course, was the whole point.

"Hidy, Kybee. The captain feeling better?"

"Oh, we all adapt, Hank."

"What's that you're watching?"

"Just a little video I made of the captain shooting birds. Never saw one of these machines?"

"No, sir, can't say I have."

"They're easy to operate. Come here, I'll show you."

One nice thing about knowing the future, you never have to worry about a rain date for your big parade. The sun shone bright, the bands and the marchers were resplendent, and *this* year, thanks to the Earthpeople, there would be a permanent record of the whole affair! Hank Carpenter, armed with the video camera, stood atop a wagon right down by the peace memorial, ready to tape the whole show.

And a real nice show it was. The South Side High School band led off, in uniforms of scarlet and white, and the North Side High School band, in blue and gold, brought up the rear. In between were contingents of the Four-H, the Grange, the police department, bowling leagues, volunteer firemen, a giggle of beauty-contest winners in a bedecked sully; oh, all sorts of interesting things.

Including the crew of the Hopeful. Naked.

"Keep taping!" Ensign Benson yelled at Hank Carpenter. "Tape! Tape!" And he did, and they all looked at the tape later, and it was still impossible to believe.

What an array of uncomfortable-looking people. What a variety of flesh was here on display. What an embarrassment all the way around.

Captain Standforth and Hester appeared first, side by side but determinedly separate. The captain sort of vaguely squinted and blinked, pretending to do difficult math problems in his head, while Hester marched along like an angry rhinoceros, *daring* anyone to tell her she was naked. The captain in the buff looked more mineral than animal: an angular, gawky armature, a scarecrow that wouldn't scare a wren, an espalier framework for no known tree. Hester, on the other hand, merely became more Hester: chunky, blocky, squared-off.

A rosy astrogator came next: Pam Stokes blushing from nipple to eyebrow, accompanied by an ashen legislator. Councilman Luthguster, shaped very much like the balloons being carried by some of the younger spectators, appeared to have been drained by a vampire before leaving the house that morning. Upon this pallid sausage casing, the hobnails of embarrassed perspiration stood out in bold relief. Would he faint, or would he make it to Main Street? He suffered from the loss of his pomposity much more severely than from the simple loss of his clothes.

Pam suffered from the loss of clothes. She was beautiful, but she didn't want to be beautiful; she was graceful, but she didn't want to be graceful; she was a treat, but the last thing on Earth—or Figulus—that Pam Stokes wanted to be was a treat. Her expression was like that sometimes seen in dentists' offices.



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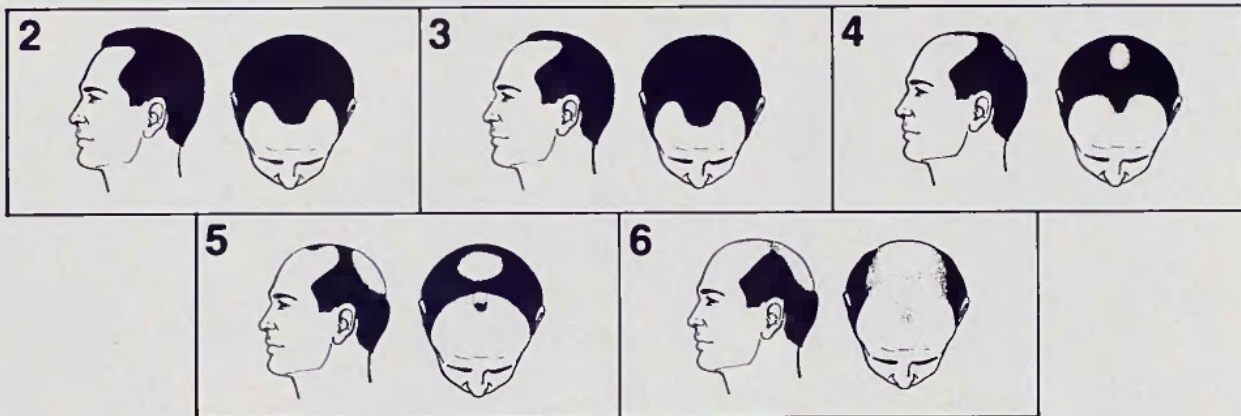
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Finally there came Billy and the ensign, and here the mark of the ensign's determination *really* showed itself. Although it would certainly be embarrassing for him or for Billy to appear naked in public, it wouldn't, in truth, be quite the horror it clearly was for the others, so for himself and Billy the ensign had escalated the attack.

They were dancing.

Arm in arm, the ensign leading, Billy following pretty well, they turned and turned in great loops, waltzing to John Philip Sousa's *The Thunderer*—not impossible but not easy.

Nobody stopped them; nobody knew what to do but stand and gape. For two blocks past the astounded populace, down Broadway from Elm past Church to Main—that being the reach of the video camera—the captain paced, the chief engineer plodded, the councilman trudged, the astrogator inadvertently and unwillingly promenaded and the lieutenant and the ensign waltzed. At Main, surrounded by a populace still immobilized by disbelief, they broke and ran for it, around behind the crowd, through back yards and alleys and away. With many a hoarse cry and broken gasp, this unlikely herd thundered all the way home, up the stoop, across the porch, into the house and *slammed* the door.

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?"

"Hank Carpenter, Miss Hanshaw. You folks all right in there?"

"Go away."

"It's been five days; you can't just—"

"Then wait a minute."

Hank waited. He went over and sat on the porch railing and looked out at the sunny day. The rubbernecks who had filled this street at first had given up by now, and everything was back to normal. But what had it all been about, anyway?

This was one of those rare moments when the charts didn't help. If it were simple madness, of course, that would explain a lot, since insanity can play merry hob with your probabilities, but somehow Hank didn't believe lunacy was the answer.

The front door opened and Ensign Benson came out, carrying a thin folder. He shut the door behind himself, gave Hank a quick, nervous smile, then frowned out at the street.

"They're all gone," Hank assured him.

"I didn't know it would be quite *that* bad," the ensign said. "It does something to your nervous system to be naked in front of that many people." He had a twitchy look to him and didn't quite meet Hank's eye.

"What we can't figure out is why you did it."

"So you could let us go, of course."

Hank smiled in confusion. "You mean, we'd take pity on you because you lost

your minds?"

"We didn't lose our minds, just our clothes. You've got it all on tape, right?"

"I don't know why you'd want such a thing," Hank said, "but yes, we do."

"Look at this," Ensign Benson said, extending the folder.

Hank took it, opened it, found himself reading a report to the Galactic Council about the lost colony known as Figulus. "Says here, the settlement was abandoned. Colonists long dead. Some unanticipated poison in the atmosphere."

"Not suited for human life," the ensign said. "As soon as we're aboard ship, that's the report we'll send."

"Why?"

"You're keeping us here because you're afraid we'll spread the news about you and a lot of people will show up to learn all about the future."

Hank nodded. "Destroying *our* future in the process."

"If anybody did arrive," the ensign said, "you'd blame us. You'd probably be mad enough to show that tape."

"I'm beginning to see the light," Hank said. "You were looking for a way to bust loose from the probabilities."

"That's right. What *could* we do that we *wouldn't* do?"

"Walk down Broadway at high noon, naked, with a brass band."

"As long as you have that tape," Ensign Benson said, "we'll do anything—*anything*—to keep the rest of the human race away from here." Wanly he smiled. "And if this doesn't work," he said, "if you still won't let us go, we'll just have to get *more* improbable."

"How?" Hank asked, a bit wide-eyed.

"I don't know yet," the ensign told him. "I hope I never know. How about you?"

Out, out, out across the illimitable void soared the Hopeful. Its crew, garbed in every piece of clothing they owned and not looking one another in the eye, had left Figulus without even having their charts done. They knew nothing of the future.

Just as well.



The Santa Hunters

CHRISTMAS FANTASY

(continued from page 152)

"Ties are very phallic," she said. 'I suppose beards are, too,' I said. 'Yours is,' she said."

a bus or a lift out of the village, I would leave this very night.

I saw tangled strings of Christmas lights and hanging ribbons. And there were bunches of holly among the horse brasses on the beams, one round holly wreath on the wall and a twist of tuberous mistletoe drooping over the door. Because these plants were real and dying, they seemed funereal rather than festive to me. Now I saw people: two men in chairs and a woman on the far side of the horseshoe shape of the bar. They had not moved when I entered; I had taken them for pieces of furniture—it was that kind of country pub. But why should they notice me? They must have seen plenty of travelers like me, muddy and sodden from the long-distance path that cut through the village. I was haggard from weeks of tramping and masked with a beard I had grown because I was sick of seeing my face in hotel mirrors and wearing ridiculous boots. And who is a more unpromising companion than a man bent under a knapsack?

So I was the first to speak, but I had to wait some minutes for an opportunity. The bell over the door tinkled as a little old woman in a loudly crackling plastic mac entered with a small wet dog.

"A tin of shandy and a packet of cheese-and-onion-flavored crisps," she said.

At the sound of the bell, a man had appeared from the rear of the pub. He grunted and filled the woman's order, and I noticed he handled her money using his enormous thumbs.

The woman fed the potato crisps to the dog, talking the whole while—reminding the animal to watch its manners. And then she was gone. That was my opportunity.

"I don't think I've ever seen a dog do that."

When I spoke, the two men in the chairs stood up and left the pub.

"I wonder whether it's hard for him to swallow them," I said.

"I reckon it's right easy like." This was the man behind the bar, probably the publican, a balding, round-eyed fellow in a sweater that was much too big for him. He looked at me briefly and said, "I'm stopping inside for my tea," and he left.

"They don't like to talk about Mrs. Pickering," the next voice said. It was the woman on the far side of the bar. "You've driven them away."

"I have that effect on some people," I said, and when she obliged me by laughing, I said, "Why don't you join me? It's much warmer here by the fire."

To my surprise, she took the other chair by the hearth and said, "I never know whether it's all right to sit here. There are

a couple of old boys who always use these chairs. The fog has probably kept them at home."

She had beautiful teeth and bright eyes and soft hair cut short and a pale, indoor complexion. Lost in studying her, I gabbled without thinking, wanting only to keep her there by the fire. I had not spoken with anyone all day. Such long silences always made me feel invisible, so talking with that woman, I became real again—and more, I became hopeful.

"And what is the mystery about Mrs. Pickering?"

"No mystery. It is well known." The woman stared solemnly at me, and I was sorry I had been so chirpy. "She murdered her fiancé."

I tried to remember Mrs. Pickering's face. I strained and recollected a sad, shawled figure in small boots. I recalled the crackling raincoat, the fingerless woolen gloves; she had no face. But all that was vague. My distinct memory was of a wet terrier smacking his jaws and half choking in his effort to eat the potato crisps.

"Not everyone is what they seem."

"She seemed very sweet," I said.

"I was thinking of her fiancé. He was a busybody and a terrible bully. Like a lot of men with sexual problems, he was very aggressive and violent. The local people knew what he was like and what she had to put up with. It was only strangers who were fooled by him. She killed him one night—with a billhook. He deserved it. She was given a suspended sentence—an incredibly wise decision. But no one likes to talk about her." I accepted it and answered her question, saying I had come from Whitby.

"By the way, my name is Edward Medford." The false name slipped out in spite of my desire to tell her the truth. I almost laughed at the oddness of it. "Can I get you a drink?"

"I'd love another drink. This is a whiskey," she said. "I didn't have any in the house—I'm battling a cold." When I returned with the drink, she was stoking the fire, tonging lumps of splintery coal from a scuttle. She thanked me for the drink and said, "I'm Rachel Haven."

She might have been 40, she could have been a bit more, and she seemed subdued. It was an effort for her to smile—she breathed in nicely when she did so. She struck me as independent and fearless, and solitary if not lonely. I liked her sensible clothes and heavy boots, her knitted scarf and thick coat. She seemed self-reliant and frank. She was not afraid of me. I found her extremely attractive.

We talked about the fog, the crumbling cliffs, the Crossed Keys and the distance to Saltburn, where there was a railway station. Then I said, "What's there to do around here?"

"I listen to the wireless or play my gramophone."

Those old-fashioned words were among the loneliest I had heard on the coast of Britain.

"And I do a great deal of reading."

I was too depressed to think of a proper response. I stroked my beard and saw that my silence was making her self-conscious.

"I suppose it is a very quiet life. But it suits me." She leaned forward and said, "What's that insignia on your tie?"

"Royal Geographical Society," I said. "I wear it when I'm hiking. Helps my morale."

I lifted the little gold emblem with my thumb, sort of offering it to her.

"Ties are very phallic," she said.

I let the thing drop, and I thought, *Ties?*

"It's obvious, isn't it?" she said, perhaps because I had not said anything.

I straightened up so that my tie wouldn't dangle, and I smoothed it against my shirt.

"I suppose beards are, too," I said. "Phallic symbols."

"Yours is," she said.

It was the first one I had ever grown, and I thought it made me look beaverlike and fat-faced; but when I heard her make that extraordinary remark, I felt that I had succeeded at something I had not been aware of having attempted. I had always resisted growing a beard, because I felt that a beard brought on a personality change—it happened to many men. She clearly approved.

We had another drink, and another, and went on talking in this way—she was full of unexpected remarks. The wind in the chimney disturbed the fire. It had become a bleak, murky night; no one else entered the pub.

"What time does this place close?"

"Half-ten," she said. "But if we left before then, he'd probably shut up shop. It's a filthy night."

"But where would we go?"

She had a lovely smile—it was more than a facial expression; it was a beautiful thought in her eyes and on her mouth. She said, "My cottage isn't far. We could have a drink there. You haven't let me buy my round!"

All the while, I had been wondering how this might end. I still did not know, but at least I had a chance. And it was not as a traveler wanting only to be welcomed and warmed by a tumble in her four-poster but something more—I liked her, and I was grateful to her for taking charge of me.

The landlord was not at the bar to see us leave; I was glad. I felt somewhat furtive and sheepish, as if I were sneaking away with Rachel Haven. I was also ashamed of



"Sure, I've read articles that say coke makes you talk too much and makes it hard to get it on. But I think that's all bullshit. I mean, what do the people who write these articles know? Nothing, right? Hey, I've done it for years and I know. Did I ever tell you about the time I was in Mazatlán . . . ?"

this furtive feeling.

"That's a parasite," she said as we passed under the mistletoe.

She led me out to the narrow road, where the fog was swirling and drizzling in the dimmed Christmas lights of the pub windows, and then she turned into one of those country lanes that are like deep trenches. Although it was dark, Rachel did not hesitate, and I followed the sound of her footsteps grinding the damp pebbles in the lane. We had left the hamlet of hidden cottages and were headed for the cliffs. I could hear the waves dumping and sliding in the deep hollows below.

"It's not much farther," she said. At once her footsteps went silent as she started down a muddy path. Some minutes later, she said, "There it is."

Lights burned in three or four pretty windows, and although they were blurred by sea mist, they helped me pick out the contour of this cottage, the low, slanting roof and the bulging walls. I could hear the sea clearly now; it was just beneath us, roaring softly.

It seemed a remote and solitary place, and I think I would have been frightened to be alone there. But all its desolate characteristics made it an excitement and a pleasure to be there with Rachel Haven. I was about to enter this stranger's life. It is a traveler's thrill: to delve and then move on—like passing through a pool of light.

"I always leave the lights on," Rachel

said as she opened the front door. "I hate to come back to a dark house."

Inside the cottage, any sense of mystery vanished. It was a tidy place, penetrated with the odors of good bread and healthy cats and green plants. Its warmth heightened these odors and made them fragrant, and the warmth itself was a reassurance. It was rather shadowy—only the lamps near the windows were burning—but I could see the pots of ivy and the fruit basket on the scrubbed pine table, the cat asleep on the sofa near the fireplace, and I could hear a clock's hurrying tick. Along one wall were bookshelves, and there were some pictures on another wall. But these were striped with shadows. I did not want more light than this; I liked the fire and the dim lamps and the plump sofa.

"I've been making a jumper," Rachel said, holding up a sweater. I suppose she thought I had been wondering about the knitting paraphernalia that lay on a ladder-back chair. "I had hoped to finish it by Christmas, but there's not much chance of that—Christmas is Saturday."

"Is it for someone special—the jumper?"

"Yes," she said, and looked very serious and intense. "Someone in Africa. I'm sort of a godmother to a little girl in Lesotho. Actually, she's quite a big girl now. I send a lot of knitted things to her. It can get very cold in Africa."

She handed me a glass of white wine

and we toasted each other merry Christmas. I sat down on the sofa and made room for her, but she chose to sit before the fire. The cat went to her, and she gathered it into her lap and stroked it.

"She calls me Mummy," Rachel said, and smiled, but not at me. "She's a fifth-former."

We went on talking—about the work on missions in Africa, about the Yorkshire weather, about the pleasures of radio programs and the taste of herbal tea; but all I thought about was how badly I wanted to make love to her. I could begin by getting down beside her on the carpet in front of the fire. I did not want to make it obvious. As we talked and as she refilled my glass, I grew steadily more dreamy with desire. Time passed; I was attentive, awaiting my chance.

She said, "I think this silly cat has been in a fight. He's got a torn ear."

"Let's see," I said, and scrambled next to her.

The torn ear occupied us for a while, and the fire warmed my face and I was sleepy with wine. At last, sensing that I was falling, I put my arm around her, then squeezed her shoulder and leaned to kiss her.

She arched her back and stiffened as if I had driven a spike into her.

"What are you doing?" she said with a quiet coldness.

I did not know what to say.



"Do you think I'm just going to tumble into bed with you?"

She said it with such a sneer that I was on my feet before she had finished speaking. She had made me ashamed of myself. I backed away, stumbling slightly—it was like being thrown out of bed. I said, no, it was the farthest thing from my mind and, my, look at the time!

"I have to go," I said. "Where's my pack?" And she switched on another light. I was at the door, wanting to run. The overbright light made the cottage seem less friendly and rather poky. Now I could see the books on the shelves. I was slinging on my knapsack and studying the shelves and, with nothing at all to lose—I had already touched bottom—I spoke the malicious thought that was in my mind.

"Have you read him?" I said. I was at the door, waiting for her parting words.

"Paul Theroux?" she said, and brightened: The good thought was on her face. "Oh, yes, I love him. He's smashing."

I hesitated at the door of the cottage, then smiled at Rachel Haven and took hold of my beard. She did not have the slightest idea who I was. She had rebuffed the man she knew as Edward Medford, but "Paul Theroux? Oh, yes, he's smashing." I wanted to laugh. I certainly wanted to stay longer.

Rachel said, "You don't have to rush off like this."

The words were hospitable, but they were

face savers; her tone insisted that I leave soon.

She said, "I think I've offended you."

"Not at all!" I said—much too heartily, because I meant it. I had thought of teasing her a little and then saying, "Guess who I really am!"

"I mean offended your masculine pride," she said.

With a difficulty I hoped was not visible to her, I suppressed my reply to this.

"I think you misunderstood me," she said.

A lovely woman's invitation to a perfect stranger to walk to her isolated cottage on the longest night of the year to split a bottle of wine: That seemed a wholly unambiguous offer to me. Or had I jumped to conclusions? All the while, she might have thought she was being kind to a lonely traveler. And yet, in this country, "Do you want a drink?" had nothing to do with thirst. Didn't she know that?

"But stay a little while longer," she said. "We might as well have the other half."

In fact, I had jumped up so quickly that I had left my glass with wine still in it. As she handed it to me, I dropped my knapsack to let her know I planned to linger.

"I think you had the wrong idea about me," she said. "It's strange when one lives alone. One is unaware of giving off a lot of contradictory signals. They think I'm a bit mad in the village. I know they talk about me behind my back: 'What does she do up

there all alone?'"

"What do you do?"

"I have my wireless and my gramophone," she said. That sad old refrain. "And my books," she said, and gestured at the shelves, where perhaps 1000 paperbacks were tightly fitted.

Following the bookshelves took her back to the fireplace. I stayed where I was, near the books I had written.

She put a few small pieces of coal onto the fire and pushed the fire with the tongs. It was a frugal impulse, and I understood from it that she wanted the fire to die and—specifically—for me to take the hint and go. She did not want to throw me out, but she was trying to make me understand that her friendliness was formal—the same sort of philanthropy that motivated her to send woolly jumpers to Africa. She had been kind in a tentative way; all the presumption had been mine; she deserved to know I had lied to her about who I was.

I would have told her, except that I had the strong feeling that she did not think Edward Medford was a very nice person. It was more than that business about my masculine pride—it was that she did not like me much, didn't like my appearance. I had simply landed up here; I wasn't jolly, as hikers often are; I had to be told that Africa could be cold; I was a bit of an oaf. All this prevented me from blurting out my name. And then, thinking about it, I

my Lucky."



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was glad I had given her a false name—especially a ridiculous one like Edward Medford.

I said, “You didn’t really have to ask me for a drink.”

“You looked a bit lost,” she said. “And it’s almost Christmas.”

“So I’m your Christmas act of charity,” I said. “Your good deed.”

“You sound cross.”

It was unreasonable of me, perhaps, but I felt she was being patronizing. I was still stung by the rebuff, by her exaggerated words “Do you think I’m just going to tumble into bed with you?” But more than that, she made me feel I was just another muddy hiker who had stumbled into Blackby Hole.

“I’m not cross. I appreciate your taking me in”—and when I saw the effect this had on her, I added, “but don’t worry, I won’t stay long.” When she didn’t react, I said, “Frankly, I thought you wanted a little company.”

“You thought I was lonely,” she said, and she laughed gently. “That’s actually quite funny.”

“Don’t you ever get lonely?”

“I don’t have time! I’m desperately busy.” And her one-word shout was like an explanation: “Christmas!”

“Have you ever been married?”

“No,” she said, interrupting me.

“Do you—?”

“Questions,” she said, and then looked

away. “I had a fiancé once. He died.”

I said nothing—allowed a moment of silence out of respect for this man’s memory.

“A few years ago, I was seeing someone.”

She hesitated. I thought, Seeing means everything.

“But he went away.”

The words were sad, but she was fairly bright—there was no remorse or self-pity in her tone, only a wistful echo. That was what I had first found attractive in her—her spirit, her sense of freedom—and I had thought she had chosen me. I knew better now. She wanted only chat. So I chatted.

“You must read a great deal.”

“You find that strange,” she said.

That irritated me. I did not find it strange at all. I was glad. But she was boasting.

“It’s not only you—a lot of people find it strange. They wonder what I see in an author of a book. But I can’t describe the experience. It is magnificent—entirely imaginative.” She smiled at me from a tremendous height. “Look at it this way. It is my version of hiking. New paths, new scenes, new people. It’s like fresh air to me.”

It was in the raw, simple tones of a hiker that I asked her, “Would you recommend any of these books to me?”

“All of them,” she said. “I keep only the

books I intend to reread. The rest I give away.” She added, “I love reading about distant places.”

“What—this stuff?” I said, and let my fingers hesitate on *The Mosquito Coast*, *The Great Railway Bazaar* and the rest of them standing under the author’s name, between Thackeray and Thomas.

“Anything that feeds my fantasies,” she said.

“I’d love to know your fantasies.”

“They’re to do with travel mostly. I dream of sunny countries and blue skies. Steinbeck—the wonderful towns he writes about. Monterey, California. Fresno—it’s such a lovely word. Fruit growing. Just the words citrus groves make me sigh. I think of the sun on the rows of pretty trees and heating the roads and the rooftops. I see the bright houses and the little patches of shade under the green trees and the vines. I dream of Mexico, too. Very hot and dry—the desert is sort of odorless, you know. Nothing decays—everything withers beautifully, like pressed flowers. I dream of small towns in endless summer—”

She was describing the opposite of Blackby Hole, where the rising wind of December pushed at the windowpanes and howled under the eaves and the sea spilled its cold surf down below on the hard shelf of beach.

Rachel Haven was still talking—now about small, hot towns in middle America: fresh air, good food, friendly folk and sunshine. She also saw herself in the African sun and in a bungalow in Malaysia and taking a stroll in China. They were simple visions and strange because they were not at all extravagant. They were not expensive or luxurious—no five-star hotels or native bearers.

“We’re on a picnic,” she was saying, “sitting on very green grass on a riverbank in the sun. We have food—I’ve made sandwiches—and everyone is drowsing, and someone says, ‘Let’s do this again tomorrow!’”

And then I saw it, too. We were together, Rachel Haven and I, in California or Mexico, packing a picnic basket and setting off under a blue sky. I had an intense sight of it, which was the more passionate for its simplicity. It was possible and, more than that, it was easy. She did not know how attainable it was. I had so often bought tickets and visited such places; but I had been alone and restless, and I had left thinking, Someday I will come back with someone and be happy.

Rachel Haven had risen from the sofa. I smiled at her and prepared myself to say everything.

Her own smile was an effort. She said, “Hiking boots!”

We both looked at my feet.

She said, “Those little treads pick up mud and carry it indoors and drop it. Look—”

I was standing on a green square of carpet. There were small pellets of mud, like



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bonbons, all around my boots.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, and raised one boot, looking for a footing. "What a mess."

"Please don't move," she said. "You're making it worse."

"Shall I take these things off?"

"I don't know," she said. She was exasperated and upset, and there was a squint of pain in her eyes as she looked down. "I wove that carpet myself—on a hand loom. I did a weaving course in York. It took me ever such a long time. You can't see the pattern very clearly, but I've based it on a Kashmiri design. It's vines and lotuses—"

"Muddy lotuses."

"I'm afraid so, yes."

Her voice was flat and disappointed. She wanted me to go through that door and keep going. She had not asked where I was planning to stay. I had no place to stay! I suspected that she wanted me to know that I was no longer welcome. I had drunk all her wine and asked too many questions and tracked mud onto her hand-made carpets. People who live successfully alone live with elaborate rules. I had broken several of hers. She wanted me out. Worse, she wished she had never seen me.

And it was because of this that I knelt and untied one muddy boot and then the other and stepped out of them and walked across the room reflectively—making her wait—and then back to the bookshelves and said, "But what do you really think of him?"

"Dylan Thomas?"

"No." I could not utter my own name to her. I feared it might give me a sudden brain storm and that everything would come out. I tried to be casual; I wagged my fingers. "Him."

"Paul Theroux," she said.

I clutched my beard merely to make my head move in a noncommittal way.

"I've read practically everything he's written that's in paperback. The novels, the short stories, the travel books. *The Great Railway Bazaar* was the one that started me off. That's travel, but it's not an ordinary travel book. It's mostly him, so you feel at the end of it that you know him pretty well. He's wonderful on people. The men he writes about are very vivid—funny, too—but most of his women are pretty awful. Those stockings of yours must be wet through. You're leaving footprints on my floor."

It was a stone floor; my feet were so cold, my toes were turned up like Turkish slippers. She had not asked whether I was comfortable or invited me to sit down. She was too absorbed talking about this smashing writer, who was so wonderful on people.

"They'll be there tomorrow," she said, looking down at my footprints on the flagstone floor. And she smiled—it was not disappointment this time but disgust. "I

hate feet." She was squinting at mine. "The Japanese are right. There's something really sickening about them."

Her words were about feet in general, but her manner indicated that she was talking specifically about my feet.

It was a winter night near Christmas; the fog and the sea mist lay thick against the coast; I was a stranger. If she had warmed to me, welcomed me or showed any concern, I am sure I would have been very direct. I would have told her my name, and then I would have left. If she had been hostile, I would have done the same, but for another reason. But she was indifferent to me. And because I was certain that I wasn't going to tell her my name—it would have been embarrassing otherwise—I asked her about this writer. What was he like?

"He's very hunky, very sexy, I bet."

"You're mocking me," she said coldly.

I was—out of nervousness, out of panic. And I was mocking myself. I wanted badly to interrupt her.

"I think of him as tall and rather shy. Very gentle and"—she smiled and looked away—"very funny. Not a joke teller but sort of endlessly amusing in a dry sort of way. And a little frustrated." She was not looking at me but, rather, was studying the man's books, the row of them on the third shelf. She said, "I'd like to meet him."

I had hold of my beard again. I said, "Sure, but what then?"

With defiance she said, "I think we'd have a smashing time. I think I could make him very happy."

Then she glanced at my feet—my wet socks—and looked at me with pure hatred. Her eyes were large and deep brown, and because they were turned against me, they were cold and beautiful and very fierce. They said, "Go."

I wanted to go. I walked again to the door. Rachel stepped out of my way. She moved slowly; she was thinking. She began speaking, as if continuing a thought that had begun in her head.

"But, of course, I'll never meet him. I'll never go to California or see Africa. I won't go to medical school. I'll never learn to play tennis or ride a horse. Bridge will go on being a mystery to me. The queen won't come to my wedding, and even if I do marry, I'll never have children. I won't get an award at the woman-of-the-year lunch. I'll never have a computer or a motorbike or a Rolls-Royce. I doubt that I'll ever learn to speak another language. I won't discover or explore anything. Nothing will be named after me."

Now she glanced up at me. I had my shoes on. I could not have told her my name now for anything. She sounded sad. It seemed to me now that it would only make her sadder if I told her who I really was. Perhaps I could have once, but it was too late now; and I was very sorry, because she did not like me much and I

still found her attractive.

"On the other hand, nothing bad will ever happen to me," she said. "No disasters. I'll just live. I'm quite happy, actually."

"You've been very kind to me."

"No," she said, and laughed carelessly. "I've disappointed you." And she handed me my knapsack. "But you know nothing at all about me." There was an unpleasant thought on her face as she turned away.

I wanted to tell her my name then; but, of course, after all that time, would she have believed me? If she had, the truth would have looked like mockery.

"You'd better go." She spoke it like a warning.

Into the darkness: The sea fog blinded and soaked me. I crept slowly down the soft, sinking path, and loud waves broke near me under the cliff. I was not able to draw an easy breath until I was back in the dim lamplight and the homely stink of coal smoke in the road at Blackby Hole.

The Crossed Keys was shut, but I raised the landlord by rapping. Yes, he said, he had a room—five pounds—and he promised me a good breakfast. I apologized for arriving at such a late hour.

"We're used to it, being on the coastal path," he said, leading me up the narrow stairs. "All sorts of hikers come through." And by then we were under the light in the upstairs hallway. He looked at my face very closely.

"I know you," he said in a puzzled voice.

Was he, too, a reader?

"I was here earlier, having a drink."

"Yes," he said. But he did not smile. "When that woman was in the bar. Gives me the creeps, she does. That queer one."

Everything you say about her is gossip, Rachel had said of Mrs. Pickering. But the landlord was still frowning at me.

"That killed her lover," he said.

"Mrs. Pickering," I said.

"Mrs. Pickering never hurt a soul! No, I mean that brute Rachel Haven. Ah, you're a stranger—you wouldn't know. Rachel killed her fiancé. This was years ago. She was declared mental, and she got off. She claimed the bloke was a beast and she used a billhook on him while the balance of her mind was disturbed."

I tried to interrupt him, yet I had no question—I merely wanted to stop him from talking, because I was afraid to hear any more.

"But there was another lover. No one knew the bloke. He disappeared. No one missed him." The landlord nodded slowly and let this sink in. "She's never hurt me—she don't like me—but she's death on men she loves."

And then, in his friendly northern way, out of the side of his mouth, he urged me to sleep well.





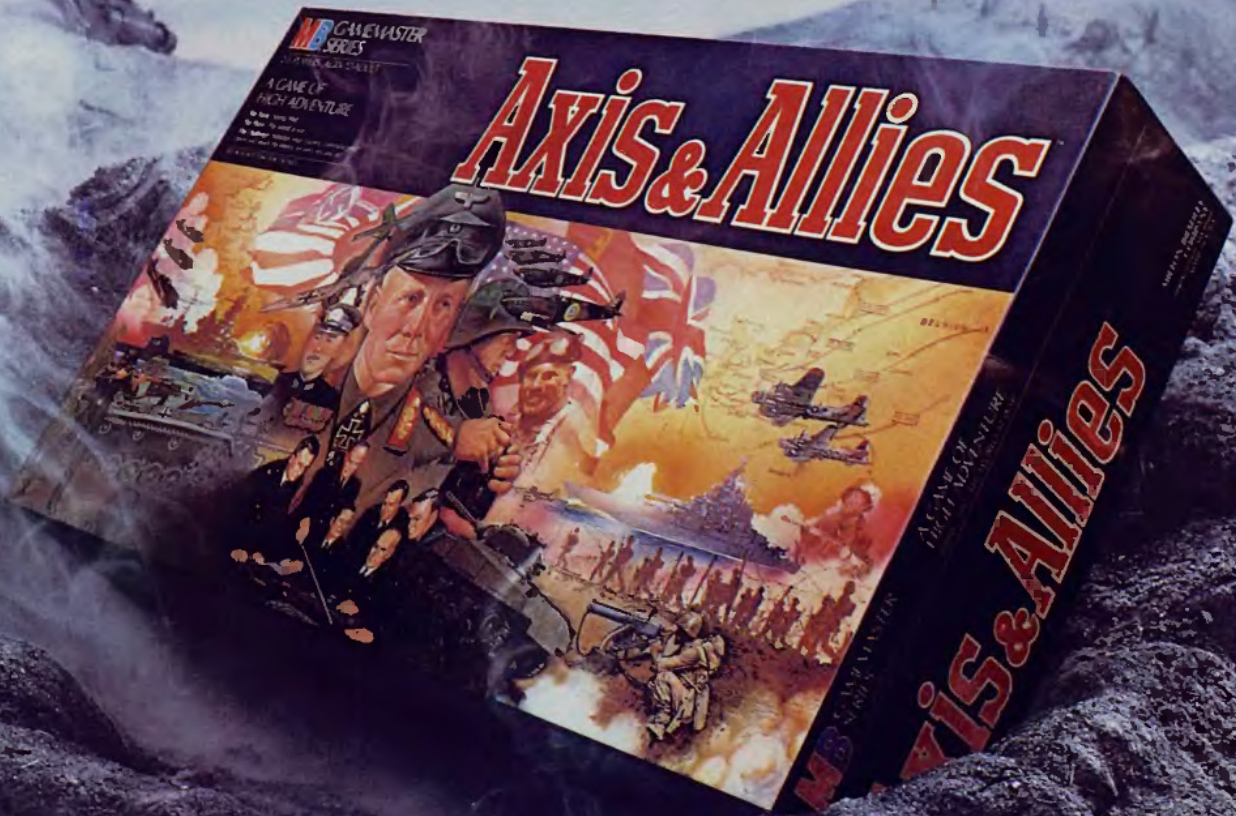
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"Brooke struck a demure pose. 'Haven't you heard?' she said. 'I'm America's Dream Date.'"

down the chute and began to fill.

Norman smiled enthusiastically at Brooke. "Tell the truth," he said. "They were great pictures, weren't they?"

The terrace doors of the hotel suite looked out on a bright-blue Sunday-morning sky. Nothing moved on the quiet Beverly Hills street.

Brooke came down a stairway that rose from the middle of the room. She was wearing jeans, loafers and a short-sleeved white-cotton shirt. The sound of her mother's voice followed her.

"What?" Brooke said.

Teri came down the stairs, maneuvering a piece of hand luggage in front of her. "I said, 'Where's the hair drier?'"

"In my bag," Brooke said. She picked up the morning paper and began to flip through it. "I called downstairs. They're sending someone up."

Teri sorted through the remains of a box of chocolates lying on a glass coffee table. She came up with a large piece wrapped in gold foil.

"Chocolate, Mother?" Brooke said, with a narrow-eyed stare. "Before breakfast?"

"This is breakfast," Teri said, popping the candy into her mouth.

A giant wicker basket was perched prominently on a velvet love seat near the terrace doors. It was filled with an assortment of soaps, perfumes, bath oils and herbal teas, all in paisley-print boxes, packed down in green-plastic grass.

"Wasn't it sweet of Michael to send this?" Brooke said, admiring it.

"Adorable," Teri said. She sat down at a writing desk and took some hotel stationery from the drawer.

"I have to write a letter to that middle-aged Romeo you ran into the other night," she said.

"Don't blame me; I don't know who he is," Brooke said. "It was late. He acted like we'd been introduced before."

"Well, I'm going to write him and tell him that, unfortunately, you can't sail away on his yacht to Tahiti. That you have to go back to school."

"He's probably married, anyway. All the cute ones are married."

"When I sign the letter," Teri said, scribbling the note, "I think he'll get the picture."

"Tell him I have a history quiz," Brooke said. She looked at her watch. "Do you think it's too early to call Michael?"

"He won't mind."

Brooke went to the telephone and punched out some numbers. The phone at the other end was answered right away.

"Hi, sleepyhead," she said. "It's me."

She listened for a moment, then giggled. "Yeah, it's early, huh?"

She paused. "I have to leave soon. I've got to do some stuff, then fly back."

She moved over to the terrace, holding the phone, and looked outside. "So how was the show last night?"

As she listened, she gazed out over the rooftops of elegant houses that were as colorful and as lifeless as a David Hockney painting.

She laughed. "That sounds great. Listen, call me tonight. I'll be home around eleven."

She listened for a few more seconds, then said, "No, you can call me late; it's OK. If I say it's OK, it's OK."

She smiled. "OK, go back to sleep. And thanks for the basket. I love it."

She put the phone down and turned to her mother. "He's so sweet," she said.

"He's adorable," Teri said. She stood up, sealing the letter in an envelope. She held it up. "This should cool Romeo off. Really, Brooke. How do these things happen?"

Brooke struck a demure pose.

"Haven't you heard?" she said. "I'm America's Dream Date."

"They call me Pop," the man said. He wore a green-alpaca sweater and bright-plaid trousers. He spoke with a squint. "I'm so glad you good folks could come."

He led Brooke and Teri toward a group of low-lying buildings bordered by flat, tired lawns. A few lonely-looking palm trees stood around in the blazing sunlight like strangers at a funeral.

"We're having a real big turnout," Pop said. "Lots of stars." He pointed to the hospital driveway, lined with limousines.

"Lots of soap-opera stars, is what they tell me. I don't watch 'em, so I don't know." He winked at Brooke. "I know who this little lady is, though. Guess everybody does."

Brooke looked at the man from behind her Vuarnet sunglasses and smiled.

"You folks visiting out this way?"

"We were here for the Bob Hope Christmas show," Teri said.

"I bet he's full of the dickens," Pop said. He pulled open the door of one of the buildings and they stepped into a cool, dimly lit entryway.

Beyond that was a wide green corridor that looked like the Bombay airport on a bad day. People were jammed in everywhere, jostling one another and shouting back and forth. Hospital personnel were trying without success to bring order.

"Everybody's buzzing to see Brooke,"

Pop said as they moved through the crowd to the ward. "She's the big attraction."

There were many TV actors carrying autographed pictures of themselves, and starlets who looked like they'd just arrived from Malibu. The star of *Knight Rider* was there, dressed from head to toe in black *Knight Rider* gear, being trailed by a man pushing a hospital gurney piled high with *Knight Rider* toys.

All the patients in the ward were children. Many of them were attached by wires and tubes to life-support systems. Some were held in place by metal braces.

Families were clustered around each bed. The ward was strung with Christmas cards and holiday decorations, and a Christmas tree stood in one corner, its tiny colored lights blinking on and off like a signal for help.

Pop spoke to a henna-haired woman with a clip board, who then moved into the ward with purpose.

"Attention, please!" the woman said. "I'm happy to tell you that Brooke Shields is here! But everybody must settle down!"

A local anchor woman came bustling up with her camera crew. "Get shots of this!" she said, waving at Brooke. "And get shots of the toys!"

The camera crew pushed forward aggressively as Brooke walked into the ward, and they followed her with quartz lights and a boom microphone as she visited each patient.

At the end of the room, there was a Mexican boy of about 15, a plastic respirator tube taped to his nose. His head rolled to one side. There were at least a dozen relatives around his bed.

When he saw Brooke, the Mexican boy beamed with joy. Then, abruptly, he burst into tears. He shook his head from side to side.

"He's so happy," his mother said to Brooke. "He can't believe he sees you."

The tears rolled down the boy's cheeks. His face was torn with pain as he tried to speak. The respirator at his bedside made sucking and hissing noises.

Brooke bent over, touched his forehead and whispered to him. His mother took a Kodak disc camera from the night stand and snapped their picture.

When they were in the corridor again, Teri said, "Where to now?"

"Well, let's see," Pop said. "We're heading over to the cafeteria for lunch."

"But we just got here," Teri said. "We don't want to eat lunch. We want to visit as many people as possible."

The henna-haired woman stepped up. "Twelve-oh-five is the scheduled lunch meeting," she said crisply. She regarded her clip board. "The yellow group, the green group and the blue group all meet. Which group do you belong to?"

"No group," Teri said. She motioned farther down the hallway. "Are there some people down this way?"

"We have activities after lunch," the woman with the henna hair said. "We'll

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have more media coverage. The Sunday show will be here."

"We have to be on a plane in a little while," Teri said. "Come on, Brooke."

They turned into a wing of the building that was suddenly empty. They came to a room that had several beds, only one of them occupied. An old woman lay in it, very still, her head resting on two large pillows. On the other side of the room, a ceiling-mounted television set was showing a football game.

The old woman turned to face Brooke and Teri as if she'd been expecting them.

"How nice," she said in a soft voice. "How very nice."

"I came to wish you a merry Christmas," Brooke said as she and her mother moved close.

"I've seen you so many times," the old woman said. "On the television. You're a

very lovely girl."

"Why, thank you," Brooke said.

The old woman looked off for a moment, lost in thought. The swishing sound of a Rain Bird came through an open window. On the television, a player spiked the ball in the end zone and did a little dance.

"Are you the mother?" the woman asked, focusing again.

"Yes," Teri said. "I'm the mother."

"You must be very proud. Such a beautiful daughter. Such a lovely girl."

Teri grinned at the woman. "She's OK, I guess. For a kid."

The woman reached her hand out and Brooke took hold of it. Her skin was so pale, it was almost translucent.

"I saw you on television. You were in a circus tent. Merv Griffin was there."

"That was *Circus of the Stars*," Brooke said.

The woman raised herself up off the pillow. She pulled Brooke down close. "You hurt yourself," she whispered.

"Oh, no," Brooke said. She held on to the woman's hand very gently. "No, it wasn't anything at all."

The woman smiled and floated back onto the pillow. Her head made hardly any impression there at all.

"I'm so glad to hear," she said. "I was worried about you."

"Look what's in here," Brooke said, the large wicker gift basket resting on her lap.

She and Teri sat on metal chairs in a bare room with a picture window facing the airport tarmac. Sunlight poured through the window and fell in swirling shafts across the floor.

"Bubbles," she said, holding up a plastic bottle of pink solution.

A pretty blonde girl, wearing a tuxedo shirt like a blackjack dealer, leaned into the room. "You can board in a few minutes. The TV people are almost finished setting up their equipment."

Brooke unscrewed the cap of the bottle and took out the wand. She tried to blow a bubble, but nothing came out.

"Here, let me," Teri said. She took the bottle and the wand and blew a fat bubble that wiggled off the end of the stick and bounced onto the floor.

"How's that?" Teri said.

"Big deal," Brooke said. "You have more hot air than I do."

"It got you where you are today, kiddo."

A young man walked briskly into the room. He was wearing chino pants, a thin-striped shirt and Top-Siders, with no socks. He looked as happy as if he'd just hit the lottery.

"This is great, letting us do the interview on the plane," the man said. "That's some deluxe setup in there. Separate compartments, sterling silver—like the Orient Express. I guess you have to be able to write it off, huh?"

The young man beamed and clapped his hands together. Teri sent a little school of bubbles skittering out into the air.

"I heard you just came from a hospital," the young man said. "Was that a bummer?"

"No," Teri said. "Not really."

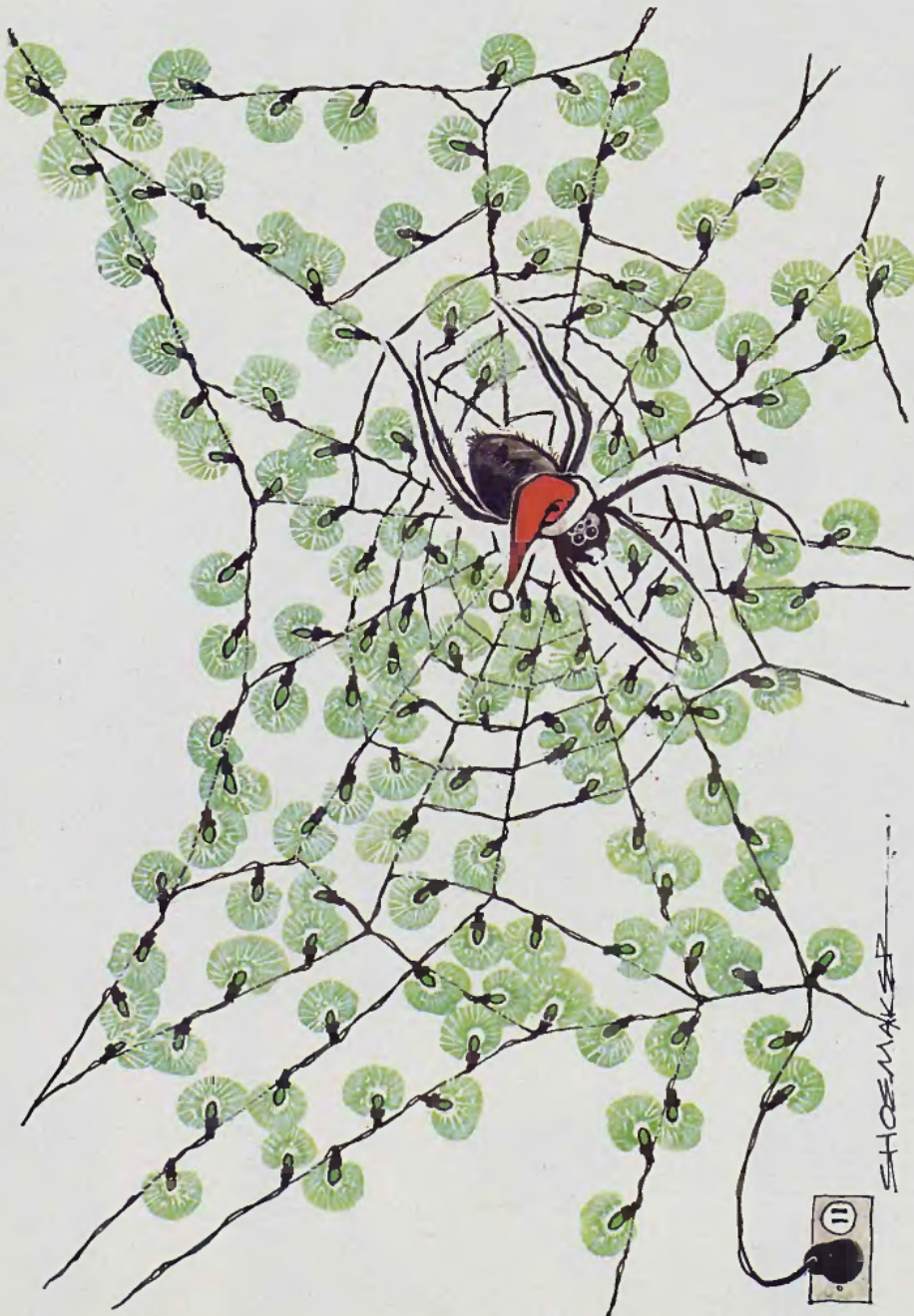
"Well, this won't take long," he said. "We just have a few questions."

Brooke nodded and took the pink-plastic bottle back from her mother. The young man rocked back on his heels and smiled pleasantly.

"Just stupid questions," he said.

Brooke held the wand up to her lips and blew a large, perfect bubble. It sailed silently across the room, toward the window, and disappeared in the sunlight like a ghost.

"I know," she said.





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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

DRUG ENFORCEMENT (continued from page 108)

"The fact is, drug traffic cannot be stopped in an open democracy. But the war goes on."

14th amendments. For example, the war on drugs has made it possible for a person's own attorney to be called as a witness against him. The attorney can be given immunity and forced to testify under threat of jail. (This is not merely a possibility: One such case, *U.S. vs. William Thomas Sheehan*, is pending right now in the Eastern District of California.)

When Reagan put the Vice-President in charge of a domestic law-enforcement matter, some observers believe, he exceeded the powers given to the President by the Constitution. Charles F. Rinkevich, former coordinator of Reagan's South Florida Task Force, was put in the embarrassing position of having to remind Congressman Glenn English in his own 1983 subcommittee hearing that the "Constitution of the United States and laws passed by Congress place in the Attorney General of the United States responsibility to serve as the chief law-enforcement officer in the country. I think it is in some ways inappropriate, on a long-term basis in our system of Government, for the Vice-President to exercise that kind of continuing law-enforcement responsibility."

• *We are losing the struggle to control international drug traffic:* Even if the end did justify the means, we are not achieving the stated goal of reducing drug use. While 20 percent of the people now in prison are there for drug-trafficking offenses, while over the past 15 years in the U.S. one person every two minutes has been arrested for marijuana possession or sale, drug use and availability are greater than ever.

The entire effort is in vain. In the early months of 1984, police captured some of the largest hauls of heroin in the history of Hong Kong, the banking center for world narcotics traffic. The only noticeable effect was a 72-hour shortage of heroin. Similarly, there have been numerous operations by joint U.S. forces, including the Coast Guard, Customs, the DEA and the military, aimed at halting drug traffic in the Caribbean. *Congressional Report* said that such operations "have resulted in increased drug seizures and improved coordination. However, they are costly and may have only limited long-term impact."

The fact is, drug traffic cannot be stopped in an open democracy. But the war goes on.

Reagan, following Nixon's example, has employed a two-pronged strategy: (1) Stop the cultivation of marijuana, coca bushes (which produce cocaine) and opium poppies (which produce heroin); (2) interdict or seize the drugs as they are

transported out of the country of origin or into the United States. But a systematic analysis of each of these tactics shows why they were not successful for Nixon and cannot be any more so for Reagan.

Let's consider attempts to stop cultivation. The U.S. State Department works with foreign governments to help them reduce their production of drugs. There are two steps to this process: First, kill the offending plants and, second, substitute some other crop (such as potatoes in Bolivia) that will produce income for the peasant growers. In fiscal 1984, the State Department dedicated \$50,200,000 to international narcotics control. Nevertheless, marijuana, cocaine and opium crops are breaking records. Why? To start with, not even the most ruthless potato trafficker can hope to make anything approaching \$20,000,000 a month.

The State Department claims to have reduced Mexican heroin imports from six and a half metric tons in 1975 to one and a half metric tons in 1980. If that was true then, it certainly isn't anymore: The DEA estimates that Mexico produced 17 metric tons of heroin in 1983. Mexican heroin production is on the rise.

Aerial defoliation missions in Mexico destroyed 6422 acres of marijuana in 1983. But in November of that year, Mexican police raided a 700-acre plantation in northern Mexico and discovered 10,000 tons of pot. What may sound like a victory for law enforcement was actually a setback, because until then, no one had believed there was that much marijuana in all Mexico. In fact, the most grass ever seized in any one place prior to that had been 570 tons taken in Colombia in 1978. The State Department called it "staggering." The DEA's National Narcotics Intelligence Committee had estimated that Americans smoked—in total—about 14,000 metric tons of marijuana annually. Suddenly, authorities were faced with the specter of incomprehensible amounts of drugs sweeping the globe, not only out of their control but utterly undetected. In fact, that one bust threw all Government figures into question; and even now, the means of estimating drug production and use are being reconsidered.

Reagan's advisor, Dr. Turner, disagrees. When I visited him at his White House office and mentioned the 10,000-ton figure to him, he responded angrily. "That's bullshit!" he shouted. "It was not 10,000 metric tons. You go talk to the DEA, you go talk to State, and you ask them what was the magnitude of that, and I think they'll all tell you it was anywhere around 1200 to 1900 metric tons. They

know it was not 10,000 metric tons; but, you see, the Federal Government and the other governments of the world are captive to the word ten."

Turner's theories about numerology are not as difficult to swallow as his facts and figures. Speaking in a sharp Southern voice, he can reel out sentences nine feet long, studded with what sound like authentic statistics. He says it would take 44,000 acres to grow 10,000 tons of marijuana. The DEA estimates 20,000 acres. Congressional staffers working on the military effort to stop drug traffic confide that "Carleton is not really qualified to talk about these matters. He's a chemist."

Yet Turner persists: "All my surveys show that cocaine consumption in the U.S. is leveling and beginning to come down." Everyone else's surveys, including that of a House Select Committee, say it's going up.

"The American public has recaptured the spirit of democracy," says Turner. "I think we have the pieces of the puzzle in place that are very effective," he says of the over-all drug effort.

On that point, Turner has some supporters. Congressman Clay Shaw of Florida, for example, says, "There is no way anybody can say that we are now losing the battle. We have got them on the run. . . . We have the ear of the White House. We do have a program that is working."

On the other hand, the year Reagan took office, 25 tons of cocaine entered the U.S. At the beginning of his second term, more than 85 tons a year were coming in. In its 1984 report, the Congressional Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control referred to "our failure in bringing under control illicit production and traffic of narcotics." And Vice-President Bush's chief of staff, Admiral Daniel J. Murphy, told *The New York Times*, "I don't see where we are winning the war on cocaine."

The truth, Government agents fear, is that far more people are using far more drugs in far greater quantities than anyone ever dreamed possible. Some experts believe that the illegal drug trade is so large that it contributes significantly to the trade deficit; most agree that it is well in excess of 100 billion dollars annually and rising, perhaps by as much as ten billion dollars a year.

The sheer quantity of drugs is only one of a galaxy of problems confronting those who would control drugs at the source. An Assistant Secretary of State listed a few of the other obstacles:

- Frequent changes in the governments of other countries.
- Populations that are heavily dependent upon cultivation and trafficking for their income.
- An indifference to U.S. interests.
- The belief that drug abuse is a U.S. problem, created by U.S. demand.
- Requirements that we virtually reconstruct much of the countries' economies in

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What are you doing?

Taking a shower.

Right now?

No, right now I'm standing in a puddle of water.

You didn't say goodbye.

I didn't want to wake you.

Who could sleep when there's a hunk with no clothes on wandering around at five in the morning, knocking over furniture?

I had to come back and dig out my sincere suit. Big meeting this morning. I get to say things like "bottom line" and "net net" with a straight face. What are you doing?

Lying here, thinking about you. You know, I can smell your Paco Rabanne. It's like you were still here.

I wish I were.

I couldn't go back to sleep, remembering everything. I wanted to hear your voice. It has the most interesting effect on me . . .

Maybe I should run over and read you a bedtime story or something.

Or something.

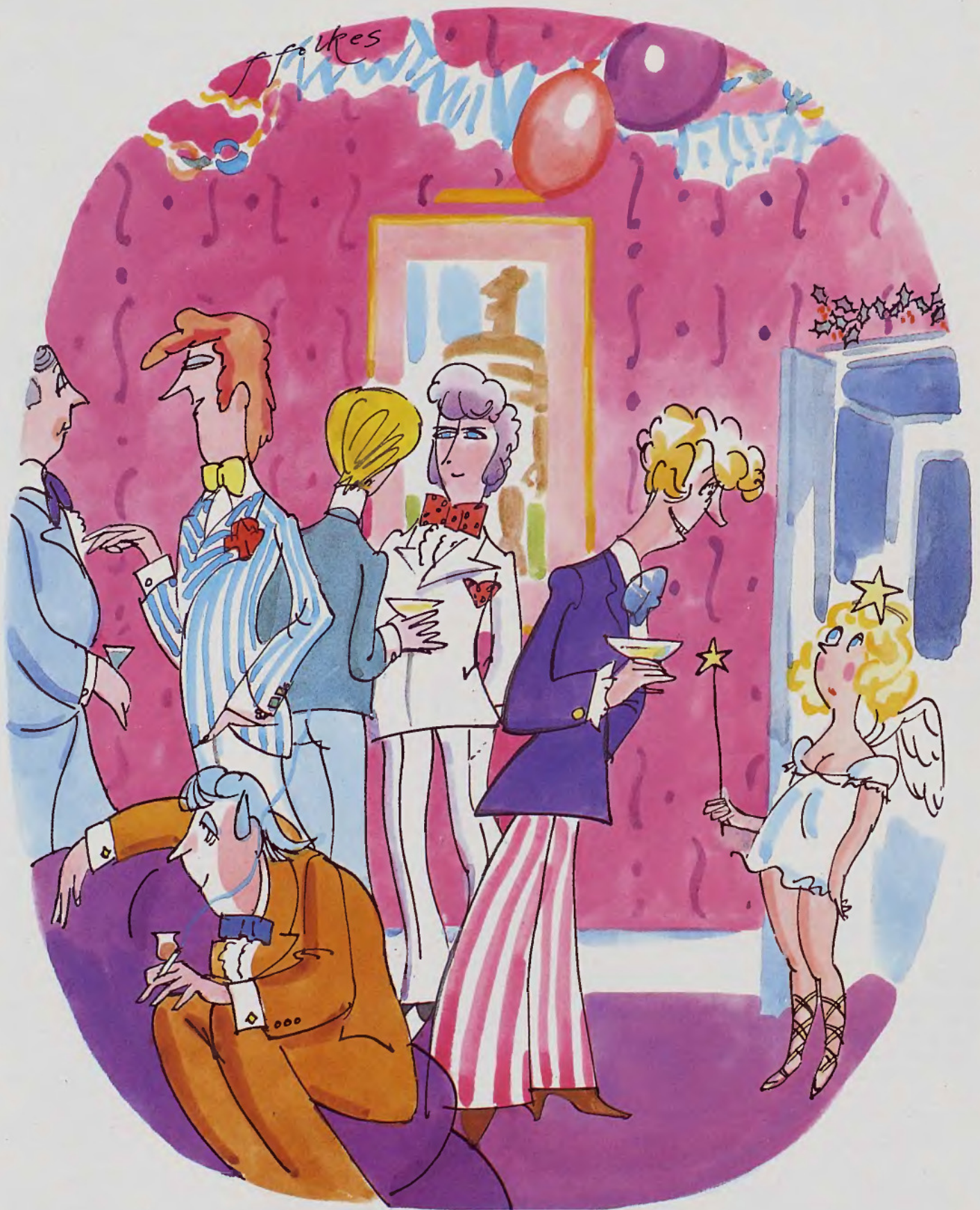


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"I'm sorry, we already have a Christmas fairy."

exchange for enforcement cooperation.

• Widespread official corruption in grower countries, including government involvement in the narcotics trade.

Yet even if the U.S. were completely successful in getting Colombia and Mexico to stop producing all drugs—and most authorities agree that even that modest goal is impossible—it would do nothing to reduce production in Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Paraguay, Guyana, Surinam, Costa Rica, Panama, Honduras, Guatemala, Nicaragua and the more than 1000 islands and several thousand cays of the Caribbean.

And then there are countries we know nothing about. For years, Ecuador, for example, was thought to produce no significant quantities of drugs; now, suddenly, Ecuador has emerged as the world's third-largest cocaine-producing nation. It seems we don't really know which countries produce drugs and which don't. Police went into Ecuador and found coca bushes three times the normal size. (At first, they didn't know what they were seeing. It turned out to be a previously unknown and especially virulent strain of coca called *epadu*.) Since coca bushes take four years to mature, it was obvious that at least 7000 acres of these plants had been overlooked by DEA and local officials.

Belize is another example of the same phenomenon. This tiny country suddenly went from having no State Department ranking as a drug producer to being listed as the number-four exporter of marijuana to the U.S.

The message is clear: The American drug-buying public is giving foreigners an immense incentive to grow and supply drugs, and when they do it, the U.S. Government threatens to hit them with a small stick. The incentive is far greater than the risk. And even if the risk were made larger, there is no way it can be made large enough for, say, Brazil.

Brazil, inside of whose borders all the previously named countries could fit with room to spare. Brazil, which is approximately the size of the entire United States (3,300,000 square miles, compared with our 3,600,000) yet has millions of acres ideal for growing marijuana, coca and poppies. Brazil: unreeling countless miles of uncharted forest and jungle, a growing season for two crops a year and more sparsely populated tropical wilderness than any other free nation on earth. The idea of controlling Brazil's drug production is preposterous. State Department officials have recently acknowledged that they have no idea what's going on in Brazil and that they suspect vast quantities of—at least—marijuana and cocaine.

And if Brazil were burned off with defoliants and nuclear fire, if the fertile Amazon basin were plowed under and salted with Agent Orange, like the jungles of Vietnam, that would still leave Burma, a country where the government has no control over drug-producing areas. The free-

lance armies that dominate those regions started running drugs to support their ideological struggle. They ended up concluding that when running drugs makes you rich, ideology becomes an academic matter. Burma is now the world's premier opium producer, and last year's was its biggest bumper crop.

And if Burma were wiped off the face of the map, that would still leave Morocco, Nigeria, Ghana, Togo, Chad, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Laos, Thailand, Vietnam and all the rich soil down the gentle and fertile crescent into Indonesia. And if we bombed southern Asia into the ocean, that would still leave Argentina, which I haven't mentioned because only recently have cocaine refineries been discovered in that area, where 1,000,000 square miles await cultivation, if some modest entrepreneur in search of a steady income of \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 a month hasn't begun already. And don't forget that Afghanistan and Iran, neither of which has diplomatic relations with us, could grow all the drugs needed to supply the entire world without help from South America, Central America or the Caribbean.

The fact is, our most popular drugs of abuse come from plants that are nothing more than weeds. Domestically grown marijuana was the second largest cash crop in America in 1983, selling for \$13,860,000,000 compared with the \$15,332,400,000 we spent for corn. When the DEA cracked down on home-grown pot, growers went indoors. A three-story hydroponic Cannabis factory was discovered in Cleveland. The plants were fed automatically from a 600-gallon tank of liquid nutrient. Even without this elaborate help from man, marijuana grows wild now in every state in America. With cultivation, its ability to reproduce is Herculean. If you want to get a sense of how difficult it would be to wipe out marijuana, consider the problems posed by the humble dandelion. If we can't even wipe it out on our own lawns, imagine trying to wipe out a hearty weed like Cannabis in thousands of acres of roadless jungle.

Yet, right now, the Reagan Administration is trying to get Colombia and Mexico to eradicate their Cannabis plantations. The premise: If drug traffickers can bribe foreign officials to let them grow the drugs, then certainly we can bribe foreign officials to help us wipe them out. The problem is, drug traffickers have more money.

The result has been twofold: Drug growers and smugglers have taken the initiative in killing American and local law-enforcement agents; and many former marijuana growers have turned to growing and processing cocaine, creating an enormous glut of cocaine on the American market. That fact prompted Congressman Claude Pepper to remark in a House subcommittee hearing that since a kilo of coke was selling for only \$15,000, compared with \$65,000 in 1981, "If the price goes much lower, we may have the drug dealers

coming in and asking for price support." Reagan has, in effect, forced Americans to trade a marijuana glut for a cocaine glut, without really affecting anyone's ability to buy and smoke marijuana.

And if you think Cannabis is tough, take a look at the coca bush. It will grow on the carpet in your office. Its grip on life is so tenacious that pulling off all its leaves will not kill it—not even pulling it out of the ground will kill it. You can't spray it from the air, as you can the marijuana plant. (You can't even see coca from the air; it's hard to tell whether you're looking at coca, coffee, plantain or yucca. After harvest, aerial cameras detect nothing at all of the leafless bushes, though they are still very much alive and already at work producing the next season's crop of leaves.) To kill the coca bush, you have to drill down into the extensive root system and pour poison directly into its veins. Coca bushes have been successfully transplanted out of their native Bolivia and Peru into Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador, to name just three countries known to be producing cocaine—and in the past year, cocaine laboratories have been discovered inside the United States. At last report, about one a month was being busted in the Miami area. These domestic labs are believed to be a response to crackdowns on the exportation of chemicals (mainly ether) needed to refine raw coca paste into pure cocaine. Shipments of coca paste have been found in the United States, even though it is far heavier and more difficult to smuggle than cocaine powder (it takes 1000 pounds of coca leaves to produce one kilo of cocaine). But some authorities are beginning to worry that the coca bush itself may be appearing in the U.S. No one is certain if it could be grown in American soil, but it could certainly be grown hydroponically indoors.

Since it is so difficult to stop the coca bush from growing, the United States persuaded Bolivia to move its army in to prevent cocaine producers from buying the 1984 coca-leaf harvest. The theory was that if cocaine producers couldn't buy the raw commodity, then the world's supply of this illicit drug would shrink. But half of Bolivia's foreign exchange derives from coca trade, and with their leaves harvested and no one to buy them, the people of Bolivia came close to revolt. The Bolivian peso was devalued by two thirds overnight, and the nation (which has changed governments about once a year for the past decade) was left in near collapse.

In addition, cocaine production wasn't upset at all; it was merely postponed, and not by much. Bolivia received millions in American aid for drug eradication, yet coca production was unaffected. The American effort there has left Gestapolike antidrug strike forces trained by the DEA and a lot of ill will. Currently, another \$53,800,000 is scheduled to be given to Bolivia in 1986. That's the equivalent of about seven weeks' income for Roberto

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Bolivia's immediate neighbor to the south is Paraguay. Late in 1984, enough chemicals were intercepted there to refine eight tons of cocaine, almost ten percent of the estimated American market. The seizure of 49,000 gallons of hydrochloric acid, acetone and ether can mean only one thing, said American officials: The Paraguayans are refining cocaine on a large scale. The suspicion was that the highest levels of the government were involved. President Alfredo Stroessner, Paraguay's right-wing military dictator, refused to discuss the matter with the American Ambassador. So even if Bolivia can somehow keep people from turning the indigenous coca leaf into cocaine—a highly unlikely premise—that small country is surrounded by powerful people who will gladly take up whatever slack is left in the world market.

In Peru, which produces more coca leaf than any other country, government attempts to eradicate the plant were met by hit teams, some of which may have been from the left-wing terrorist group Shining Path, which profits from the drug trade. Violence has followed all attempts to eradicate coca, and for a time, the American-supported eradication program was stopped and Americans left the country.

Even U.S. threats to cut off foreign aid have fallen flat and were ultimately abandoned early in 1985, despite a 1983 law requiring that we terminate financial aid to any country that isn't reducing its drug crops. The problem with upholding that law is that it would effectively cut off aid to almost every nation in the world. Take Belize again: That tiny country receives more aid per capita than almost any other nation. Yet when the U.S. demanded that Belize stop growing pot or lose American assistance, nothing happened. State Department officials are cautious about insisting on drug eradication as an inducement to foreign aid; some fear Communist take-over more than drugs. As a result, as

Congressman Charles B. Rangel told *The New York Times* last winter, "Not one of these drug-producing countries expects less than a bumper crop this year."

And, finally, there is the poppy, source of opium, from which heroin is refined. As mentioned, enough opium poppies can be grown in countries where the U.S. has no control to offset any efforts to stop production elsewhere. Indeed, when President Nixon persuaded Turkey to stop growing poppies, the major effect was a glut of Mexican brown heroin on American streets. Nixon's war on drugs put Mexico on the map as an opium-producing nation, while Southwest Asian drug traffickers took their business across the border into Afghanistan. If one American junkie missed an injection, that day has long since been forgotten in the haze of ever-more-potent supplies.

In sum: Drug eradication at the source appears to have failed miserably.

Part two of Reagan's plan to reduce drug use in the United States—to stop the drugs en route—offers no better hope for success.

The subject of interdiction brings out the true nature of the war on drugs. Congressman Shaw recalls his reaction to the Administration's plans to stop drug traffic in Florida. "George Bush came down and was running down his list of things that they were going to do," he says. "I felt like a small kid watching a John Wayne movie and the Marines had finally arrived." What Shaw overlooked, however, was the fact that the Marines never invaded Florida in a John Wayne movie. One difference between Ronald Reagan and John Wayne is that John Wayne's advisors knew their constitutional law.

Rinkevich, then coordinator of Reagan's South Florida Task Force (part of the police force given to the Vice-President), wrote this account of a contemporary drug bust:

Two small 95-foot U.S. Coast

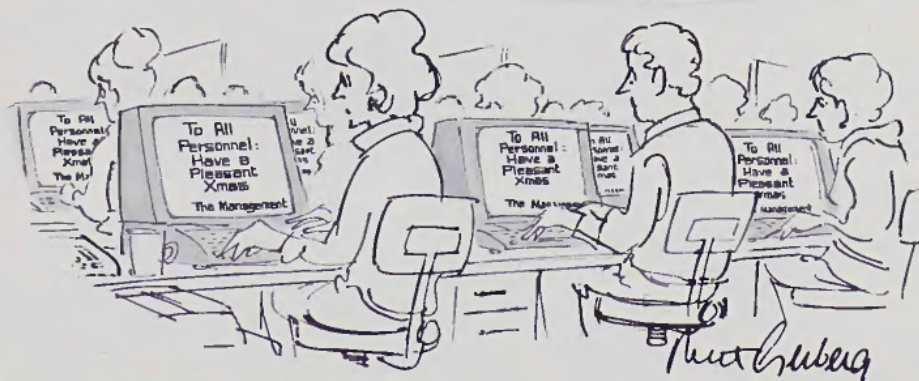
Guard cutters had intercepted a large drug-smuggling vessel off the Georgia coast that refused to stop when requested to do so by pursuing Coast Guard. We had received information that the suspect vessel was heavily armed and that they might resist a boarding by the Coast Guard.

Clearly, the Coast Guard vessels could be outdistanced and, we thought, perhaps they were "out-gunned." The chase went on for almost two days. In the process, one of the cutters was running short of fuel. The U.S. Coast Guard requested U.S. Navy assistance. The Navy responded by dispatching the guided-missile destroyer U.S.S. Clifton E. Sprague and two A-7 attack aircraft.

When the Sprague arrived on the scene, she refueled the cutter and stood by while the aircraft flew over the suspect vessel, below mast level. The suspected smuggler decided to stop and submit to a peaceful search. The vessel was seized and arrests were made.

Nuclear destroyers and fighter planes are just a small portion of the arsenal now in use in the war on drugs. And the more we use, the more we need: Just as with our effort to suppress drug crops, one of the most immediate effects of stepped-up interdiction efforts is that the smugglers simply move along to other points of entry. For example, new radar was recently put up all around the Florida peninsula in an effort to detect drug-smuggling planes. But instead of a slowdown in drug imports, the result has been a flurry of protests from the governors of Alabama, Louisiana and Texas. Drugs have been pouring into those states since the spring of 1985, when the radar went up. Governor Edwin W. Edwards of Louisiana complained that a single plane that crashed in his state carried cocaine worth 20 times what his state narcotics police spend in a year. Governors from five states, including Mississippi and Florida, held a conference to ask for still more military assistance, evidently unaware that they were about to increase the problem, not reduce it. Military assistance, as we learned in Vietnam, is like drug addiction: The more you take, the sicker you get. The sicker you get, the more you want.

And so the Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard and National Guard are all heaping on the hardware: Seek Skyhook tethered aerostat look-down radar, forward-looking infrared, E-2C sub-hunting radar, P-3 reconnaissance planes outfitted with F-15 fighter radar, AWACS airborne radar, Huey, Blackhawk and Cobra interceptor helicopters, Mohawk tracker aircraft and PHM hydrofoils are all in use. Talking with the drug-enforcement people these days is a lot like talking with Vietnam-war majors was in the early Seventies. Their speech is laced with the dazzling locutions of space





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I interviewed a former Army officer who is now at the forefront of the war on drugs. His eyes lit up as he described the hardware. "You get him on radar and then you zoom in on the optics. The new optics we've got are just incredible. At 100 miles, I can tell if you're wearing a watch. At 50 miles, I can tell you what time it is." He described voice-printing radios. It turns out that no two radios are the same, just as no two voices are the same. New technology can read and identify any radio ever made, the way the FBI identifies a fingerprint. Computer files of suspect radios are being kept, and as planes pop up on radar, the crew is interrogated. "They can lie about their numbers and who they are, but the radio signal tells the truth."

Yet any number of strategies can get around the hardware. One strategy is illustrated by the experience of Avianca, the Colombian national airline, whose planes have been busted 34 times in the past five years for carrying drugs. (I'm not suggesting that Avianca itself was smuggling those drugs.) In February 1985, U.S. Customs caught an Avianca 747 carrying a metric ton (1000 kilos) of cocaine hidden among flowers that were being imported. In June 1984, Customs caught a Panamanian Inair Cargo DC-8 with an even larger shipment of cocaine hidden in freezers. These carriers show up on regular radar, but they cause no alarms to go off: They are scheduled flights with official flight plans. And with the drug trade reaching into the highest levels of government, there is no hope that this type of shipment will stop. The presidential press secretary of Colombia, Roman Medina, was arrested for smuggling cocaine into Spain in his diplomatic pouch. (The charges were later dropped.) Three Bahamian cabinet ministers had to resign when their association with drug trafficking was uncovered by a royal commission. Two others were fired. Mexico is notorious for its corrupt officials, and one of the numerous military dictators who took over Bolivia was himself a cocaine trafficker.

But even without the help of a government, a smuggler can avoid the new radar coverage of Florida. He can go elsewhere or he can fly over the tethered balloons that carry the radar. Or he can drop his cargo onto boats waiting in the water below. The boats can then split up and enter the United States through thousands of inlets along the shore line. For pilots flying large loads of drugs, piggybacking can be used: The illegal plane flies slightly above and behind a routine airline flight. When two planes are that close together, radar will interpret them as one target. Since pilots can't see behind them, the drug plane goes unnoticed. Customs uses this technique to track suspect planes.

Of course, the more tricks the smugglers think up, the more hardware the military will throw at them. The more hardware, the more tricks, and so on in a never-ending spiral. It almost tempts one to make comparisons with the Vietnam war, except that such comparisons are invidious. In Vietnam, we still had our innocence. Now there's no excuse for this extravagant waste. There is no one in the military who can claim he doesn't know from experience that this kind of technological show cannot defeat a large and highly motivated number of individuals who, if they like, can walk into the United States on foot anywhere along 5000 miles of border. Even as Army officers were telling me about new radar installations they had planned for Mexico to guard against aircraft flying in through mountain passes and entering low over Arizona, smugglers were pouring into the United States through the inlets and airfields up and down the coasts—as well as through commercial airports, railway terminals and bus stations.

Most major drug shipments from Asia arrive on commercial cargo jets, usually in so-called containerized form—those aluminum boxes you see sitting out on the ramp at airports around the world. Customs doesn't have the manpower to search each of them. Every once in a while, a dog will sniff out the odd load of heroin, but shrink wrapping and other techniques make that largely a chance occurrence.

Smuggling is as old as commerce itself. Historically, it has proved to be an endless competition of will and imagination, in which the smugglers have better resources and are prepared to be more daring than those who are put there to catch them. The truth is, smugglers are willing to die trying: "I saw a figure a couple of years ago that astounded me," says William J. Anderson of the General Accounting Office. "In one year, 120 plane crashes, narcotics plane crashes, by chance mechanical failures. How many made it? What are the odds of crashing on any one flight?" Customs estimates that 18,000 planeloads of drugs penetrate the Southern borders of the United States annually.

Customs regards that figure as discouraging. The DEA agrees. So do the U.S. Coast Guard, the Department of Defense, the FBI, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the IRS, the National Institute on Drug Abuse, the Department of State, the Department of the Treasury, the Office of the Vice-President and the White House Drug Abuse Policy Office—all of which are waging another kind of war: the fight over who's in charge of the war on drugs. For, although some agents are clearly willing to die for what they represent, they are hampered in ways the drug smuggler isn't.

For example, the DEA has charge of drug-enforcement policy, but it doesn't generally interdict drug smugglers; it usually only investigates and prosecutes them.

The Coast Guard can interdict, but it has few resources and also has the mission of safety on the high seas. (And no small concern is this: If Coast Guard officers are riding around on nuclear aircraft carriers, waiting to board drug-smuggling vessels, who is going to help you when your sailboat runs into foul weather? Since only 1390 people died from taking illegal drugs in 1983 and 6000 people drowned, some Coast Guard officials feel that there may be a misordering of priorities.)

The U.S. Customs Service is in even worse shape. Customs is like a few men standing in the surf with their hands joined, waiting to stop a tidal wave. Customs can't even talk to its own boats beyond a three-to-five-mile range from shore. Some Customs boats don't even have radios. Until last year, Customs had only two aircraft, one in San Diego and one in Miami.

In addition, Reagan's quasi-legal Vice-Presidential law-enforcement arm, known as the National Narcotics Border Interdiction System (NNBIS, pronounced Enbus), has produced more infighting than any other antidrug force. NNBIS was created by Reagan in March 1983 to coordinate military involvement in drug-control efforts. It is now common, according to the DEA, for Bush's flamboyant chief of staff, Admiral Murphy, who runs NNBIS, to take credit for drug seizures made by other agencies. Bush's office released a statement that NNBIS and the South Florida Task Force "have captured almost 5,000,000 pounds of marijuana—practically halting the flow of that drug into this part of the country—and confiscated almost 28,000 pounds of cocaine, about 12 billion dollars' worth of drugs altogether."

The DEA responded, "These figures go far beyond what this Administration can support," and NNBIS "cannot possibly account for this large discrepancy."

NNBIS is not empowered to bust anyone. And so far, it has managed to demoralize agents in the field and confuse foreign governments about just who is in charge here. The violations by NNBIS of standard law-enforcement procedures designed to protect civil liberties are so flagrant that they alarm even the DEA, which commented, "The NNBIS center . . . has set up information systems to track cases. Its data-processing system is capable of retrieving information by name of suspect, yet appropriate record-system clearances, required by the Freedom of Information/Privacy Acts, have not been obtained." If this is true, it is a deliberate violation of law.

But the Office of the Vice-President can hardly be blamed for all the confusion: Nearly everyone is involved in the war on drugs. As far back as 1978, the Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control attempted to identify all the players in U.S. antidrug efforts. Its report noted:

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Eleven Cabinet departments, 13 independent agencies and nine Executive offices [participating] in the Federal Government efforts to control drug abuse. Operating as part of the 31 Executive branch agencies is a web of 95 additional subagencies that have participated or are now participating in the Federal narcotics-control program. . . . The Select Committee has become increasingly disturbed by the severe fragmentation that exists in the Federal strategy to prevent or control drug abuse. . . . Federal duplication of effort creates serious problems for the over-all narcotics-control program.

Five years later, in hearings held in February 1983, the following assessment was made of progress in this area:

Fragmentation of Federal efforts has long been recognized as a major problem. . . . While various drug strategies have been prepared over the years, the most recent in October 1982, none has adequately defined the various agencies' drug-interdiction roles. . . . Interdiction difficulties are only one manifestation of a broader coordination problem that we have previously reported on. . . . No one person has the information or responsibility to evaluate Federal drug efforts and recommend corrective actions. . . . For example, currently no one can determine whether the \$175,000,000 spent on marijuana interdiction by the Coast Guard could be used more effectively on the international narcotics-control program.

Asking not to be named, a Congressional staff member long associated with drug enforcement said, "The Federal effort is in shambles. Nobody's driving."

And of the two basic methods the Reagan Administration has used to stop drug traffic, Congressman Buddy MacKay of Florida says, "They both are a failure, because the amount coming through is greater and greater. We are interdicting ten times as much and the price is going down, which means there is an awful lot more coming through." In other words, grandiose claims of success based on larger and larger amounts seized are nothing more than bigger body counts: They don't mean the war is being won.

There is one final element to the strategy for drug control, though it is not getting any significant emphasis (i.e., funding) by the Reagan Administration: eliminating drug abuse through education and rehabilitation. This means attacking the cause of the problem, not the symptom. As mentioned earlier, drug-seeking behavior is a symptom of a disease. This country's current approach—removing the drugs—is like treating obesity by making food illegal. On the other hand, education and rehabilitation are the most promising approaches to treating addictive disease. Virtually all responsible medical authorities agree on this point. So far, however, the Government has not made the attempt to carry out such a program.

For one thing, according to professionals in the fields of law, medicine, drug addiction and health, a credible education program cannot be conducted in an atmosphere of prohibition. In its report to the Madrid conference, the International Legal Defense Counsel stated, "Prohibition has fostered a widespread disrespect for law and science, resulting in a loss of credibility concerning reports of the negative health effects of the drugs. The prohibition thwarts effective public awareness

and education by parents, school officials and drug-abuse educators."

What was being suggested was this: Make drugs legal and control them as we control liquor and tobacco. When I suggested that to Carleton Turner, he said, "When you think about that kind of question, and you have this big umbrella, it looks like a nice umbrella to get under. But it's like some of those cheap umbrellas you buy when you go to a ten-cent store and buy an umbrella: First rain you get, the rain comes through and you get wet." Which is no doubt one of the reasons Congressional staff members say the President's drug-abuse-policy advisor is not qualified to speak on such matters.

But numerous other rational people, including a former director of the CIA, have suggested legalization as a strategy. It is, after all, the only one we haven't tried. The worst that could happen is that it would fail; it is difficult to imagine that we could have a larger drug problem with legal controls than we have now without them.

On March 28, 1985, William Rusher, the publisher of *National Review*, wrote, "The one thing that could be done, overnight, is to legalize the stuff. . . . Congress should study the dramatic alternative, which is legalization followed by a dramatic educational effort in which the services of all civic-minded, and some less than civic-minded, resources are mobilized. Television, for instance. Let the Federal Communications Commission make it a part of the overhead of a television license to broadcast 30 minutes a week, prime time, what dope does to you."

The same month, Hugh Downs and Barbara Walters recommended the same thing on their *20/20* TV show. Mike Royko, in his syndicated newspaper column, asked, "If so many Americans want

I AM A LATIN-AMERICAN CAMPESINO. I OWN NO LAND AND MUST WORK ON BIG "HACIENDAS" ALL DAY FOR VERY LITTLE MONEY.



MY FAMILY IS MALNUTRITIONED AND MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER IS DYING FROM CANCER BECAUSE SHE WAS SPRAYED ON WITH DDT WHEN SHE WAS WORKING IN THE FIELDS.



and use marijuana, if they are already getting it so easily, if they insist on spending billions of dollars a year on it, why are we screaming at Mexico, why are hordes of narcotics agents floundering around in futile attempts to find it, why are the police and courts still wasting time and money trying to put dealers in jail for selling it? . . . If it were legal, we wouldn't have gun-crazy dealers spraying Florida and other big import states with machine-gun bullets."

The argument against legalizing drugs (leaving aside Turner's fascinating, if second-rate, umbrella retort) is that it would turn the United States into a depopulated land of mindless addicts. But Joseph Allen, district attorney for Mendocino County, California—the largest producer of domestic pot in the United States—says, "People have seen there really hasn't been a change in the community. . . . The only difference now is that people who would have been unemployed are picking up some extra money."

Opium is legal in India, and that country has little problem with opium's being diverted to the black market or converted into heroin, according to the 1984 "Report for the Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control," "largely due to an effective opium-production-control system." The Netherlands legalized marijuana in 1978, and it has fewer pot smokers than nations in which pot is illegal. Dutch government officials say there have been no medical or criminal consequences of legalization, except that fewer people seem interested in the drug now that it's readily available.

And, finally, those who oppose legalization of drugs say that it is impossible because of the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs, signed by 113 nations in 1961, in which those nations agreed to "take legislative measures . . . to limit . . .

use and possession of drugs." This ignores the built-in mechanisms in that convention for altering its resolution or even for denouncing it under special circumstances. Murder contracts taken out on the DEA administrator and on an American Ambassador provide at least the opportunity to consider whether or not those special circumstances now exist. The International Legal Defense Counsel wrote, "Where a nation which is a signatory to the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs wishes to exercise the option of regulation and taxation, procedures exist whereby said nation could adopt such a plan."

Drug trafficking is a low-risk business—lower, in any event, than law enforcement. Even if Reagan succeeds in his stated goal of sealing the borders and making the United States the world's largest banana republic, the really good drug smugglers will still get through, and the local growers will supply the rest. Even Poland has a drug problem, and it's not exactly a wide-open frontier state.

Ultimately, sorting the bad guys from the good guys is the oldest problem of societies that have grown beyond the tribal level. This principle underlies all espionage work. It was the fundamental cause of our inability to win in Vietnam—we couldn't tell who the bad guys were, because all the Vietnamese looked alike to us. And that sorting problem forms the basis of all police states, because weak leaders often resort to absolute control (assume everyone is a bad guy) rather than face the possibility that people may do what they want. Turner told me, "We don't want to accept the fact that there are evil people in the world. We Americans think that everyone is good." If that was true, it's ending.

Under new systems of detection, U.S. drug-interdiction forces sighted 10,500 "suspect vehicles" in 1983. Of course, most of those were falsely suspect, and most could never be intercepted, searched and seized. The point is that American antidrug forces are moving toward a day when travel in and of itself may be considered probable cause for arrest on suspicion of intent to smuggle drugs. Already, the Supreme Court has ruled that police may come onto your land without a warrant to search for drugs you might be growing. Owning open land is now probable cause.

Pre-emptive law enforcement of this type has never worked. Pre-emptive law enforcement forms the beginning of a police state. A law professor at the University of Texas, himself a prominent criminal attorney, says, "My students amaze me. They're all smoking pot, studying to be lawyers, and they just shrug it off, saying, 'Well, nobody really gets busted for smoking grass anymore.' Meanwhile, their moms are going to antimarijuana rallies. People are afraid of the unknown, and that is making lawyers like me rich and keeping the average citizen poor. You want to talk about lack of productivity caused by drugs, look at the people in jail. We've got judges releasing murderers and rapists to keep the grass dealers in jail, because mandatory sentencing requires it and the jails are too crowded to keep both. It's a classic case of biting off our noses to spite our faces."

He could not help recalling an Army major who, during the Vietnam war, made history—history many of us have already forgotten—by standing before a blackened spot where the village of Ben Tre had been and justifying what he'd done by saying, "We had to destroy it in order to save it."



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also produces a creditable edam cheese, 2 lbs. for \$13.50, and a snappy natural white cheddar, 2 lbs. for \$12. Delivery is extra. *Maytag Dairy Farms, Box 806, Newton, Iowa 50208; 800-247-2458 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

One of the wildest assortments of cheese in the U.S. is carried by Ideal Cheese, and proprietor Ed Edelman may be the most erudite dealer. Among his recent discoveries are a 4-lb. wheel of Swiss gruyère (from the district of Gruyère)—drier, sharper and nuttier than emmentaler, \$19.95; huntsman, a layered combination of double Gloucester and English stilton, \$17.95 for a 2½-lb. half-wheel, \$34.95 for the 5-lb.; wynendale, a creamy, assertive, yet not overwhelming cheese from Belgium, \$5.98 per pound; and Columbo gorgonzola, possibly the best gorgonzola this side of Italy, \$6.98 per pound. Edelman's insider's choices for this year's top gift cheeses are saga with mushrooms—a soft, rich, buttery triple cream studded with mushrooms—\$6.98 per pound; and English stilton in a reusable earthenware crock, 17 ozs., \$16.95. Delivery is extra. *Ideal Cheese Shop, 1205 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10021; 212-688-7579 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

Dry monterey is a singularly American cheese. It's sweet and nutty, not unlike medium-cured parmesan. Sam Sebastiani of Sebastiani Vineyards sends out literally hundreds before Christmas. An 8-lb. wheel goes for \$30, including delivery. *Vella Cheese Company, 315 Second Street East, P.O. Box 191, Sonoma, California 95476-0191; 707-938-3232 (CK, M.O.).*

SHEER LUXURY

Caviar is never cheap, but prices sometimes ease off during the preholiday season. And while it's impossible to predict future prices, remember that it pays to comparison shop. Condition is even more important than price; order from reliable sources and request next-day delivery. The following outlets have good reputations.

Hansen Caviar offers a full line of fresh (unpasteurized) Russian caviar. The company is also deeply involved in the developing American caviar industry. This is bona fide sturgeon caviar, comparable to the imported *sevruga*—at about half the price. *Hansen Caviar Company, Inc., 391-A Grand Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey 07631; 201-568-9659 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

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is available by mail order. The company is offering its full line of fresh caviars at the current market price. For further details, phone 800-243-5293 and ask for the caviar desk. Other places known for good quality and good value are *Caviar Direct, 800-472-4456 (in New York City, 757-8990), and Zabar's, 800-221-3347 (in New York City, 787-2000).*

The Maine Event is a complete, authentic New England shore dinner. The dinner for four includes four good-sized lobsters (1¼–1½ lbs.), 4 lbs. of steamer clams, two pints of fish chowder, bibs, nutcrackers and cooking instructions—everything but the sound of the surf. Lobsters arrive frisky. The condition of everything is guaranteed. The price is \$96.95, including delivery. Dinners for two (\$59.95) to 14 (\$285.95) are also available, as are lobsters alone: 1¼-to-1½-pounders—\$75.95 for four, delivered. *Legal Sea Foods, Inc., 33 Everett Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02134; 800-343-5804 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C., D.C.).*

THE MEAT MARKET

When you're gorging yourself on Flying Pig's whole fresh barbecued ham, you're eating high on the hog. It's slowly pit-cooked over hickory coals for 24 hours and is periodically basted with a distinctive, mustardy sauce. Two whole barbecued hams, about 20 lbs. each, sell for \$89; the barbecue sauce, Southern Gold, is \$3.95 per 12-oz. bottle. Flying Pig also offers authentic chopped-ham barbecue, ribs and Carolina stew. Prices include delivery. *Maurice Bessinger's Flying Pig Barbecue Service, P.O. Box 6847, West Columbia, South Carolina 29171; 800-MAURICE (CK, M.O., V, M.C.).*

At the turn of the century, there were only 22 wild buffaloes in North America; now there are more than 60,000 in commercial production alone, so enjoy your buffalo steak without guilt. Buffalo steaks from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, are rich, full-flavored and lean—and not the least bit gamy. They're \$7.50 per pound, but shipping charges are high. Other products are smoked buffalo roast (\$18.50 for a 1-lb. roast) and buffalo jerky (\$15 per half pound). Price includes delivery on all but steaks. *Beck Buffalo Products, South Park Route, Box 2141, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001; 800-367-3874 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

Fogel's Buffalo Basin in Fountain City, Wisconsin, claims to be the largest purveyor of fresh buffalo meat in the world. We've sampled its beef jerky and Buffalo Bill's smoked buffalo-and-beef summer sausage, and both are a tasty mouthful. Fogel's summer sausage is \$3.95 for 12 ozs.; a 12-oz. jar of pickled Polish buffalo sausage is \$5.25 (\$13.50 for a half gallon); a jar of 36 buffalo-jerky sticks is \$21.60; and a box of 24 smoked-sausage sticks is \$12. Fogel's also has a large variety of buffalo steaks, ranging from \$3 per pound for bottom round to \$12 per pound for tenderloin. Delivery is extra. *Fogel's Buffalo*



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Butchers will tell you that top-notch veal must be pale—and imported. The veal raised at Summerfield Farm, Virginia, is rosy and relatively lean. Yet with customers such as Berkeley's Chez Panisse restaurant and praise from food authority Craig Claiborne, they must be doing something right. The tasty, tender veal is offered in assorted packages ranging in price from \$75 to \$145, plus delivery. Customers can also make up their own assortments. *Jamie Nicoll, Summerfield Farm, Route One, Box 43, Boyce, Virginia 22620; 703-837-1718 (CK, V, M.C.).*

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S SALMON

Smoked salmon is a familiar buffet item around the holidays—a nice counterpoint to champagne. Ducktrap River offers both Western/Pacific and Eastern Scotch-style smokes, and they're good examples of the genre. Proprietor Des Fitzgerald likes to emphasize the "complete trim" given his fish. The Scotch-style sides are \$64.50 (\$57 in New England); Western-style sides are \$56.50 (\$49.50 in New England). Weight is 2 to 2½ lbs. Prices include delivery. *Ducktrap River Fish Farm, Inc., R.F.D. 2, Box 378, Lincolnville, Maine 04849; 207-763-3960 (CK, M.O., V, M.C.).*

If you and your friends are really serious about smoked salmon, investigate the International Salmon Sampler, which includes the four major styles of smoked salmon—satiny Scotch, smoky Irish, rich Norwegian and meaty Alaska sockeye—and discover which style is your personal favorite. Each side is guaranteed to weigh at least 2 lbs. The four sides, all prime, plus a stainless-steel knife, are \$169.95, including delivery. Sides may also be purchased individually—at \$49.95 each, including delivery. *Legal Sea Foods, Inc.*

Large rainbow trout smoked by the traditional Scotch method for salmon is a novelty. It's similar to smoked salmon, though more subtle. Use just as you would the salmon. Presliced and re-formed sides (guaranteed minimum 1 lb.) are \$33. Delivery is extra. *Hansen Caviar Company, Inc.*

BAKED GOODS

Memory can play tricks, but one thing that's as good as you remember is the famed Arnold Reuben cheesecake. It's creamy, velvety and so rich that a narrow wedge is an adequate portion. The 2-lb. cake, six to eight portions, costs \$16.75; the 5-lb. cake, 16 to 20 portions, is \$29.95. Prices include delivery. While the plain is

MAIL-ORDER SMARTS

Shopping via mail order, properly done, can simplify your life—or at least a part of it. On the other hand, if you're not clued in, things can become complicated. Here are points to which you should be alert—even if you're an old hand.

Specify the delivery date if you want your purchase to arrive at a certain time.

Always double check as to extra charges for delivery, handling, insurance, etc. Don't take anything for granted.

Enclose both your home and your business phone numbers.

Never use a post-office-box address when purchasing perishable goods. The condition in which they arrive cannot be guaranteed.

Schedule perishable items to arrive early in the week, so they don't sit in a warehouse over a weekend, and make sure someone will be there to receive them.

A number of mail-order shippers require a minimum purchase for each order. Make sure you meet the minimum.

Find out whether or not the shipper has an 800 number (toll-free) in addition to the regular phone number.

Make your order and address easy to read. Type or print plainly. Include the Zip Code on every address.

Gift cards or business cards can be enclosed with your order, but call attention to them. Some houses supply gift cards and will inscribe one with your message if requested. If you don't want an order form with prices included, make that clear.

Have your catalog and credit card handy when phoning in an order.

Order by catalog number if there is one.

Purchase by credit card if time is a factor. As a rule, goods will not be shipped until a check has cleared.

If you don't have a catalog from a shipper that interests you, ask for one. It will almost always be sent promptly and at no charge.

Read the fine print in an ad or a catalog to note such neat points as guarantee and refund policy.

Keep a record of your order: date, method of payment, etc. The law states that companies must respond to an order within 30 days, either by fulfilling it or by explaining why they haven't done so. You have a right to cancel after 30 days if service is not satisfactory and to get a full refund.

Orders from companies within your state call for the state or city sales tax, if there is one.

Most companies will want the expiration date of your credit card if used.

Some companies have a special customers' service line, different from the order line, to take complaints and make adjustments.

For speediest delivery, specify one-day or two-day air. Note that this *may* involve additional charges.

Many companies will not ship merchandise C.O.D. nor accept collect calls.

Gift wrap, if you want it, is usually available gratis or with a modest charge.

Prices are subject to change and are not guaranteed beyond a specified date.

Special discounts may be available on large-quantity orders. Inquire!

Satin Sheets



\$27.95
twin set

BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER. Sensuously soft, no-snap finish satin sheets. Machine wash & dry, no ironing, seamless, in 10 colors. Set includes: flat sheet, fitted sheet & 2 matching pillow cases. Also Available: Matching comforter, dust ruffle, and pillow sham.

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— Sheets —

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Size | Colors |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin Set \$27.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Black |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Full Set \$39.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Queen Set \$49.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Burgundy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King Set \$59.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Champagne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Waterbed Set \$69.95
(specify size) | <input type="checkbox"/> Red |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Letter Monogram
on 2 cases \$5.00
initials _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Blue |
| Add \$3.00 Shipping & Handling | <input type="checkbox"/> Royal Blue |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Lavender |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Rose Pink |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Silver |

Matching Comforter Any Size \$59.95 (\$6 S&H)

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Dust Ruffle (\$3 S&H)

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|--------------------------------|---------|-------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin | \$26.00 | Color _____ |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Full | \$28.00 | Color _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King | \$37.00 | Color _____ |

Pillow Sham (Set of two) (\$2 S&H)

- | | | |
|--|---------|-------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Standard Size | \$20.00 | Color _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King Size | \$26.00 | Color _____ |

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easily the most popular style, Reuben's cheesecakes also come in other flavors. *Arnold Reuben Jr.'s Cheese Cakes, 15 Hill Park Avenue, Great Neck, New York 11021; 516-466-3685 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

When it comes to English muffins, Wolferman's are the best—flat-out. These plump, airy pillows, almost twice the size of standard muffins, are crisp, chewy and moist all at once—with an appealing, yeasty aroma. They come in five flavors—original (plain), light wheat, cheddar cheese, cinnamon raisin and blueberry. The original are \$17 for four dozen; two dozen are \$10. Flavors are a little more, delivery extra. *Wolferman's, 1900 West 47th Place, Suite 218, Westwood, Kansas 66205; 800-255-0169 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

Normally, *focaccia* bread is slightly spongy, soft and chewy. Di Camillo's *focaccia* is different—and delicious. It's crisp, well peppered, herbed and anointed with extra-virgin Italian olive oil. A 9-oz. bag is \$6.80; a large canister holding just over a pound is \$13.20. Also noteworthy are the piquant, buttery *Biscotti al Formaggio*—Italian cheese crisps. A 9-oz. bag is \$7.40; large canister, \$13.20. Prices include delivery. *Di Camillo Baking Company, 811 Linwood Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York 14305; 716-282-2341 (CK, V, A.E., M.C.).*

FOR THE LOVE OF CHOCOLATE

Even people who aren't crazy about chocolate succumb to the sensuous taste of Teuscher's champagne truffles. An elegant blend of cream, butter and chocolate, with a champagne-cream center, these delights are imported weekly from Switzerland to ensure freshness. Teuscher also presents truffles in nine other flavors; the price is the same for all. A 9-oz. box is \$14.25; 14 ozs., \$22; 20 ozs., \$32; 36 ozs., \$56. Delivery is extra. *Teuscher Chocolates of Switzerland, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020; 212-246-4416 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

The Belgian chocolate Manon is just starting to make its mark in the States. It offers a selection of 60 kinds of hand-dipped chocolates. Among the favorites are *Cheval Noir, Rose de Bruxelles* and *Bouchon*. One-pound *ballotin*, \$25; 2-lb. *ballotin*, \$50. Delivery is extra. *Le Chocolatier Manon, 872 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021; 212-288-8088 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

Considering the insatiable hunger for truffles in the land, Dearborn's new do-it-yourself chocolate-truffle kit should find a constituency. The kit contains a rich chocolate-truffle base, Dutch-process cocoa, a forming spoon, candy papers and a recipe book. One gift-boxed kit yields about 24 truffles and costs \$19.50, including delivery. *Dearborn, 1 Christopher Street, New York, New York 10014; 212-691-9153 (CK, M.O.).*

If visions of sugarplums dance in your head, you must be thinking of those at

Paprikas Weiss. These are moist, imported pitted plums, filled with jam, then covered with chocolate. An 8-oz. gift box, \$7; three boxes, \$18. Price includes delivery.

NOT THE SAME OLD GRIND

The Empire Coffee and Tea company offers 55 bean coffees from Colombia, Brazil, Africa, Costa Rica, Venezuela, et al. You can have them straight or in any combination, custom-blended to taste, in any grind you want, at \$3.99 per pound. Empire also carries the true, high-grown Jamaica Blue Mountain coffee—not the ersatz version that often passes for Jamaica Blue—at \$15 to \$17 per pound. The house blend—Colombian light roast, Colombian Vienna (medium dark) roast and Tanzanian Peaberry—is \$4.99 per pound. If decaffeinated is your cup, you can choose from ten kinds, all water-processed, at \$4.99 per pound. Empire's tea stock outnumbers its coffees—with 60 kinds on tap. Two to look for are the full-bodied, perfumed Russian Wine, \$6 per pound, and the brisk English Breakfast, a blend of four teas, \$6.25 per pound. Delivery is extra. *Empire Coffee and Tea, 486 Ninth Avenue, New York, New York 10018; 212-564-1460 (CK, M.O., V, M.C.).*

While Community Kitchens offers a variety of foods and appliances, the emphasis is on coffee. One of their distinctive coffees is the New Orleans Blend—one third chicory, two thirds coffee in a Vienna roast. The price for three 1-lb. packages is \$13.50, plus delivery. *Community Kitchens, P.O. Box 3778, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-3778; 800-535-9901 (CK, M.O., V, A.E., M.C.).*

WINES AND SPIRITS

Government regulations ban the shipment of wines and spirits across state borders. But where there's a will, there's a way, and the way is to dial 800 Spirits, which can arrange delivery of your gift through local retailers everywhere. You pay for the service, of course. Prices range from \$25 to \$400, including gift wrap and delivery. There's a liberal list of labels from which to choose. *800 Spirits, Inc., 2 University Plaza, Hackensack, New Jersey 07601; 800-BE-THERE (V, A.E., M.C., D.C.).*

Nationwide Gift Liquor offers a similar service; overnight delivery available on request. For prices and complete details, phone the toll-free number. *Nationwide Gift Liquor Service, Inc., P.O. Box 32070, Phoenix, Arizona 85064; 800-CHEER-UP (M.O., V, A.E., M.C., C.B., D.C.).*

The artisans who create these *bonnes bouches* take pride in their reputations, and they tend to reserve the top of the line—the plumpest, juiciest, ripest items—for their mail-order clientele. So the odds for getting something good are all in your favor when you shop by mail.





Mike Williams

"See, I told you there was a Santa Claus."

"So much for the brochure. Now let me tell you how to read an oil-and-gas-deal prospectus."

have here—delivered by hand to our door—is a fat manila envelope from United States Trust, one of the oldest, classiest, most exclusive banks in the country. ("When you do something very well, you simply cannot do it for everyone.")

Inside is everything you'll need to evaluate and sign up for the Samson Properties 1985-A Drilling Program. U.S. Trust describes Samson 1985-A as "a quality oil-and-gas investment with relatively moderate risk, inherent tax benefits and the potential for significant upside economic gains." (As opposed, one presumes, to downside economic gains.)

The bank's cover letter outlines the deal. With it, in your envelope, come a colorful Samson sales brochure, a deadly

165-page Samson prospectus, a huge U.S. Trust business-reply envelope for your signed papers and \$25,000 check and a form you sign agreeing to pay the bank a five percent "advisory fee" for bringing the deal to your attention.

There is already a 7.5 percent sales commission built into the deal, but the bank can't touch it (it's illegal for banks to sell securities like these), so, instead, it charges this five percent advisory fee. The bank's not *selling* anything—merely recommending that you buy it and enclosing all the papers you need to sign and send to effect the purchase.

By paying the "advisory fee," you are essentially getting the deal at 105 percent of retail. You could avoid the fee by pur-

chasing Samson units directly through a stockbroker, but when you deal with a classy bank—this is not a bank that's out hawking car loans—you should show a little class yourself.

Participations in Samson 1985-A run \$25,000 and up. Much of that money will go toward the drilling of development wells—the kind of wells you drill in proven fields, even if they won't make you a fortune—and 90 percent or more of what you put in will be deductible in 1985. There are aspects of the deal designed to make it attractive for the limited partners, but what really matters in an oil deal is how much oil you produce. Tax deductions are peachy, but not if you never get your money back. (How rich could you get giving everything to the Red Cross?)

THESE ARE SPECULATIVE SECURITIES AND INVOLVE A HIGH DEGREE OF RISK, cautions the front page of the prospectus. The SEC makes 'em say stuff like that. The bank prefers to describe it as "relatively moderate risk." And, as only clients with net worths of \$1,000,000 or incomes of \$200,000 are advised to participate, it's true. What's an extra \$25,000 or \$50,000—tax-deductible, to boot—to somebody like that?

Even so, as a potential investor, you might reasonably want to know whether you'll make any money investing in Samson. And you have a choice:

You can read the three-page analysis from the bank.

You can read the colorful six-page Samson brochure.

Or you can read the 165-page prospectus.

I know most of you would lunge for the prospectus, but let's start with the brochure.

Under the heading **PRIOR PROGRAM PERFORMANCE**, the brochure explains that by mid-1984, "Samson's 1973-1981 programs had distributed cash equal to 127 percent of total cash invested" and would distribute a further 226 percent over the life of those programs.

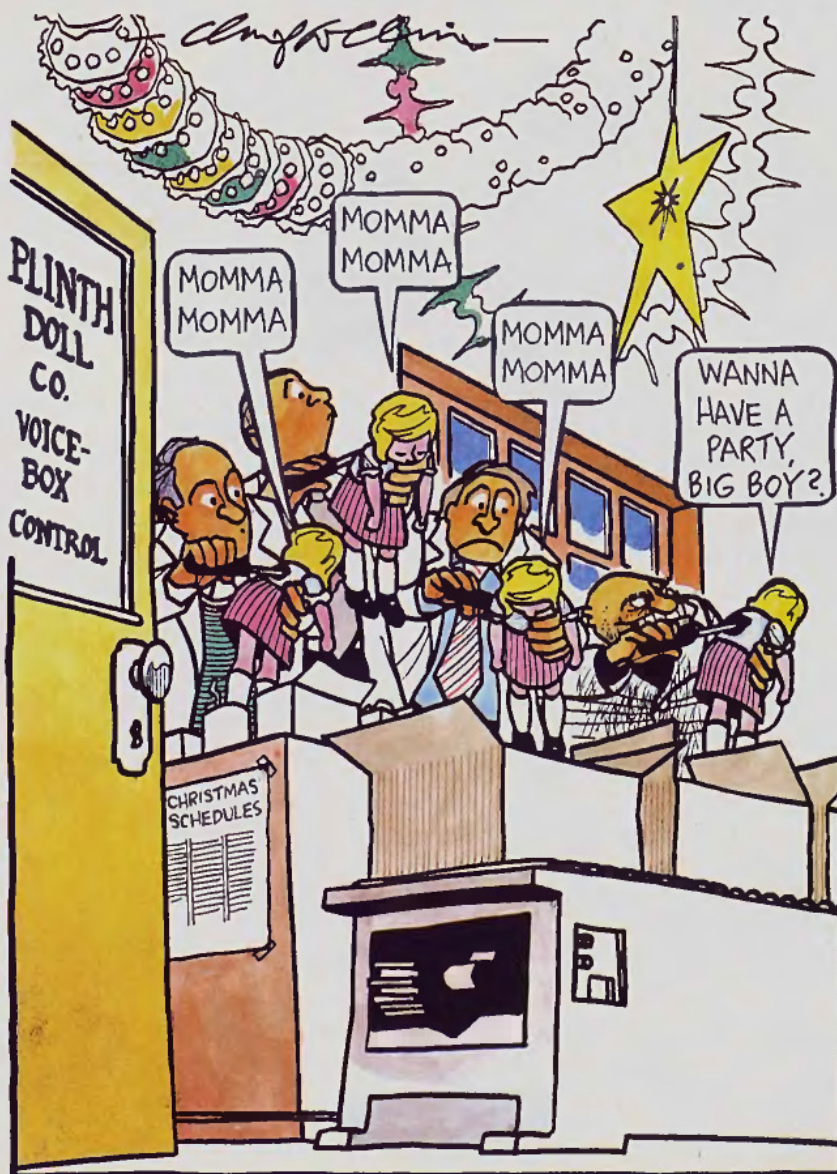
The brochure says you shouldn't count on future programs' *all* doing so well, but, hey, 127 percent and 226 percent—that's like three and a half times your money back! Plus, U.S. Trust likes the program and Samson must be getting more experienced each year and drilling costs are really low these days and the Samson guys themselves are committed to investing in the deal and boy could I ever use the tax deduction where do I sign?

The brochure does say, "These figures assume an equal investment in each of the programs offered from 1973 through 1981," but that sounds sensible enough.

So much for the brochure.

Now let me tell you how to read an oil-and-gas-deal prospectus:

1. Find the table of contents.
2. Find the page that shows the driller's track record (**PRIOR PERFORMANCE OR PRIOR ACTIVITIES**).
3. Look for the column that shows how



When Stroh beers had to travel far, bottles were wrapped in felt and packed in straw in flour barrels.



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Then, we made a barrel of beer a day. Now, six Stroh breweries produce over 25 million barrels a year.

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Old Milwaukee, Schlitz, Schlitz Malt Liquor, and other fine Stroh brands reach beer lovers in all 50 states through over 1,100 distributors.

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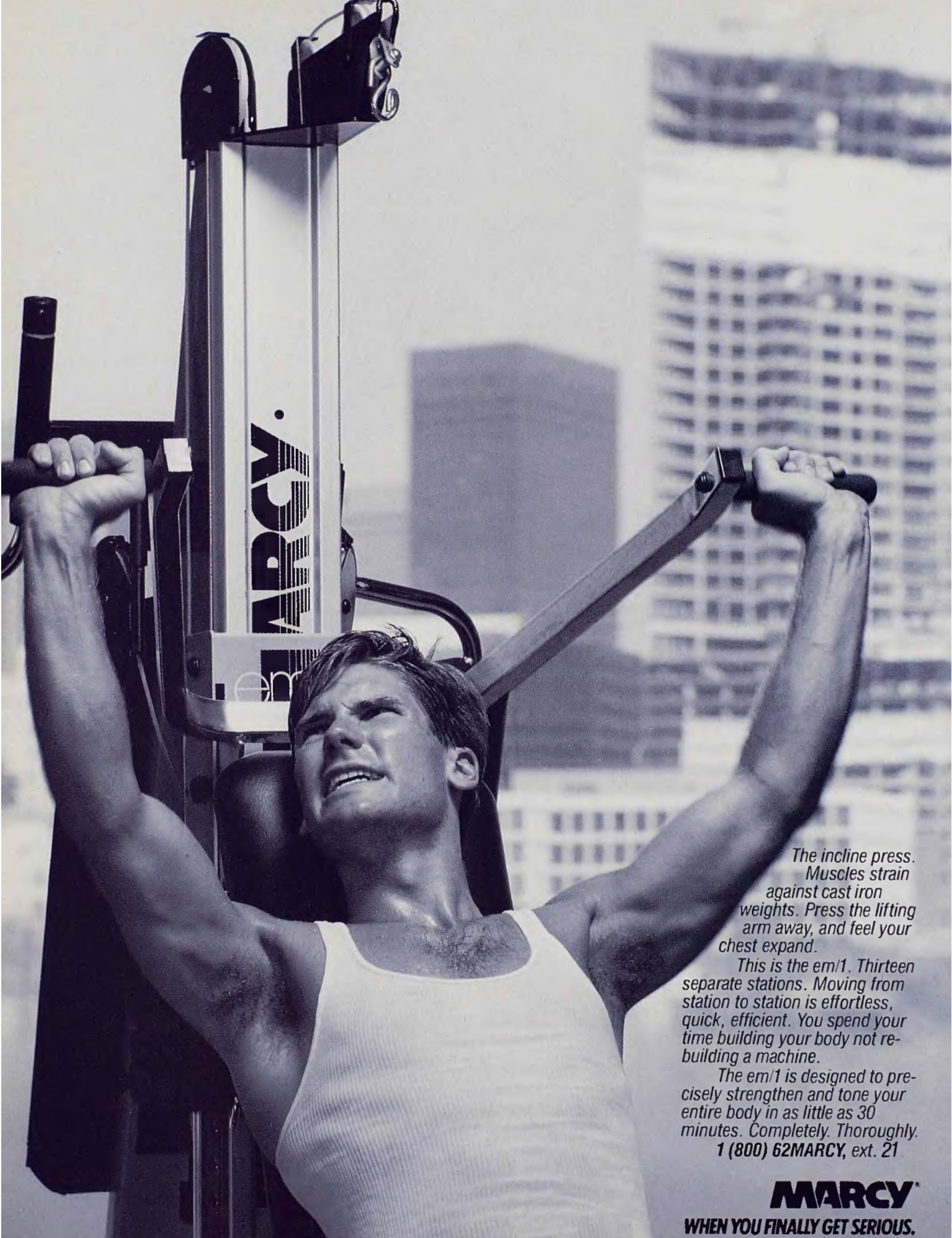
don't compromise the product, you won't have to worry about the profit. And the Strohs still taste our beers personally to make sure they measure up.

We'll never get too big to mind the store.



STROH

We haven't lost the family touch.



The incline press. Muscles strain against cast iron weights. Press the lifting arm away, and feel your chest expand.

This is the em/1. Thirteen separate stations. Moving from station to station is effortless, quick, efficient. You spend your time building your body not re-building a machine.

The em/1 is designed to precisely strengthen and tone your entire body in as little as 30 minutes. Completely. Thoroughly.
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WHEN YOU FINALLY GET SERIOUS.

much actual cash investors in past deals have received.

4. Compare that with how much they actually invested.

5. End of story.

Says one prominent tax accountant who would steer clear of Samson (and most other oil-and-gas deals), "If their average program isn't paying back in three years, forget it."

In Tulsa-based Samson's case, it turns out that its very first program, a teeny-tiny deal in 1973 that involved a total of just \$325,000, has paid off like gang-busters—around nine to one. But all its subsequent programs, ranging from three to 30 times as big, have had less spectacular results.

(Funny how often that first deal, which helps sell all subsequent deals, is a lot more successful than the rest.)

So, in the first place, if you didn't assume "an equal investment in each of the programs" but, instead, assumed the amounts that were actually invested, the return on those 1973–1981 programs by mid-1984 would have been not 127 percent—all your money back and then some—but 45 percent.

Now, I'll grant that's extreme. The newer deals have had fewer years to produce revenues than the older ones, and Samson's deals got bigger and bigger as the years went on. So my number, a 45 percent pay back, is heavily weighted toward the 1980 and 1981 deals. Of the \$30,000,000 that investors handed Samson in 1981—not to mention the \$70,000,000 since then—less than \$1,000,000 had been paid back by September 30, 1984.

Of the three 1980 deals (one private, two public), one had paid back 74 percent by September 30, 1984, two had paid back 17 percent and nine percent, respectively. Guess which one was the private deal.

And, understand, these numbers are not return *on* investment (with luck, that comes later); they're return *of* investment.

If there were a cynic in the room—and I trust there's not—he might suggest that Samson raised \$100,000,000 in drilling investments from 1981 through 1984 not unimportantly on the strength of one crummy little \$325,000 program it had drilled ten years earlier.

If so, it would by no means be the only oil-and-gas promoter that had followed the same pattern.

It also leads one to wonder whether that first little program was of the same conservative character as the ones being presented now. Perhaps it was riskier—and one of those risks paid off. And it leads one to remember that that first deal had the benefit of two-dollar-a-barrel-era drilling costs—the deal actually closed at the end of 1972—but 20-odd-dollar-a-barrel-era revenues. Certainly, its success bears no resemblance to any of the subsequent deals.

Having said all this, I hasten to add that there are many drilling companies whose records are at least as uninspired (anybody else out there in a Buckeye deal?), and that Samson's 1973–1981 programs still have a lot of hydrocarbons in the ground.

You will recall that according to the brochure, those deals are projected to return yet a further 226 percent of investors' money. Oh, OK, so maybe it's 220 percent or 215 percent—it's still pretty good, no?

For all I know, the programs will gush aplenty. But according to the prospectus, that 226 percent is based on the assumption that oil will continue (continue?) to sell for \$29.50 through the end of 1986 and then climb over the following 16 years to \$75 a barrel. ("It should be noted," notes the prospectus, "that no consideration has been given to recent price declines.")

But even using these assumptions—which might be considered just a smidge optimistic—that 226 percent still leans pretty heavily on the first teeny-tiny program. Dropping that one from the calculation brings the estimated future return from these programs not to 226 percent but to 147 percent.

Nor does either of these numbers—the 35 percent of their money investors have gotten back over the past several years or the additional 147 percent they might hope to reap as oil climbs to \$75—take into consideration the extra five percent you might have paid a bank for bringing this opportunity your way, nor the time value of money. Doubling your money in oil and gas sounds great until you consider

that it might take 15 years to do it.

Yes, oil-and-gas investments are largely deductible; but so are oil-and-gas revenues largely taxable (and likely to become more so).

Ho-kay. Now that you've listened to all my carping—exactly the kind of negative attitude that did *not* make this country great—if you still want to pony up \$26,250 for a \$25,000 unit in Samson 1985-A, and you've got diamonds and a dinner jacket, I'll put you in touch with my bank. (Please, oh, *please*, let it remain my bank after it reads this.) One of the nice things about going through the bank (and it actually is a *very* fine bank, which I actually owe a *lot* of money) is that you get the benefit of its independent analysis.

"In addition to the information contained in the enclosed Offering Prospectus, supplied by [Samson]," writes the bank in its cover letter, "certain other facts should be made known to you."

Oh, boy: the dirt.

"In particular, our analysis has established" Samson's competence and qualifications, the equitability of the deal, Samson's drilling philosophy and its track record.

Under TRACK RECORD, the bank states, "Through June 30, 1984, Samson's 1973–1981 programs have distributed cash equal to 127 percent of total cash invested and had estimated future cash distributions equal to 226 percent of cash invested." Period.

Somebody at U.S. Trust should have read the prospectus.



*"Hey, I'm really sorry, but these days,
I'm finding that there are fewer and fewer things worth
going to the mat for."*

GENITAL HERPES.

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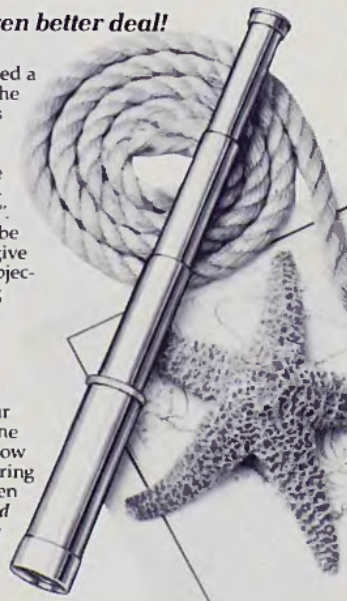
A spy glass in the great naval tradition . . .

Adm. Nelson's Brass Telescope

Just **\$39⁹⁵*** **But read the ad for an even better deal!*

When Horatio Nelson fought the Battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the Spanish fleet and eventually to defeat it. Our manufacturer has recreated a faithful replica of this famous scope. Like the fabled original, *Adm. Nelson's Brass Telescope* measures about 5" in its "collapsed" position. Extend the four sections to full length: the scope will be 15" long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. The optics (much better than in Nelson's time) are "25x30". That means that everything will be 25-times larger than it would be to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars, which give only 6x or 8x magnification. "30" refers to the diameter of the objective lens in millimeters. It gives the scope great light-gathering power—enough (if called upon) to fight a naval battle at dusk. *Adm. Nelson's Brass Telescope* comes with a soft, zippered vinyl case. It even has a convenient belt loop so you can always carry it with you.

The most amazing thing about this scope may well be its price. We sold thousands of virtually identical telescopes through our catalog at over \$100 each. Those scopes were German-made. One of Japan's finest optical makers copied the model and we now import it directly in large quantities. That's why we are able to bring you this exceptional telescope for just \$39.95. But we have an even more amazing offer, an even better deal: *buy two for \$79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* If you ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found the prices a little steep, *Adm. Nelson's Brass Telescope* should be your choice. You'll get much fun out of it!



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three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

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T O U G H

(continued from page 120)

into the courtroom. Eight and ten years old. Her lawyers used everything. Her group—you know, the psychiatrist's group with all those embittered women—they sent her to those lawyers, and they were relentless. They were tough."

"You should have been tough, I mean *tough*," Bertrand said. "I was tough. I had to be tough. I even got the car."

Mac didn't say anything to Bertrand. His eyes closed, he breathed heavily into the mouthpiece.

"Hey, how do you feel?" Bertrand said after a moment of silence. "Listen, I mean, how do you feel?"

"Well——" Mac gave a choking cough at the telephone and hung up. Big help.

Late the next morning, around 11, he telephoned for a radio taxi. Twenty minutes, the dispatcher said. Time for Tropicana, oatmeal, Maxim. Dutiful habits die hard. Standing at the window, sipping the coffee, he checked on life across the way. The shades of the baby's room were drawn. Naptime. The newly renovated apartment had been moved into. Packing crates, an upright piano, inverted lamp shades, rolled-up rugs, cartons, back of sofa against back of armchair. What a mess. No people. No sign of any woman in a gold-colored warm-up suit. Only a large white cat and a golden retriever. Mac could see them running from room to room. Good luck to them. Time to go to work. The taxi from Chelsea to Long Island City cost \$14. The hell with it. Business as usual. Lite Boxes, Inc. The business of making boxes, some of cardboard, some of wood, some of cardboard and wood. A solid business. He owned a five-story building, with his shop right on the premises. Fifty-six people, including a secretary, an engineer of sorts and a bookkeeper, right on the premises, too. Not bad. His ex-wife, thank God, had not had much to do with the business since their marriage, before which she had been his bookkeeper. The business brought in enough to pay for the house, the car, the private schools, the camps, the country club, the remodeled kitchen, the psychiatrist, the group, going away, the lawyers, the alimony and the smelly apartment.

When Mac walked into the building, everybody was very nice to him, addressing him as "Boss" and seeming to understand what he had just been through. He felt more distant than ever from his employees. Usually, Mac stayed at the business until after five, after everybody else had left for the day. He liked locking up. Today, he couldn't stand sitting at his desk. He looked at his watch. Thirty-three. The kids would be getting home from school. Instead of going outside to ride their bikes on the side roads or to play in the woods, they would, for some screwball reason, be getting rushed into some scheduled painting-class program or to the

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psychiatrist. They had never responded when Mac had tried to get them interested in feeding the birds. One winter morning, when he had been in a great rush to get to the business, he had forgotten to give the birds their crumbs. That evening, when he got home, three chickadees and the red-headed woodpecker were sitting on the deck, still waiting for him. His wife had listened to the story with impatience. The kids hadn't even wanted to listen. Too bad.

His secretary had placed a stack of accumulated mail on his desk. He went through it slowly, marking instructions for replies on paper slips from his memo pad, LIGHT'S LITES, and clipping them to the letters. Deftly, he threw out pieces of mail he didn't want to answer—the pleas from charity organizations, the announcements about software and computers, a come-on to buy lakeland acreage in Missouri, a solicitation from a trade magazine for an ad. What was this? An invitation to a party being given that evening for one of his steady customers, Springer Toys, a company that bought at least \$10,000 a year in boxes for the toys. For years, Springer had given him free toys for the kids. Mac threw the invitation into his wastebasket. Almost immediately, he retrieved it. A party given *for*, not by, Springer. Unusual. Mac read:

WE HOPE YOU CAN JOIN US ON BOARD THE
S.S. HOLMENSFJORD

FOR A PARTY BEING GIVEN FOR OUR CLIENT
SPRINGER TOYS, INC.

TO CELEBRATE THE INTRODUCTION OF
JEEVESOBOT
THE AMAZING ROBOT SERVANT
COCKTAILS, BUFFET AND DANCING

The invitation was from a public-relations firm with a Madison Avenue address, an R.S.V.P. number and the name of the PR representative in charge of the party: Connie. Mac telephoned. Connie's voice was high-pitched, bored. She told him to come early. He waited an hour and then took a taxi—\$14 again—over to 49th Street and the Hudson River, where the S.S. Holmensfjord, a cruise ship, was docked.

Joe Springer, president of Springer Toys, was in the reception salon with his wife, his three 40ish sons and *their* wives, his sister, his brother-in-law and a couple of cousins, all officers or employees of the company. All of them were obviously very happy with one another. All of them were heavy-set, friendly and in love with their toys. Jeevesobot was on display in the salon—a butler robot sprinkled with lights and buttons and programmed to sweep, hammer, walk sideways, carry a tray and pour a drink. Springer was ecstatic about Jeevesobot's sales.

"He's a Cabbage Patch-type hot item, Mac, and he's only \$24.95," Springer said. "He'll need plenty of boxes, Mac."

"I won't complain," Mac said.

"Connie's pointing the way," Springer said. He put his arm around the young PR woman, who was looking at him and his relatives with measured approval. She was about 35, with eyelashes so heavy with black paint that she regarded Mac with half-closed eyes. She was more dressed up than anyone else at the party, with a very short—above the knees—black-silk dress with tiers of ruffles and a crazily low front exposing three fourths of her breasts. On her head, perched sideways, was a broad-brimmed Toulouse-Lautrec hat.

"We're doing a video featuring Jeevesobot," Connie said to Mac. "We're doing a book. And we're talking a comic strip. We're talking a Saturday-morning TV cartoon."

"See what I mean?" Springer said joyously.

"This is the send-off," Connie said.

"That's what I mean," Springer said. "All this——" He waved at the adjoining salon: round tables seating six or ten, beautifully set for a feast, with Jeevesobot as the centerpiece on every table; three bars, each attended by white-jacketed stewards; a long buffet with bowls and platters of all sizes, filled with still-untouched mounds of nourishment; a five-piece dance orchestra, instruments poised at the ready, to one side of a circular marble dance floor in the center of the salon; and stacks and stacks of Jeevesobots wait-

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ing to come out of Mac's own Lite Boxes.

"Big names are coming," Connie said in her bored voice. "Vice-presidents of entertainment of all three networks. Video makers bidding for the video. Bjorn Borg is coming with his new girlfriend. A representative of Cardinal O'Connor. Educators. Pediatricians. Simon & Schuster. Borough president Andy Stein, with his wife, who's pregnant. He's here."

A waiter came over, offering glasses of champagne on a tray. Mac took a glass.

"And everybody goes home with a Jeevesobot," Springer said. "Two or three for people with kids." He winked at Mac.

"Well, actually——" Mac said.

"Do you like the environment?" Connie said, apparently not hearing Mac and seeming to ask the question of the buffet table or maybe of the stacked boxes. Mac tried to catch her eye. No success. Oh, well. In a way, that was restful. He snatched another glass of champagne from a passing tray.

"She means the ship," Springer said. "Nobody ever had a party given for them on this ship. This is a first."

"A first for you," Connie said. "A first for this ship. But not for me. I've given parties on the Intrepid, on the Sagafjord, on the Queen, on a lot. I give a lot of parties. Yesterday, I did Beto Tri Hi, the new video sound, in the Rainbow Room. Everybody went home with a video."

"Eat, drink and be merry," Springer

said. "Excuse me. I want to say hello to our main pediatrician."

Mac tried to edge closer to the buffet. He was very hungry. What a spread. What a nice, quick way to get dinner over with. But Connie took his arm and steered him to a waiter with champagne. Mac took another glass.

"I want you to meet my Vital Video people," Connie told him. "In case you want to make a video about your boxes."

In a rush, Mac started telling Connie how he began making boxes as an offshoot of his father's lumber business, how he traveled to forest areas, timing the trips to include going away with his now-ex-wife and kids. He laughed nervously, telling Connie it was now all over with his ex-wife. He noticed, as he talked, that she never once looked at him. He couldn't even tell if she was listening to him. She seemed to be searching to find out who was there. The less she looked at him the faster he talked, telling her that he went to very interesting paper conventions and wood conventions in places like Scottsdale, Arizona, and Monterey, California, and Portland, Oregon, and even to Europe and Disney World.

Connie seemed to have spotted the people she was looking for.

"See you," she said to Mac. "I want you on my mailing list."

"Light is getting lit," Mac called out after her with a nervous laugh.

Without turning around, she waved the

back of her hand to him.

What a relief. Now he could eat in peace. She was an interesting young woman, but she had her work to do. At the buffet, finishing his champagne, he started with open sandwiches, Norwegian style, of smoked salmon and baby shrimps. With another glass of champagne, he munched on sticks of celery, carrots and zucchini. Thank God he didn't have to talk to anybody. Swedish meatballs. Tiny breasts of what seemed to be fried chicken. He didn't have to smile or pretend to smile. One of the stewards was slicing a large roast beef. It looked wonderful. He remembered the roast-beef dinners at home, at his now-ex-home. He had never been able to taste the meat; he had just downed it. At this moment, he could taste what he was looking at without even taking it. There was also a tremendous salad bowl spilling over with just the kind of greenery he loved. With a plate of roast beef in one hand and a plate overflowing with salad in the other, he headed across the marble dance floor toward a round table to sit down. The salon was crowded now. The orchestra was playing *The Anniversary Waltz*. All of the Springers were dancing, all happily with one another. As Mac made his way past them, each and every Springer told him to enjoy himself.

Connie was sitting at a table with a young man who had on a maroon-velvet tuxedo-type jacket over a white turtleneck shirt and blue jeans. As Mac sat down, the

young man left.

"He wants to do sixty seconds on Jeevesobot for *E.T.*," Connie said.

"Everybody likes the toy," Mac said. He could hear his voice off in what seemed like a distance.

"Yeah," Connie said. "I'm talking *minutes*. I'm talking two minutes."

"It's very nice to have a party for the toy," Mac said.

"We've got a great gimmick coming up," Connie said. "Some dancers are coming out wearing Jeevesobot costumes, pretending to be the robot, and they'll do a dance, sweeping, bowing, pouring drinks—everything in the dance format. Five dancers. No, six, because they have to have partners."

She went off in search of something. Mac tasted the roast beef. It had gotten a little cold, but it was still delicious. The salad, too, was delicious, with Italian dressing. Just right. One of the best meals of his life.

Springer came over and sat down. One happy fella. Mac almost resented the intrusion. He put down his fork.

"Andy Stein's wife is here," Springer said. "Paul Simon's brother is here."

The dancers dressed as Jeevesobots came out and danced. At the end of their dance, they poured wine for the people seated at tables—red or white. Mac had a couple of glasses of each. Then he went to the dessert table and returned to his seat carrying a huge slab of strawberry shortcake surrounded by multicolored *petits fours*. Then black coffee. Three cups of black coffee.

One of Springer's sons put him into a taxi, handing him two Jeevesobots as

he left.

"One for each arm," the son said.

"How about one of the big, dancing live ones?" Mac said.

The next day, he quickly checked on life across the street while getting dressed. Shades drawn. Naptime again. In the newly renovated apartment, Mac saw the slender woman in the gold-colored warm-up suit. She was putting clothes into a bedroom closet. The dog was wandering around. The white cat was on the bed. Progress. Mac skipped breakfast. Out with dutiful habits. Out. Out.

He took a taxi to Lite Boxes. His secretary handed him a message: CALL CONNIE. He called. Connie invited him to a party she was giving two nights later at Studio 54 in honor of Break Dancers Popcorn, a new brand being brought out by some rock group. Mac didn't catch their name. He told Connie he would be there. There would be popcorn, drinks, dinner and dancing, and Connie was giving everybody a present of a little popcorn machine in addition to Break Dancers Popcorn. The next night, Connie said, she was doing a big one at the Pierre, formal, for a model agency. Dinner at nine. And a week from tonight, she was giving a party in SoHo honoring a new kind of nonfattening beer, with elaborate foods to drink it down with. He considered calling his ex-wife to find out if the kids might be available to go with him to the popcorn party, but he didn't. Anyway, he didn't want to have to go out and pick up the kids at the house.

Everything was falling into place. Even those damn birds. By now, they would probably have found another feeder.



BOYS' NIGHT OUT

(continued from page 134)

at Duke will supply the answers.

To tide you over until Duke reports in, though, here are some speculations:

A THIRST FOR DANGER

Staying in your house is risky enough. Don't most accidents take place there? But cleaning out an oven will do little to quench a man's innate thirst for danger. And home injuries lack cachet. Rarely are banquets held for the man with lower-back pain. Few will rise to applaud those with lobster-pick wounds. The noble injury is to be found outside. Only by venturing into the night can a man come up with a chewed-off ear.

A NEED TO EXPLORE

Kafka suggests there is no need to travel. There are safaris enough in one's head. But that was Kafka talking, a brilliant yet troubled Jew. Most men have a need to carve out new territories. The Shenandoah Valley has been picked clean, California is settled and more or less part of the country—but there are still plenty of unexplored saloons out there.

FELLOWSHIP

Men crave the company of other men. And we're not just talking gay-coalition workers here. War is the perfect solution, of course, but there just aren't any worth bothering about at the moment. It's a nuisance to become a *contra*—all those applications to fill out. And does anyone really want to sit around campfires with Somoza cronies? Boys' Night Out—B.N.O.—is one of the few remaining institutions that allow men to gather together in camaraderie and do what they really yearn to do, discuss other great B.N.O.s.

APPRECIATION OF THE HOME

Home is the most excellent of places to be, but not if you're in it all the time. Only by leaving and risking death now and then can a man return and truly appreciate what he's got there.

All dissection to the contrary, the B.N.O. tradition continues, as deeply ingrained in the American character as fear of outsiders and envy of another's success.

What follows are some guidelines for the beginning Boys' Night Outer and some brush-up techniques for veterans.

Most men feel more comfortable with a regularly scheduled B.N.O. "Marge and I have an arrangement. [*Big wink*] Wednesday's my night out with the guys." Other, more spontaneous types will wait until the urge is upon them. But it's important to *act* on that urge and not go around smashing lamps in frustration. Some planning is useful, though the fellow who spends long hours mapping out his every move will



"Now, remember, Bruce, nice guys finish last."

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tend to be an unsatisfactory companion throughout the week. Generally speaking, it's the reliable-everyday Fun Guy who has an easier time pulling off his weekly escapade.

Choice of companions is a key ingredient in a satisfying B.N.O. Someone who's just lost a loved one can hardly be counted on to pick up the evening. The same is true of an otherwise engaging fellow who is out on bail. Picking up friends along the way is a possibility, as long as large groups of them aren't invited home at the end of the evening. The best partner is an even-tempered type who can be counted on to hustle you outside when you've contradicted a linebacker.

And, of course, there is always the option of venturing out alone. Sealed lips. No witnesses. No one to change his mind at some later date and testify that he saw you cross-dressing with a bag lady.

As the big night approaches, a certain tension will begin to build. The fledgling B.N.O. man will be tempted to throw up his hands and say, "It's no use, Rhoda, I can't go through with it. Warm up the lasagna." Can Rhoda be faulted if she fails to rally his spirit? Veteran hell raisers know that pregame jitters are only natural. The very act of competing in your first coed mud-wrestling bout of the night will serve to chase away fears.

Old-line B.N.O. men are aware, too, of

the importance of starting in low gear. Downing a quart of margaritas in the living room may be an interesting notion in and of itself; but why leave the fight in the dressing room?

At the moment of departure, a little discretion is advised. Cries of "Free again! Free at last!" before you're out of the driveway will reduce your standing and do little to enhance the evening. Rebel howls should be suppressed until you're safely around the corner.

What type of activities make for a successful B.N.O.? The beginner will have a tendency to be upscale, which isn't necessary. Attending a viola recital may impress a few friends but is hardly the stuff of a rousing night on the town. Nor is there a need to be excessively *macho*. A night at a dwarf-throwing contest may turn out to be less gratifying than it first appears. There's no reason why a happy medium can't be struck—somewhere between attendance at the Stuttgart Ballet and cockfighting in Spanish Harlem. Then, too, it's best to avoid trying to crowd in too many activities. Dashing back and forth from lingerie shows to demolition derbies can only result in frustration. Better to lower your sights a bit and focus on a single activity. A few reels of *Prison Enema* can serve nicely as an amusing centerpiece for a low-key yet thoroughly satisfying B.N.O.

Here are some additional guidelines:

- Limit your access to cash and credit. As the evening spins along, you will tend to become more and more generous. Only on rare occasions will that impulse be turned toward the relief of cyclone victims in Bangladesh. So be on guard. Buying a round of drinks at an S/M bar is one thing; it's quite another to wake up and find that you've installed a runaway in a condo.

- Try to work in a bit of dinner along the way. A seven-course meal isn't necessary—just a light bite. Spirits and other substances will be absorbed more readily into the blood stream if they are deposited on a bed of linguine. As to substances in general, avoid making purchases from anyone named Raoul who works out of a hedge in the park. A B.N.O. that ends with calls home from the Betty Ford Rehabilitation Center can hardly be called a triumph.

- Touch and embrace as little as possible of anything, be it human or otherwise. These are trying times in that department, with new and unattractive strains arriving from the Far East on an almost daily basis. None can be counteracted by a brisk shower. Softened by domestic life, pampered by loved ones, the B.N.O. man is a perfect target for all things sinister.

- At some point in the evening, you will be seized by an impulse to share some of

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your adventures and insights with your beloved:

The single most warmhearted group of Americans is to be found at Vinnie's After-Hours.

Midtown sex clubs have been given a bad name by the media.

A girl named Trudy has miraculously cured your lower-back pain. And she's barely out of her teens.

If you feel that these findings should be immortalized, jot them down on a napkin. But think twice before phoning them in.

• Somewhat further along, yet another, more unfortunate sensation may take hold, characterized by a feeling of worthlessness and a need to cry out, "I'm no good! That's all there is to it! Someone please kill me!" Don't be alarmed. There's no need to rush out and join a monastic order. A momentary pang of guilt is to be expected, too. Put in perspective, it can actually spice up an evening. The indiscretions that appear to be so excessive at the moment will seem only mildly disgraceful in the cold light of day. Others before you have tangoed with a transsexual. Yet Western civilization has remained intact.

• Go home late. But do go home. Taking a punk rocker to Caracas for a few months violates the B.N.O. spirit. No matter how remorseful, the transgressor is unlikely to be greeted sympathetically on his return.

• When to call a halt to the merrymaking? The appearance of cleanup crews at a disco is one sign that it's time to get going. Begging them to join you in a final night-cap is unattractive. A wise rule is to make your departure before daybreak. The sight of stockbrokers on their way to work in the morning will do little for your self-esteem.

As he wends his way home, many a desperate B.N.O. man will be impelled to risk all on a final, erratic throw of the dice, perhaps by propositioning a school guard. Such desperate measures, no matter how well intentioned, can only end in disaster. Better to retire from the field gracefully and fight again another day.

Revived by the warmth of his cozy household, the returning hell raiser may be tempted to rouse his ladylove and suggest that she slip into a harem costume. A little discretion is called for at this point. After all, part of the arrangement is that she has gotten to enjoy a Girls' Night In. One of its many pleasures is a good night's sleep. She may be preparing for a B.N.O. of her own: a G.N.O., which, sadly enough, becomes more cricket with each passing day. Better to collapse on the couch and get a jump on your recuperation.

At breakfast, the neophyte B.N.O. man may feel a need to deliver a blow-by-blow account of the previous night's activities,

though none is required. Nor are tall tales helpful. To insist that you've spent the night thumbing through a friend's stamp collection will convince no one and will reduce your standing. A sympathetic mate, wise in the ways of the world, wants only to know that you haven't driven the car into a monument.

The wise Boys' Night Outer learns to pace himself. A little rest after a sybaritic activity can only sharpen the appetite for others to follow. He recognizes little signs of overindulgence, such as dizziness and vomiting. He respects the feelings of others, particularly those who are bigger and stronger. He never barges into places where he is clearly not wanted, such as Latvian social clubs. And he has learned that no one will question his masculinity if he decides to cancel at the last minute and stay home. Such selfless behavior can lead to back-to-back B.N.O.s at some future date.

Once the technique is perfected, there is no reason the B.N.O. cannot become a lifelong pleasure. Other sports carry the risk of some debilitating injury, but there's no such thing as Boys' Night Out Knee. Those who have failed to take full advantage of this delightful pastime should hurry to do so before it is stamped out.



smoke

please try Carlton.

SEX STARS (continued from page 177)

"A small horde has headed for the hitching post. There's clearly a danger of overdosing on rice."

that more celebrities have been joined in matrimony during the past year than in any other single period in the past two decades. Sure, this is breaking a few hearts among their young fans (and among a few older lechers hoping the odds of free love would still bring one or two movie stars their way), but that's the way it always has been. Did Elvis pass up Priscilla? Did Eddie duck Liz? Did Mickey Rooney . . . enough of that; you get the point.

Granted, this year's matrimonial resurgence was not without its surprises. For commercial reasons, if nothing else, it was easy to see why Madonna would choose a *Like a Virgin* motif for her oceanside wedding to surly Sean Penn. But that voluminous veil was another matter. Even allowing for tradition and some maidenly pretense at mystery, it was a bit hard to understand what Madonna hoped to hide, since just before her wedding she had been featured in PLAYBOY and elsewhere without the veil or anything else. But as the sun sank over the Pacific, the union of Mr. and Mrs. Penn was touching, except perhaps for the six helicopters full of photographers hovering overhead. (To make the editing of the evening news interesting, a thoughtful neighbor wrote FUCK YOU in six-foot letters on the beach below.)

Less exciting but no less significant was the wedding of Bruce Springsteen and actress/model Julianne Phillips in the wee hours of the morning in her Oregon church; they managed to evade the press pack completely. After all his bachelor boasts, Bruce's matrimonial urge was a bit surprising, even to the bride's parents, but he wore a coat and tie to their first meeting to put them at ease. They were additionally impressed when they learned that he doesn't drink or smoke and gives money to charities. Julianne's father even said Springsteen was a swell fellow. Ah, doesn't anyone remember that rock took its name from those things fathers threw at any musician who came near their daughters?

During the past year, a small horde has headed for the hitching post. Among them: Christie Brinkley and Billy Joel; Bette Midler and commodities broker Martin von Haselberg; Jamie Lee Curtis and Christopher Guest; Olivia Newton-John and Matt Lattanzi (at last); Charlene Tilton and Domenick Allen; Mariel Hemingway and club manager Steve Crisman; Sally Field and producer Alan Greisman; George Peppard and Alexis Adams (his fourth, her first); Christopher Atkins and Australian model Lynne Barron.

There's clearly a danger here of overdosing on rice, but making two hearts beat as one is at least an improvement over last year's outbreak of androgyny, the vain

attempt to make one heart beat as two. Michael Jackson and even Prince faded from view for a time, prompting Andy Warhol to wonder if he'd been wrong in predicting a few years ago that someday everyone would be world-famous for 15 minutes. With increased competition, each may get less exposure, Warhol ventured. "There are more people now. So I guess there are more celebrities, so they have less time."

We warned in these very pages as far back as 1980 that celebrities were being consumed at an alarming rate, but we offered assurance that the truly sexy had staying power and, sure enough, Tino Turner has returned. In addition to her records and concerts, Turner roared to raves in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, with Mel Gibson. Tina says she's still searching for the man who's so ugly, he's pretty.

With Apollonia (Kotero) and Vanity (Matthews) no longer at his side, Prince maintained his arch distance—as far away, in fact, as the south of France, where he's reported to be working up a sequel to *Purple Rain*. On her own, Vanity turned out a naughty single, *Pretty Mess*, and a nice layout in PLAYBOY's May issue. But Apollonia proved equally interesting, splitting from a secret husband, Greg Patschull, who said she had proposed on their first date, while she was still an unknown, then kept him hidden after getting her big break in *Purple Rain*. Patschull said they had both grown up in San Pedro, California, where he "remembered her as a fat little girl with blonde hair."

Speaking of blondes, which Apollonia is no more, and of celebs with sexy sticking power, Britt Ekland, who certainly is both, married Stray Cats drummer Jim McDonnell and discovered that they wear the same size-five trousers. She also found out that he's nearly 20 years younger and likes to watch *The Flintstones* on TV while she putters around the house. Not quite the same as her previous flings with Warren Beatty and Rod Stewart or her marriage to Peter Sellers, but McDonnell has more tattoos. (Another old favorite, Cher, acquired a tattoo but no husband, which may be more efficient.) Britt and Jim are even talking about having children, which seems to be another curious by-product of sex stardom these days. Model Jerry Hall added a son to her unwed family with Mick Jagger (Mick's had three daughters by as many women, but now that he has a boy, he's talking marriage). Farrah Fawcett had a son by boyfriend Ryan O'Neal. Steven Spielberg and Amy Irving had a little instant millionaire out of wedlock. Jessica Lange and boyfriend Sam Shepard are now expecting her second without benefit of

clergy (daughter Alexandra is Mikhail Baryshnikov's). And although her relationship with Don (*Miami Vice*) Johnson was rumored rocky, Patti D'Arbanville made sure little son Jesse frequently journeyed from California to keep Dad company in Louisiana, where he was filming the TV miniseries *The Long Hot Summer*. Other new and adoring dads include *Dynasty*'s Michael Nader (married a month before the birth) and *The Purple Rose of Cairo*'s Jeff Daniels (wed five years).

Even such longtime bachelors as Richard Gere were running amuck with diapers in their dreams. "I think that something happens when you get to 35," Gere mused. "You start saying to yourself, 'Hmmm, that wouldn't be bad at all, holding your own little kid and going 'Goo-goo!'' When you're 20 . . . you think someone should be going 'Goo-goo' to you."

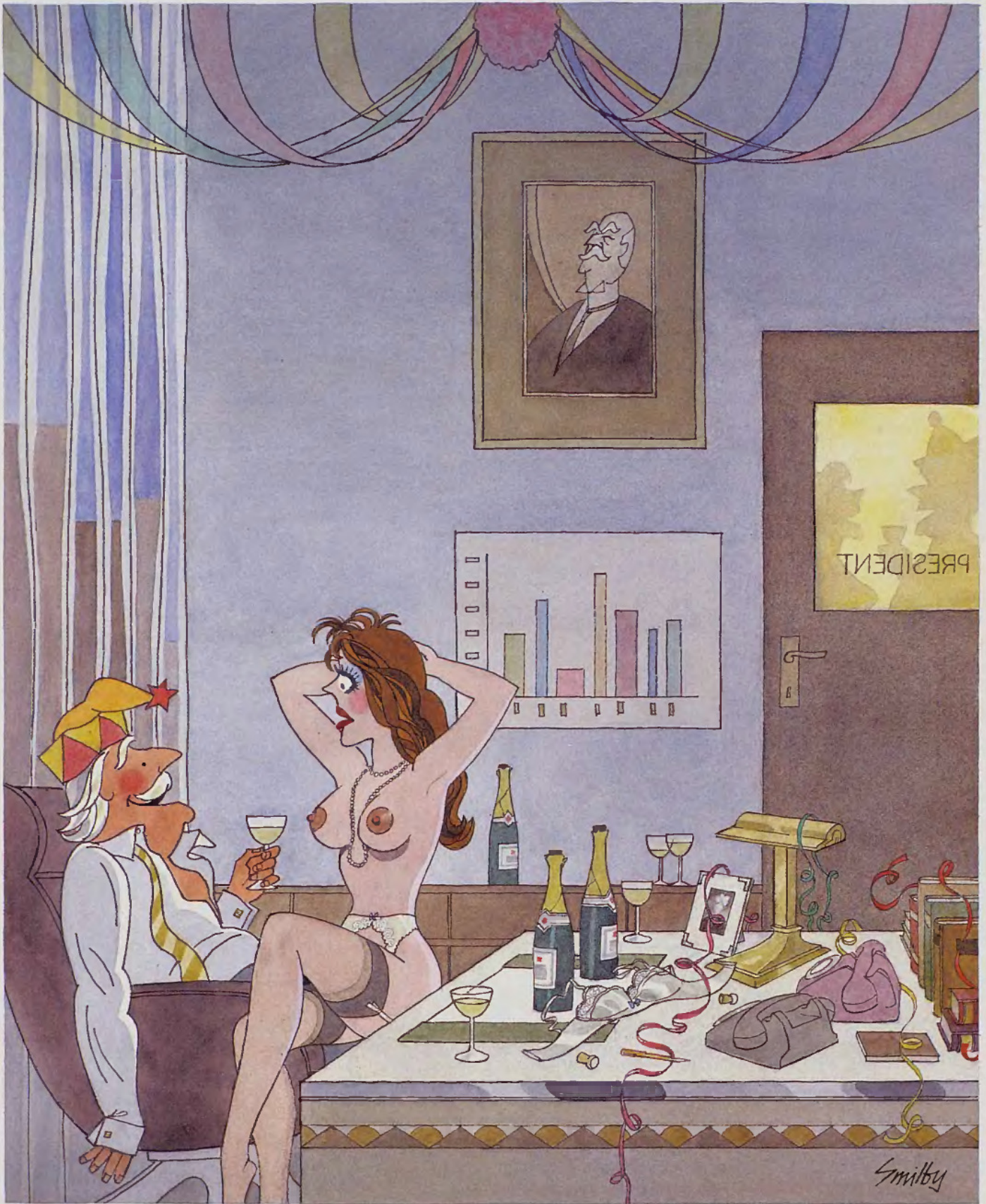
Much less sentimental after a 22-hour labor, new mom Pia Zadora said she adores her daughter but doesn't do diapers. "Well, I *did* change one when I was posing for the *Daily News*. That was my first diaper, and my last."

Sometimes, unfortunately, a lot of guff goes with the goo-gos. Director William (The Exorcist, The French Connection) Friedkin finally agreed to share custody of his son with Lesley-Anne Down in a divorce action that drew lurid coverage by the British tabloids, hovering by closed courtrooms, where the actress grew faint from Friedkin's flailings about alcohol problems and a string of lovers, all denied by her attorney, famed divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchelson.

Lorenzo Lamas also went through a messy divorce suit with second wife Michele Smith, with baby A.J. in the middle. The *Falcon Crest* heartthrob admitted to a cocaine addiction, since kicked. Lamas himself, of course, is the issue of a famed acting couple, late father Fernando and Arlene Dahl, and stepson of Esther Williams, making him one of the more visible representatives of a growing group of famous offspring who are very busy.

Raquel Welch's daughter, Tahnee, enjoyed her first film hit, *Cocoon*. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh's daughter Jamie Lee Curtis muscled into *Perfect*, with John Travolta, setting off more celebrity worship among the fan magazines than among the fans.

A founding member of the Brat Pack, Emilio Estevez (son of Martin Sheen) doesn't always get the girl in such films as *St. Elmo's Fire* and *The Breakfast Club*, but he usually gets good reviews, as did Tommy Chang's daughter Rae Dawn in *American Flyers*. Greg Marris' handsome son Phil is now a soap regular on *The Young and the Restless*. Laura Dern, daughter of Bruce Dern and Diane Ladd, received considerable notice in a small part as a blind girl in *Mask*, competing for attention with Cher and Eric Stoltz. Born to Connie Stevens only two months before dad Eddie Fisher left home, teenaged Tricia Fisher landed one week's work with Burt Reynolds in *Stick*, a



"Good heavens, no, I'm not the real president—I'm just the president on the TV commercials."

film that didn't. The late actor **Vic Morrow's** daughter, **Jennifer Jason Leigh**, was a hit as a good girl in 1982's *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* but is now playing a hooker in *The Men's Club* and a more-than-cooperative captive in *Flesh & Blood*. Madonna's co-star in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, **Rosanna Arquette**, is the pretty granddaughter of the late comic actor **Cliff Arquette**. **Seon Connery's** son **Jason** nabbed the lead in a British TV series, *Robin of Sherwood*. Budding actress **Kate Burton**, daughter of the late **Richard**, appeared with Dad in the miniseries *Ellis Island* and got married to stage producer **Michael Ritchie**. **Nastassjo Kinski**, the daughter of actor **Klaus**, wed **Ibrohim Mouso** after the birth of their son; since, she's been busy making *Harem* and *Revolution*. Another experienced young star, **Tatum O'Neal**, turned 21 and moved in with tennis tyrant **John McEnroe**. Daughter of **Ryan**, step-something of his girlfriend **Farrah Fawcett** and half sister of their previously mentioned baby boy, **Tatum** was a bomb in an *el cheapo* picture, *Certain Fury*, raising questions about the promising career she appeared to have ahead of her when she won an Oscar at the age of ten.

It isn't always easy for children of the famous, as **Tyrone Power's** daughter **Taryn** recently bemoaned. An affair with musician **Tony Fox Soles**, son of comedian **Soupy Sales**, cost Power her marriage to photographer **Norman Seeff**. Trying to rebuild a career in Hollywood, Power has found poor pickings. "I talked about this to **Rory Flynn**, **Errol's** daughter. . . . We said, 'It's bizarre. We're the daughters of who we are, and we can't get a job in this town.'"

Sylvester Stallone, the big fellow with no famous parents, climbed back on top with the runaway hit *Rambo*, another character

who can compete with **Rocky Balboa**, so he doesn't have to co-star with **Dolly Parton** in musicals between boxing pictures.

Always aspiring to new artistic heights, **Stallone** found a new fiancée in **Brigitte Nielsen**, who's two inches taller than he is. That, of course, means he's left wife **Sasha** again. And **Gitte** had to leave a husband (and child) at home in Denmark, but that's happened before, too. To recapitulate for forgetful readers, when **Stallone** took a fancy to tall golden girl **Susan Anton** in 1979, she split from husband **Jack Stein**, then found diminutive **Dudley Moore** on the rebound from **Sly**. Most recently, **Anton** abandoned **Moore** and has been dating chemicals heir **Jomie DuPont**, and **Sasha** and **Sly** are in the divorce courts.

A former model, **Nielsen** unveiled herself for **PLAYBOY** in September, too late to save her film debut in *Red Sonja*, opposite **Arnold Schwarzenegger**. **Schwarzenegger** had more success in real life, getting engaged to pretty newscaster **Moria Shriver**, whom he took home to meet Mother in Austria. **Maria** is another famous offspring, a Kennedy-clan daughter of **Sargent** and **Eunice Kennedy Shriver** and cousin to **John Kennedy, Jr.**, who made his showbiz debut in an off-off-Broadway play.

Another lovely European model, **Kelly LeBrock**, starred in one hit film for husband **Victor Drai**, *The Woman in Red*, followed by a flop, *Weird Science*, losing hubby in the process. Having better luck, Soviet defector **Alexander Godunov** added a smashing film debut in *Witness* to his ballet triumphs, at the same time holding on to **Jocqueline Bisset**, who still resists marriage.

Content to co-star with **Tina Turner** and take in more *Mad Max* money, **Mel Gibson** remained quietly out of sight down under, while **Chuck Norris**, getting plaudits

for a change for *Code of Silence*, still insisted he hated taking time from karate kicks and gunplay to do interviews.

Fortunately, **Jamaican Groce Jones** didn't mind the press, intimidating reporters everywhere to plug her appearance in the James Bond film *A View to a Kill*. Inspecting what she called "just the right amount of muscles and feminine qualities" for the part, the press could also endorse her addendum: "I looked believable, like I could kill." Turned out, however, that the body used in the ads wasn't Jones's. A scheduling conflict prevented her from posing, and model/weight lifter **Stephonie Suthers** was pulled in to substitute. The body you saw in **PLAYBOY's** July issue, of course, is the real thing.

Grace's grace also helped the career of her boyfriend, martial-arts champ **Dolph Lundgren**, who appeared with her in *Kill*. The brawny Swedish blond followed with a few rounds as **Stallone's** Russian opponent in *Rocky IV*. A much scrawnier blond, **Sting**, has been decked twice while trying to climb into the movie ring, following his flop *Dune* with **Son of Flop**, *The Bride* (which did not set **Jennifer Beals's** career dancing, either). **Sting** may get up from the mat with *Plenty*, in which he tries to impregnate **Meryl Streep**.

We're still waiting for blonde **Kim Basinger's** long-delayed *9½ Weeks*, the kinky sadomasochistic bondage picture that was due out this year but so far has proved to be too hot for stuffy **MGM/UA** to handle. Although **Kim** has talent to match her terrific looks, she may be a glutton for punishment. Her next outing is opposite **Sam Shepard** in the film version of his *Fool for Love*, in which, if it follows the play, she'll also be bashed around a bit.

Of course, it's normal for at least one film to be in trouble with the censors. If the country were really retreating into the Fifties, you'd expect an outcry over the dangers of rock 'n' roll. Well. . . .

Over in the nation's capital, a group of Washington wives, including a Senator's and the Treasury Secretary's, has taken on "porn rock," forcing major record companies to put warning stickers on albums containing explicit lyrics. As usual, this will just help the youngsters find the records they're bound to like best. The moms will be happy, thinking they've done something to keep the kids' minds off sex, but rock is no more likely to rot their little minds than it was 30 years ago.

You can always count on a kid to keep things in perspective. Or, as **Alon Thicke** recalls his son's reaction to his explanation of the facts of life: "When I was through . . . he asked why anyone would want to do that and how they keep from laughing."

After years of studying Sex Stars, I'm sure I know why they do what they do, though it's sometimes hard to explain, even to adults. But after all this time, it's still impossible to keep from laughing.



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HUEY LEWIS (continued from page 173)

"We are a team. Music is a team sport. We hang out in a lot of coliseums and take a lot of showers."

9.

PLAYBOY: Hello? We all loved your Grammys take-off—the Spammies. Are you going to hold them again?

LEWIS: I'm not sure. Organizationally, it's tough. I don't think we can get all of us into Uncle Charlie's night club anymore, let alone let any people in. [*Handing over another photo of his daughter*] Here she is with her mom. Don Nagle is really the brains behind them, if you can call it that. It was really just an excuse for some poor jokes. There were awards for all kinds of things: Uncle Charlie's got the award for Best Night Club in a Shopping Center Overlooking a Major Federal Penitentiary. Winners got cans of Spam. We never won, but a local band called The Edge won the

award for the Best Band Named After a Shaving Cream.

10.

PLAYBOY: How do you and the News keep from going crazy on the road, with more than 300 dates in the past three years?

LEWIS: We've taken up golf, which has really been a savior. There's nothing to do on the road in mid-America, unless you're into golf. And there are some of the best golf courses in the world in Ohio, North Carolina, Virginia and places like that. So we go out in the day and whack away. We're pretty serious about it—seriously bad. My handicap mirrors my ability in general. I shoot mid-90s, low 90s. I can't consistently get in the 80s, which is my goal. It's a way to kill time and not to watch television. In bad weather, it's trou-

11.

PLAYBOY: So are you going to—

LEWIS: Be a movie star? Yeah, that's it; I'm going to be a movie star. No, I'm not going to be a movie star. I'm going to be a singer, still. I've been offered some stuff, which is flattering. I don't know how to act. I was a tree in seventh grade, and that's the extent of it. I could probably screw up a perfectly good music career with a bad movie. I'm reading the scripts because I may try acting one day, and I want to figure out what a good and a bad script is. Some scripts I think are awful; then I go to see the movie six months later, and the one I thought was awful is a better movie than the script I thought was pretty good. Actors must be kicking themselves. After studying for years, they can't get a part because the producers want to give it to me. It's silly, but that's showbiz.

12.

PLAYBOY: Why was the album called *Sports*?

LEWIS: Because we couldn't spell weather. I can't believe I said that. I don't know; it just seemed like a good idea at the time. For 17 reasons, none of which is really valid enough on its own, it makes sense. We are a team. Music is a team sport. We hang out in a lot of coliseums and take a lot of showers.

13.

PLAYBOY: You had an interesting childhood. Your mother was, ah, eccentric, wasn't she?

LEWIS: Excuse me? Keep my mother out of this! Actually, *that's* why we made it—because my parents were eccentric, and I'm a nice guy, but primarily because my parents were eccentric. I forgot that. Right. My father was a jazz drummer and a doctor, and now he's retired for the most part and still a huge jazz fan. My mother is an artist. She is the farthest out of the family. She hung out in the very early days of the beatniks. My parents split up and she hung out with the Beats, who then became the hippies. She was the first of the adults to go to Fillmore Auditorium and listen to the Grateful Dead and that sort of stuff. So I grew up on that. I was encouraged as a kid to do anything—really anything. Experience was the best teacher, and here I am.

14.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin playing the harmonica? Are you good?

LEWIS: Yeah. I'm an incredible harmonica player, a great singer and an extremely



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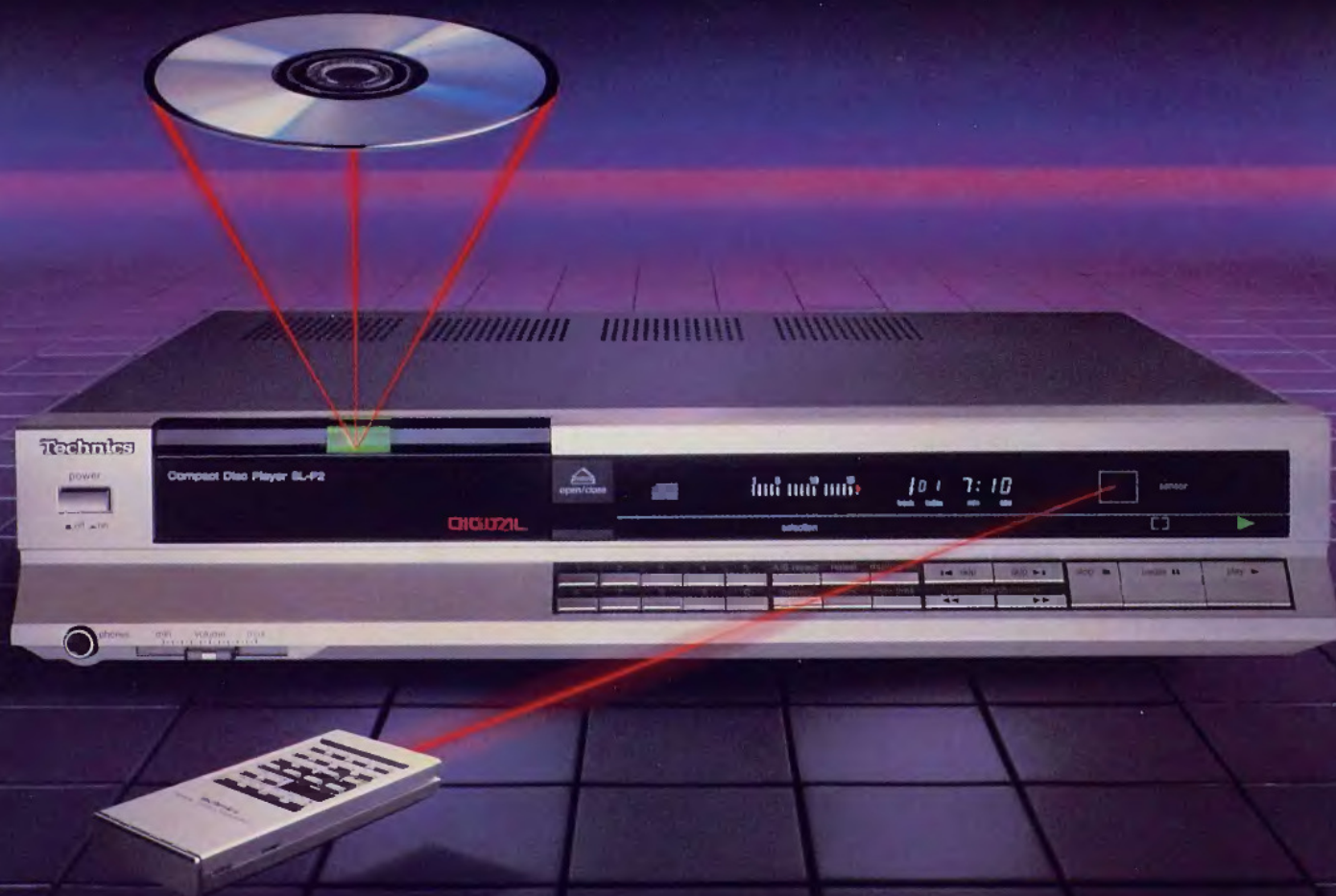
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nice guy. I picked up the harmonica on the way to Europe when I was 16. It fit the image. I hitchhiked through Europe, had long hair and couldn't get a ride, so I played a lot of harmonica. It was the knapsack that made it. That and being 16—and Bob Dylan, although my style was more like Sonny Terry's and Brownie McGhee's than Dylan's. That's when I got the bug to be a musician. I was always a listener. I was always the guy through grade school who, when there was a dance, would be standing next to the bandstand or near the speakers. I was always a fan. My first band was called Slippery Elm, and later I joined Clover, which was a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. We went to London, thought we were going to make it. The Sex Pistols were breaking. The Clash had just had their first gig. We were this nice, friendly country-rock band. Wrong.

15.

PLAYBOY: And then the News—how did that happen?

LEWIS: Later, when I was in England, I saw a resurgence of American roots music—which I had been into for a long time. I saw bands like Rockpile, Elvis Costello and Graham Parker playing Chuck Berry. So, much later, I was asked to run a local jam session at Uncle Charlie's in Marin County every Monday night. I said sure. I called up all these guys and things really took off. We had comedians, and sometimes big names would come in, like The Doobie Brothers. Van Morrison came by

one day. The thing started to sell out and there was a big line around the block and some local studio offered us some studio time, and I said sure. We went in and, for a laugh, cut a disco version of *Exodus* that we called *Exodisco*, which we thought was very clever. At that time, Nick Lowe flew me over to play on his record with Dave Edmunds. While I was over there, I played this tune to Phonogram records, and they loved it and signed me to a singles deal. They gave me 6000 bucks. I took the money back. With \$3000, I paid the studio off, and I took the other \$3000 and gave it to the studio so we could cut a demo tape of three other songs that we had hastily written. Those songs got us our manager, Bob Brown. Three weeks later, Chrysalis came to see us, and three months later, we were signed. The rest is Mill Valley history. Since I had called everybody up for the gigs, I got to be the singer.

16.

PLAYBOY: Now that you've made it, do people ever say, "What an asshole"?

LEWIS: I'm sure they do, but never to my face. I find it tough to decide who is an asshole and who isn't anymore. It used to be easy. I suffer fools a little too gladly—that's what my wife tells me, anyway.

17.

PLAYBOY: What do you miss about old-style rock 'n' roll?

LEWIS: San Francisco used to be so creative. The Grateful Dead, the Jefferson

Airplane gave us the "I don't know where we're going; we're just going to let it rip" jam sessions, God bless them. Also the R&B, consciousness-raising lyrics, psychedelic lyrics with R&B music—Sons of Chaplain, Sly Stone, which became Prince, Rick James, George Benson, Chicago—all that was born in the Sixties in San Francisco. Those were amazingly creative times. That was exciting. Rock 'n' roll was the cutting edge at that time. I miss that, I suppose.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the cutting edge now?

LEWIS: Television, and, unfortunately, it isn't doing a lot of cutting. It's being very poorly handled at the moment. The idea of 24-hour-a-day music television is fantastic. The idea of a 24-hour-a-day sports thing is fantastic. So it does have the potential for becoming the cutting edge. The new art is going to materialize on television somehow. We're certainly ready for something. The point is that I don't think you can get people's attention anymore through a song. It's not powerful enough anymore. The music business has become bigger than the artists themselves. They tried not to play Elvis Presley records, but they couldn't hold him down. They couldn't hold The Beatles down. But The Beatles and Brian Epstein changed things: They sort of created the modern American monster-music business. When the Sex Pistols came along, the business said, "Wait a minute. These guys aren't going to play ball with us and we're not going to play ball with them." And the Sex Pistols lost. I think that was a signal there. People's jobs are on the line. That's a sad thing. It's a reflection of the country as a whole: It's very hip to be capitalistic, materialistic now.

19.

PLAYBOY: Where does that leave you?

LEWIS: It challenges you to get your message across, but discreetly, between the lines. You have to water down your message to get played, but at the same time, it must be there. Nobody says you have to be political to be valid, but I think you do have to be honest, and you do have to say more than "Hey, here's another hit." I don't feel a lot of pressure to make a song that's another hit record, but I do feel pressure to make a song that's a hit record that means something.

20.

PLAYBOY: You're not great at golf. What else are you not great at?

LEWIS: Reading Russian. Badminton. I'm pretty good at using goo-goo and ga-ga with my daughter. That's about it. Boring, I know, but I'm a terrifically nice guy.





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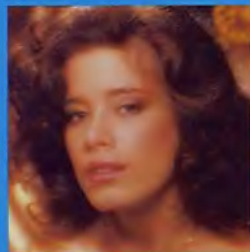
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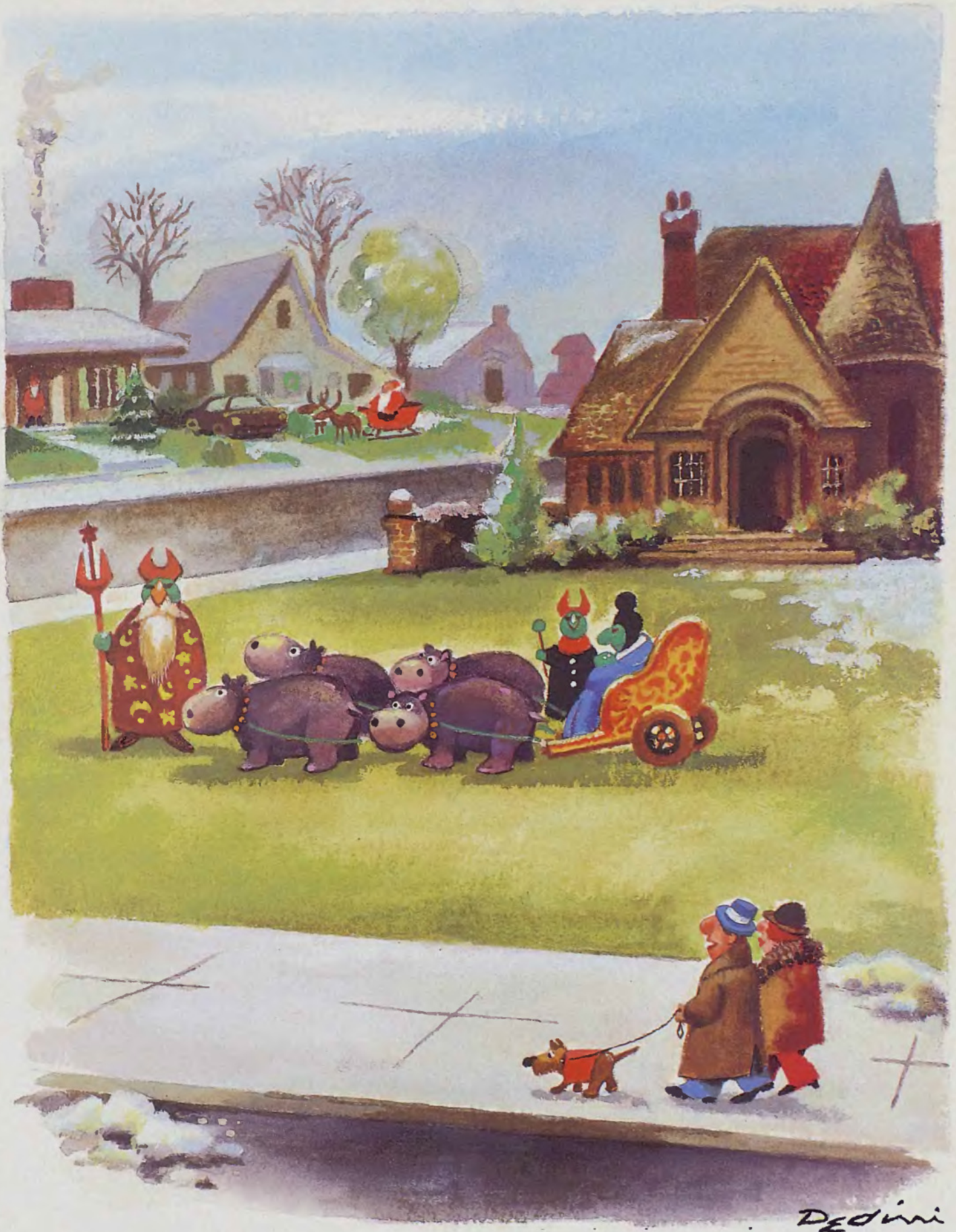


LIZ STEWART



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SEXUAL PASSAGES

(continued from page 194)

collateral. The motel has gone condo. Vandals have eaten much long pig on that pet park bench. The bistro, under new management, is serving *poulet frite à la Kentucky*.

B. You've had your last three-banger. Doubles you might still get here and there—most often when reconciling after that bad argument in which one of you has said something really unforgivable like, oh, "Aquarium plants make better love than you do." A triple, though, runs kind of long and can leave much inflamed tissue around. Now, when you suggest it, she will say, with sweet condescension, "You don't have to prove anything, dear."

C. He and she get sloshed or do serious grass together a lot. As the familiar aphorism puts it, "I drink to make my husband interesting."

D. You do things together—movie, ballet, Trivial Pursuit and trivial pursuit. You take up fire walking with her or codesign pregnant-executive clothing. Not enough just to be together now. Someone went and cut down the old grooming tree.

E. You both begin to gain weight. True love is better than water pills. Who can eat? As Ben Jonson said, "Leave a kiss but in the cup and I'll not look for wine." Jonson died of malnutrition, I think. You don't intend to.

F. Her cat has started using your briefcase. Cats are front runners. They know a loser when they smell one.

Love hemorrhages in Age Four. Everything is letdown, discontent, general Sag Harbor. He—a big first, this—will pass gas audibly (until now he went out to the incinerator when major flatulence was upon him. Neighbors had begun getting suspicious). And last night she ripped a panty shield off her crotch—another audible rrrr-ip. Both no longer buy Binaca. He doesn't do a discreet bank shot off the bowl side when urinating: rrrr-ip, he gives his leak, doesn't take it. At bedtime she will put her retainer in. (Should she get a lousy overbite for love? Just try to soul kiss Ms. Plastic Palate.) He's wearing baggy boxer shorts again. So long to that bikini stuff. Her period lasts longer. His hair is leonine but rather less attractive on the soap cake. She reads aloud from an article about vasectomy. Much more petroleum jelly is being used: symbolic of the prevailing friction. At last, abruptly, she begins to gag in mid-blow job. And will retch all over his pubic hair.

"It's just too damn big. It is, darling," she says. Ho! A miracle! A very miracle! How did it get that way all of one sudden? Familiarity is your best penile enlarger.

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hiding her diary—some unpublishable comments in there by this time. The possessive pronoun is evident: your, yours, my, mine, mine, mine. One cup will remain unwashed in the sink for a week—neither can recall who drank out of it. Closet space is a matter to be adjudicated by the World Court. No more intellectual *détente*, either. He will call her little Rasputin because she sent a Christmas card with the Holy Family on it. In retaliation she prays aloud for his “unregenerate soul.” And will give up smoking to gain moral advantage. They feature in each other’s jokes. He has taken to wearing a Walkman around the house. Various impatient tics surface. He will burp her, pat-pat, on the shoulder when they embrace. She has developed a short, censorious laugh when he begins to speak in company. She will buckle up—the law, you know—instead of sitting close, hand on his knee, as they drive. Neither has been unfaithful, but both would like to catch the other hard at it. Notes appear. “Could you please rinse a milk glass after you use it, XXXOOO?” “I’ll be out, so would you please use the kitty scoop now and then, OOOXXX?” Those aren’t hugs and kisses, they’re the diagram for some slow-down basketball play.

Worse, dissatisfaction has turned them both into Augustan wits.

HE: Your religion is so damn vulgar, what say I give you a chocolate Jesus for Easter?

SHE: Your soul’s the size of a White Castle burger.

HE: You know who you are—you’re the broad in the horror flick, the one who *always* falls down and sprains her ankle when Wolfman is after her.

SHE: You have the inner life of Richard Nixon.

EITHER: Your mother is so masculine, I bet she doesn’t even have a maiden name.

And then comes the horrid moment—the moment of Gratuitous Honesty. We all have at least one special vulnerable place. She, for instance, is insecure about her flat-chestedness. And he, in anger, will say, “I see your push-up bra missed this morning.”

He, for instance, is insecure about his athletic ability. And she, in anger, will say, “Christ, your reflexes are so bad, you couldn’t even manage a knee-jerk opinion.” You both swallow and apologize immediately. Immediately is a half hour too late.

Your magic mirror has broken. You’ve gone through the looking glass and found New Jersey. No, more than that—you see your own disreputable flaws in her, something we could all do without. Drunk, she will go on and on and on like the roller towel in a men’s room. As you do. He, too, can never get butane into a lighter. As you can’t. Both are more pompous than double-croctic answers. You’re compatible is what. A match made in the Rust Belt. You’re furious at her for reminding you of what you are. Who could love such a person? Time to announce the bans of emotional separation.

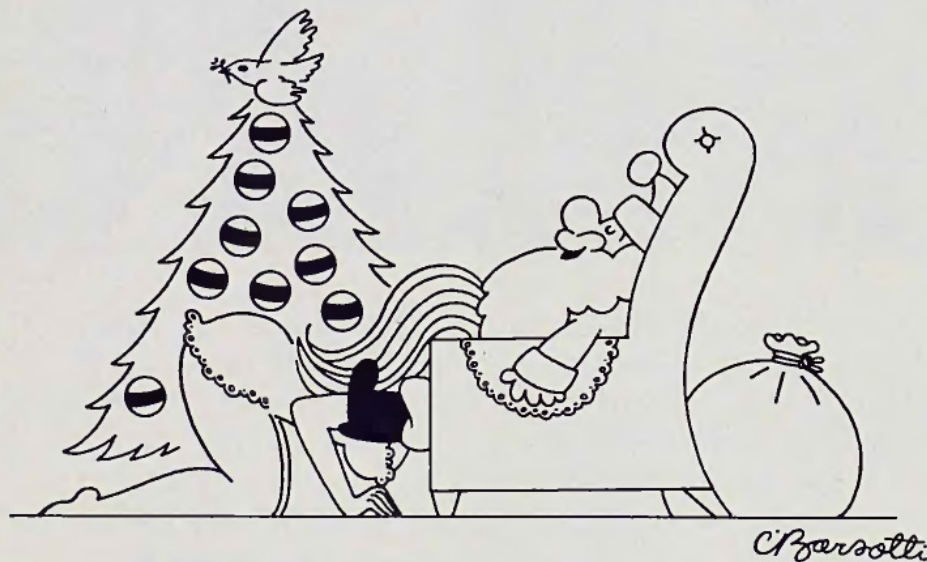
Age Five is a segment from *Mondo Cane*. No need to describe it. You live in a big cloud of methyl isocyanate. Both will pay the price for hyperbole. After all he or she was once -est everything: dearest, handsomest, sexiest, wittiest, closest, cute-as-a-Hershey’s-Kiss-est. None of those were lies back then in Ages One through Three, but now they’re harder to follow than Greg Louganis off the high board. Fear of loss will become fear of being saddled with. Conquest is harsh responsibility. Clingingest, slovenliest, dullest, low-life-est. No blame should inhere: you both signed up for this passionate tag team. And yet there is that acid bitterness of thwarted (if unre-

alistic) expectation. Put joy into the burn bag and gain some more weight. Didn’t you know that such emotional heightening could never be sustained? Death of a love. Details at 11.

Well, you’re thinking, this schmuck must have tenure in the Cynicism department by now. Not so: a useful lesson can be picked up from my diagrammatic narrative of love’s alpine slide down to despair. And many people—though their instinct may be unconscious—have caught on to it. Take Ages One through Five and, if you can, reverse the order. Put Four and Five first—then follow with One, Two, Three. Although careful passion may sound like an oxymoron, start looking around for that man or woman whom you’ve *already* known at his or her miserable worst. A year ago, a decade ago, yesterday, whenever. At school or work, in church, next door. People whose objectionable habits are familiar to you. With whom you’ve shared intimate, if not sexually close, space. For it is that cataclysmic, blind free fall from Age One to Age Five, more than anything else, that taxes the frail wet-strength of rapture.

Moisten a digit and file through your page-loose address book from 1969. Dig up old college-alumni magazines, corporate Rolodexes, mastheads, playbills, block-association rosters, affinity-group memberships. Recall that jerk who rejected your ad campaign for the K-9 Sani Pad account? He was bright and charming, even though he did legwork for an Anti-Fluoridation Party candidate. Remember that arrogant girl who sat next to you at NYU? She went around looking like someone with a frozen tampon in, but she was *très* foxy. That atheist, Republican, environmentalist prig you disagreed with on the church-roof committee? Send some sudden flowers. A suggestive Christmas card. Ring up. Think for a minute: how many good marriages do you know (I have about eight in mind) where two people met long before they *met*? People who say cheerfully now, “Yeah, we were at USC together, but he was doing this ridiculous vaudeville stretch strut through life at the time. I never thought of him that way.” “Yeah, you were so haughty, I wouldn’t have touched you with a ten-foot Czech.” Start with Age Four, declare the mistrial first and surprise each other. Someone with whom you’ve already been unshaven, cheap, flatulent, fat, drunk, impatient and boxer-shorted. Whose cat has gone in your briefcase at least once.

Meantime, of course, if you hear that siren tune—don’t lash yourself to a mast. Love at first sight may become hate at first slight. Passion might end in punitive damages and disgust. But, for the duration, *allahu akbar*, strike a medal and ride it to paradise. And, yes, Letitia, I do still love you.



“It’s so nice for ol’ Santa to meet someone whose whole attitude isn’t take, take, take.”



Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85



Rumple Minze. Icy cool. Authentically German.

The boldly refreshing peppermint schnapps from Germany. 100 proof. Enjoy in moderation.

Imported by The Paddington Corp., New York, NY U.S.A.

PLAYBOY

ON-THE-SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

GLASS ACT

Champagne sipped from a lady's slipper may be quite Continental, but the right kind of glassware for serving anything from a bone-cold martini straight up to a cognac in the wee small hours is definitely a drinking man's best friend. On this page, we've collected six vessels; each has a specific purpose—though most of them

have multiple uses. (Three fingers of single-malt Scotch in a cut-crystal double old fashioned glass goes down just as smoothly as the same amount of well-aged bourbon.) And if vodka is your call, only a peasant would turn down shots, as frigid and frosty as a Siberian winter, served in crystal glasses nested in a container filled with crushed ice.

Na zdoroye!

From left to right: Champagne served in a crystal flute-shaped bubbly glass, by Colony, \$14. A Bordeaux/Burgundy glass that's designed by The Institut National des Appellations d'Origine (the agency that governs French wines) in Paris, from Wine Connoisseur, Chicago, \$10.95, rests atop a crystal cognac snifter, from Sointu, New York, \$16, and a cut-crystal double old fashioned glass, from Cartier, Chicago, \$140 for a set of four. Crown Corning's Uptown martini glass in lead crystal, \$16 for a set of four, balances atop an Italian-designed vodka (or acquavit) glass with a hand-painted rim housed in a sleek black metal ice holder, from Progetti U.S.A., Cambridge, Massachusetts, \$150 for a set of six.



LOOK WHAT WE JUST BROUGHT TO THE PARTY. THE SONY HANDYCAM.



It's the perfect marriage. Sony's new 8mm video phenomenon and your hand.

We call it the Handycam™ camera/recorder. It's so tiny it fits in one hand.

So anyone can use it anywhere, anytime.

Just point and shoot. And capture all the memories as they happen.

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Up to two hours of good times on a video tape no bigger than an audio cassette.

So bring your hand in to your local Sony dealer.

And try the Handycam on for size.



SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY®

Call it the lunch-hour tanathon. At thousands of tanning clinics springing up nationwide, pale-faced office workers now spend their noontimes supine on blue-glowing tanning beds, baking themselves into nut-brown clones of supertanner George Hamilton. Meanwhile, Hamilton himself, along with such celebrities as Mariel Hemingway, Liza Minnelli and Rod Stewart, frequents the poshest of these new antipallor parlors, Los Angeles' Uvasun on West Third Street, where a 50-minute loll on the golden bed costs \$50.

Sunshine, of course, is cheaper. But as the adage goes, you get what you pay for. And adherents maintain that the new beds tan your hide faster and better than the sun.

A typical tanning bed, such as what you'll find in a EuroTan, Silver Solarium or Tanning Hut salon, looks like a giant metal clamshell. Wearing only a bikini, you lie supine on Plexiglas on the bottom shell. Inserting a token into a slot, you start fans whirring. Tubes beneath and above you glow eerily blue or pink. You then set the time you wish to tan—say, 20 minutes—and put on a pair of opaque goggles. The glowing top shell lowers easily to whatever position you want. (Most manufacturers recommend that it be about a hand's width from the tip of your nose.)

When the machine shuts off, you raise the hood, crawl out, towel off any heat-induced sweat, suit up and head back to the office. Zonker Harris, formerly *Doonesbury's* competitive tanner, prepped for the George Hamilton Cocoa Butter Open with an under-the-chin sun reflector, a good way to get seared. Oldfangled sun lamps can also give you a nasty burn. So can the ultimate cheap tanner, the unassisted sun. With tanning beds, however, even workaholics who never take vacations or leave their desks before sundown can achieve that just-back-from-Biarritz look, without a trace of singe. (A word to the wise: If you're very light-skinned, go slow with a tanning machine; if you don't tan from the sun, you won't tan with a tanning machine. It is possible to get a burn, especially if you're photosensitized and taking any of a number of medications. A doctor can fill you in on the details. Also, always wear tanning goggles when using a machine, as U.V.-A rays are known to cause cataracts. And while we hate to be a wet blanket, it should be noted that no one knows what the long-term effects of tanning radiation are, especially to the body's immune system.)

Natural sunlight's tanner is ultraviolet (U.V.) radiation: It induces your skin to produce melanin, a protective, light-blocking dark pigment, like an attacked army throwing up redoubts. For make no mistake, the relationship between unfiltered sunshine and your skin is all-out war. Overexposed to sunlight, your hide will age prematurely, wrinkling and thickening until it resembles an old saddle. Severely burned, it will actually blister. Your body's natural defense against solar radiation is a tan's radiation-blocking melanin, which is why blacks are less susceptible to sunburn than whites are. But even with a deep tan, you can sizzle in the sun. Worse, long-term exposure can trigger skin cancer—which seems borne out by statistics on

outdoor workers. So hedging your tanning bets never hurts, and that's where tanning beds come in. As one enthusiast of Hollywood's Uvasun, Roger Moore, puts it, "It's the best thing that happened to me in years—a deep tan without having to spend all day on the beach." Tan-conscious celebrities are drawn to Uvasun's posh Hollywood emporium by the German manufacturer's claim that just 50 minutes in its machine gives you the tan of ten hours on the beach. A Uvasun, the company claims, filters out U.V.-B and U.V.-C, U.V.'s harmful wave lengths. That's why, as an inducement to safe and sane tanning, the Uvasun tanning bed pictured here was installed in Playboy Mansion West. Other leading firms use a different technology from Uvasun's, but those manufacturers also promise a burnless tan. Competing safety claims can be hard to sort out, however, so a few words of background may help.

Sunlight's ultraviolet comes in three variations, A, B and C, each representing a different energy level. U.V.-C is the most dangerous. Fortunately, the atmosphere's ozone layer filters out most U.V.-C, making it chiefly a worry for astronauts. For earthlings, the real sunburner is U.V.-B. Most of the new tanning beds, however, beam out only a minimal dose of U.V.-B. For example, SCA Wolff System tanning beds emit less than five percent U.V.-B. The major ingredient in the bed's radiation mix, U.V.-A, roasts the melanin into a coffee brown.

"Most tanning beds use low-pressure technology, but Uvasun is a high-pressure bed, using a high-intensity light source to generate U.V.," says Uvasun sales rep Bernadette Soon. As a result, she points out, the machine's three-stage filter system produces pure U.V.-A rays that penetrate your skin deeply enough to stir up melanin production with high efficiency. Another attraction for Uvasun's star clientele: codling. An outside elevator whisks patrons to what amounts to a chic indoor beach resort. Lying on an adjustable soft mattress, Uvasun tanners can even read, using specially designed protective goggles. The six tanning rooms, plus three stations for face-only tanning, are air-conditioned, with five-channel stereo and built-in tape decks. *Après-tan*, there are private showers and locker rooms fully stocked. Even at Uvasun's \$50 per session, an under-the-lights tan is a bargain compared with a trip to the Riviera. Although rates vary, the fees at most tanning salons are roughly six dollars for one 30-minute session, \$55 for ten sessions or \$75 for 15 sessions. Meanwhile, the tanning industry is moving into the personal-tanning market, with lower-priced models becoming available for the home.

SCA Wolff is now introducing a line of tanners priced from \$400 for a facial tanner to \$3000 for a deluxe clamshell model. "You can plug them into a wall socket, though you may have to up your house's amperage," says SCA Wolff's Susan Miller, senior vice-president of sales and marketing. And Solaire SunSystems in Dallas has even come out with a six-tube U.V.-A (two percent U.V.-B) SunBuddy model that operates on house current and folds up vertically for easy storage. At only \$1295, it's a mighty cheap way to enter the bronze age.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR



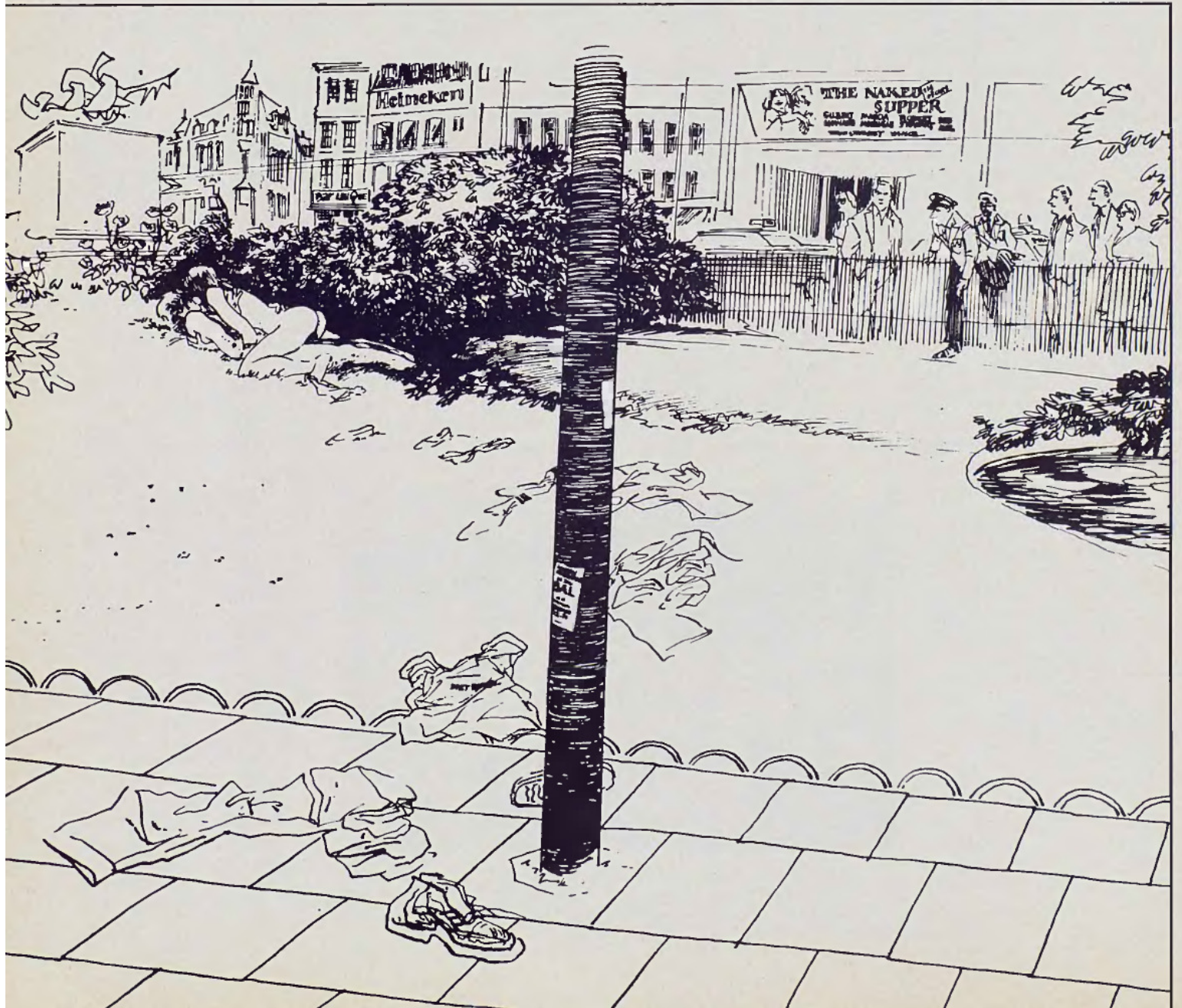
Yes, that's Playmate Susie Scott toasting in the altogether aboard Playboy Mansion West's Uvasun, a German-made tanning system that generates only U.V.-A rays. Sorry, guys, Mansion West's Uvasun is off limits; but you can visit the salon at 8242 West Third Street in Los Angeles and enjoy a 50-minute tan for only \$50. Reservations: 213-651-4540. Do call.

DAVID WECY

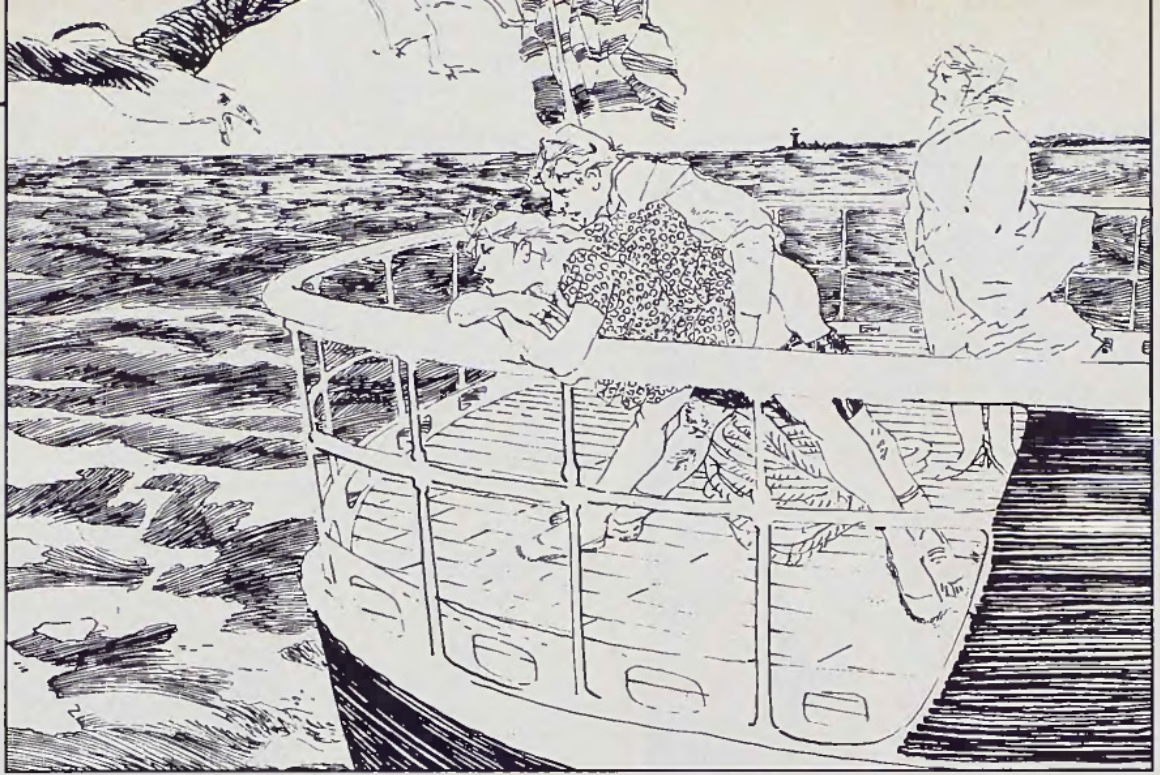


AANSTOOT

PETER VAN STRAATEN is the leading social satirist in Holland. His daily comic strip *Father and Son* is considered something of a national treasure. This year, Van Straaten celebrated his 50th birthday by treating Holland to a best-selling portfolio of erotic drawings called *Aanstoot*. *Aanstoot* is a Dutch word that translates as "affront." It also connotes an approach to life, a style of being that is sensuous, shocking, reckless. The theme of the drawings is sex in public places, lovers carried away by desire, oblivious to manners, morals, innocent and not-so-innocent bystanders. The risk of discovery lends a razor's edge to the arousal, a jolt to the eye, an affront to the senses. The style of the drawings is impeccable: It is as though Rembrandt had indulged in erotica. Leafing through the 50 or so drawings is an experience that



will liberate your libido. Americans may have to wait for a U.S. edition of the book, but the five drawings shown here are an arbitrary selection. How do you pick a favorite erotic Rorschach blot? For the full, uncensored text, send ten dollars to The Sales Department, Arbeidsperes, Singel 262, Amsterdam, the Netherlands. Then invite your lover up to your apartment to look at the world's most erotic drawings.



BOOP SHOW

Who could forget Betty Boop, the saucy saucer-eyed, bob-haired cartoon flapper who made her debut as a restaurant entertainer in Paramount's 1930 Talkartoon *Dizzy Dishes*, gaining instant stardom as what some comic historians consider the first sexy cartoon character? Now King Features Syndicate has resurrected Betty, applying her pert, provocative image to everything from clocks, mugs and cosmetics to stickers and lingerie. Of course, it's the last that caught our fancy; a set of colorful Betty Boop undies in blue, pink or white sells for \$15.50, postpaid, sent to Movie Star, Inc., 392 Fifth Avenue, New York 10028. (Don't forget to state whether you're ordering small, medium or large.) Boop-oop-a-doop!



GREAT LIGHT IN SKY, BWANA

As most sky watchers already know, Halley's comet will be most visible in the Southern Hemisphere next March and April. For a clear view of this phenomenon, Mountain Travel, 1398 Solano Avenue, Albany, California 94706, has organized an 18-day safari in Botswana on which you animal watch by day and comet watch by night. Since there are no lights in the bush, your view is clear. The price: \$2150, not including air fare.



VIDEO SHOPTALK

Yes, Virginia, there is an alternative to doing your Christmas shopping among the teeming masses, and that's subscribing to Videologue, the first mail-order catalog on video tape. The price is \$9.95 for the first cassette (VHS or Beta), with no charge for additional tapes, says the creator, Videologue Marketing, 3409 Avenue H, Brooklyn, New York 11210. What's hot for Christmas? Oh, a Butler-in-a-Box device, for \$995, that operates by the sound of your voice. Take two.



END OF THE TRAIL

Martin H. Schreiber has plenty of heavy-duty photography credits under his belt, including his being the man behind the lens for some of the Madonna shots we ran in September's sizzler of an issue. Luscious ladies, however, are not all that fascinates him—as the picture above attests. Schreiber, in fact, spent more than a year photographing the American cowboy, and the results of his labor of love are captured in *Last of a Breed*—a boxed, 16" x 21" signed and numbered limited (600) edition that contains 76 black-and-white photographs beautifully depicting what's left of life in the wild West. The book is available for \$425 sent to Cowboy Project Limited, 611 Broadway, Room 815, New York 10012. Giddap!





CHOO-CHOO BABY

Remember when a Lionel train under the Christmas tree would get your heart beating faster than waking up next to Raquel Welch? Well, there are plenty of big guys out there who still have the hots for toy trains, and that's why Tom McComas and James Tuohy compiled the *Lionel Collector Series*—a \$150 boxed set of six hardcover volumes devoted to Lionel. TM Books, Box 189, Wilmette, Illinois 60091, is the publisher. Yes, the books are available individually, along with a \$6.95 Lionel calendar. And the company even appraises toy trains free.

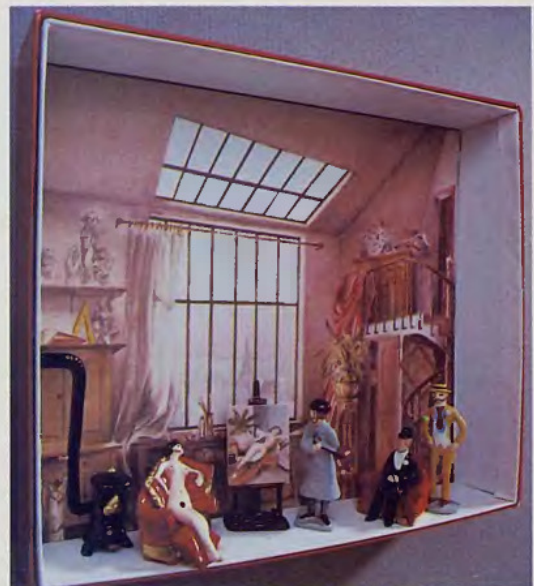
CHRISTMAS GREENERY

Yes, that's old Saint Nick with his picture perfectly affixed to a real dollar bill. Is it legal tender? You bet, says Thurston Moore Country, the company at P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402, that'll do the same with your photo. Santa bills are \$3.95 each, while personalized bills made from black-and-white or color photos (no negatives or slides) are \$8.95 each. All the bills, incidentally, are mint-fresh and negotiable. Slip one to your doorman and you'll never have to hail your own cab again.



L'ATELIER ALL THE WAY

Your little toy soldier may be covered with rust, but in France there's a toy company named Pixi that still makes wonderful, whimsical lead figures designed to be showcased in their own tiny room settings. Pictured here is our favorite, The Artist's Studio, a seven-piece set that includes the artist, his nude model, the patron, the fledgling artist and other assorted pieces. Schylling Associates, One Peabody Street, Salem, Massachusetts 01970, sells the set for \$84.95, postpaid, or \$100, including a glass-and-wood shadow box. Nifty.



JOIN THE RATRACE

If you think you have what it takes to be a success, don't just sit there dreaming about owning a BMW; get into the Ratrace—"the game the social climbers play," says the manufacturer, Waddingtons Games, Inc. You start out in the working class, with \$200, then claw your way up to the middle class and then, perhaps, to high society. GRA-MIC Direct Marketing, Acheson Drive and Buffalo Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York 14301, sells the game for \$25. Climb!



DREAM ON!

Just when you thought it was safe to return to the stationery store, along come more California Dreamers, a line of greeting cards famous for images and punch lines that are funnier than a barrel of Jay Lenos. (The one at left has a punch line that reads, IT JUST WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CARDS.) Sexy, outrageous, offensive—there's a California Dreamers card for everyone. Our favorite? The one of a lady wearing nothing but a pair of panties on the backside of which is painted a city skyline and the inscription HAVE A NIGHT ON THE TOWN!



**Wham, Bam,
Thank You,
Anne**

We don't get tired of looking at ANNE CARLISLE. We rerun *Liquid Sky* or take another look at her 1984 *PLAYBOY* feature. Recently, she's been in *Desperately Seeking Susan* and *Perfect Strangers*. Now she's a holiday gift to you.



RICHARD FEGLEY



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

A Little Lick

We just like PHIL COLLINS. He makes good music. He seems like a decent guy. He doesn't look the rock-'n'-roll part at all. Amid all the rumors about the breakup of Genesis, his original band, we hear that a new studio album is definite for the group in 1986, with a tour to follow. Meanwhile, Phil has found a guitar he can really wail on.

Semi-Demi

With terrific reviews for her performance in *St. Elmo's Fire* under her shirt, actress DEMI MOORE has moved on to other projects, such as filming *My Summer Vacation*. We hope it's the kind of movie in which she can shed her flannel altogether for something, well, cooler.



ROSE SHOSHANA / SHOOTING STAR



© 1984 WAYNE MASUR / VISAGES

Slip Him a Mickey

We think MICKEY ROURKE should get silly. The next time you see him on screen, he'll be playing a stockbroker who's into S/M. Last time, he was Rambo in Chinatown in *Year of the Dragon*. Take a break, Mickey.



© 1982 NANCY ELLISON

Kristel Clear

There isn't a film editor on the planet who would cut this KRISTEL. SYLVIA was in three movies this year: *Mata Hari*, *Red Heat* and the improbably titled *Tigers in Lipstick*. But things haven't changed that much from the time we all enjoyed her in *Emmanuelle* and *Lady Chatterley*. "I'm always amazed . . . the camera falls in love with me," she says, almost too modestly. After all, she's no optical delusion.



RICHARD FEGLEY

French Bred

ISABELLE HUPPERT was an actress of note long before her fortunes got linked to *Heaven's Gate*. She made two films this year, *All Mixed Up* and *Signed Charlotte*, the second one directed by her sister. Look for her next in *Cactus*, but see her all wet first.



© 1985 PAUL NATHAN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Billy's Idol

Are you wondering who the guy with the bouffant is? Wonder no more. Guitarist STEVE STEVENS is the music behind Billy Idol's leather, studs and sneers. Their most recent collaboration, *Whiplash Smile*, should be in the record stores right now. If you're into goose-pimply menace with your music, these are the nasty guys to watch.

COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 32ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PLAYMATE REVIEW



HAPPY SUMMER



EVERYBODY, BROTHER



BELEATEDLY, IMAN

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, THE WORLD'S MOST GRAND-MOTHERLY SEX EXPERT, TALKS ABOUT OUR FAVORITE SUBJECT IN A DELIGHTFUL **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"IMAN"—**PETER BEARD'S** ARREST ON TRUMPED-UP CHARGES KEPT HIS AFRICAN DIARY STARRING THIS TOP MODEL OUT OF OUR DECEMBER ISSUE. SORRY, BUT IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT

"MISS FORBES'S SUMMER OF HAPPINESS"—TWO YOUNG BOYS DISCOVER THAT THEIR STRICT GOVERNESS HAS A SECRET NIGHT LIFE IN THIS TALE BY **GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ**

"SOUTH AFRICA AT HOME: REAGAN AND THE REVIVAL OF RACISM"—HOW FIVE YEARS OF THIS ADMINISTRATION HAVE SET CIVIL RIGHTS BACK 20 YEARS—BY **HODDING CARTER III**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **KATHLEEN TURNER**, **MICHAEL DOUGLAS** AND **SALLY FIELD**; **"FIRE ZONE EMERALD,"** A TAUT STORY ABOUT TWO PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS WHO ARE OUT FOR EACH OTHER'S BLOOD IN THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA, BY **LUCIUS SHEPARD**; **"YOUR MOST PROFOUND SKIN,"** AN EROTIC SHORT STORY BY **JULIO CORTAZAR**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF **VICTORIA SELLERS**, THE BREATH-TAKING DAUGHTER OF **BRITT EKLAND** AND **PETER SELLERS**; FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**; **"GIRLS OF ALASKA"**; **"WOMEN OF THE AIRWAVES"**; **E. JEAN CARROLL** PROFILES **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP**; **"WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT MEN,"** BY **SUSAN SQUIRE**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

"EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER"—THE BROTHERS **KEACH**, **CARRADINE**, **QUAID**, **EVERLY**, **STALLONE**, **HINES**, **SMOTHERS**, ET AL. TACKLE ALL THE BIG BROTHERLY QUESTIONS—BY **JEAN PENN**

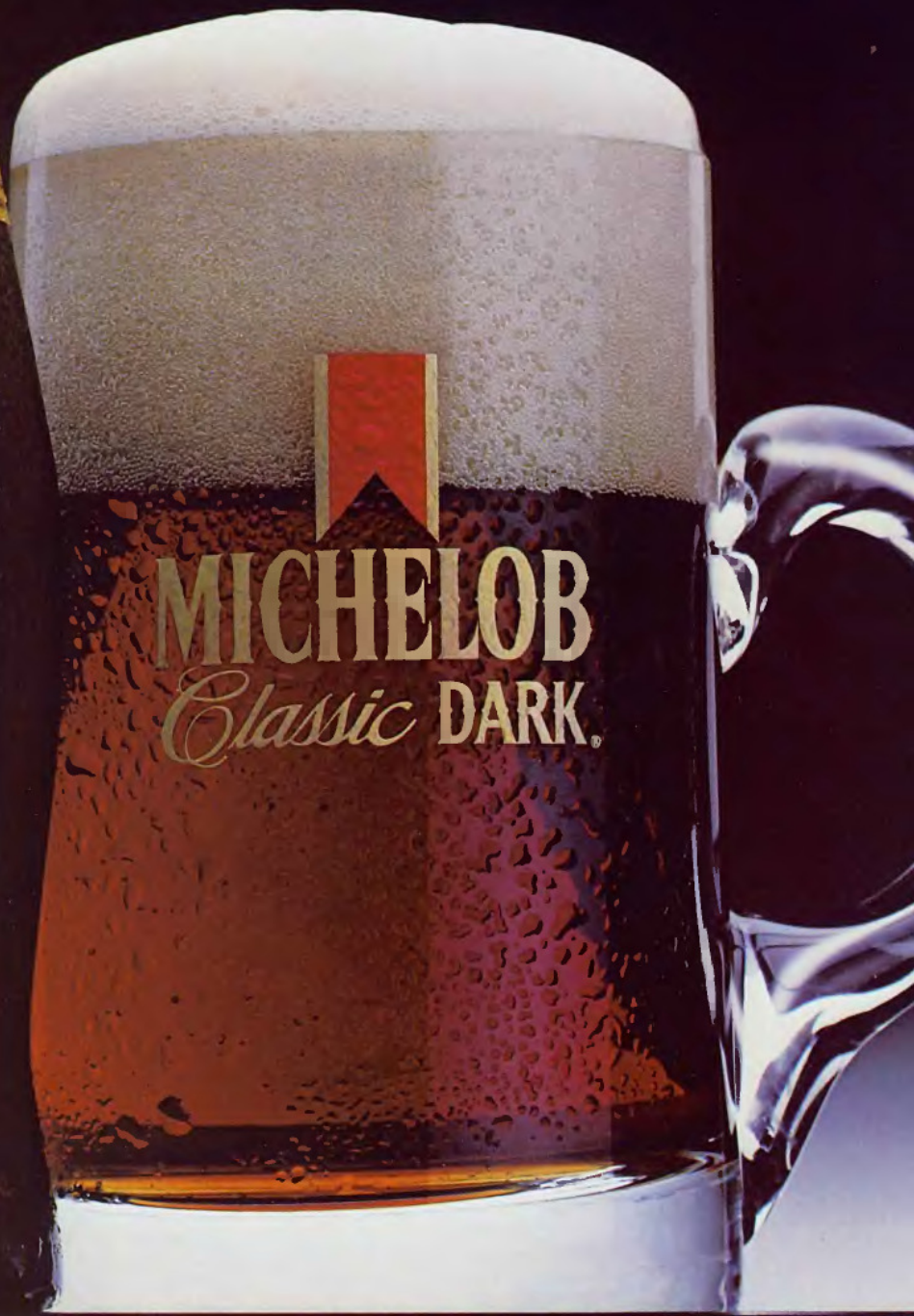
"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"—A CURTAIN CALL BY 1985'S DELICIOUS DOZEN; REFRESH YOUR MEMORY WITH THE LOVELIEST WOMEN OF MODERN TIMES

PLUS: **"WHILE LENIN SLEPT,"** YOUNG **RON REAGAN'S** REPORT ON WHAT HE SAW WHEN WE SENT HIM TO THE SOVIET UNION; **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW,"** BY **ANSON MOUNT**; **D. KEITH MANO** OPENS THE DOOR TO **"THE LAST CLOSET: SEXUAL DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION IN AMERICA"**; **"KILLER,"** BY **KEN KESEY**; **"WHY I'M ANGRY ABOUT FOOD,"** BY **DAN JENKINS**; AND MORE

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THE SMOOTHNESS OF MICHELOB.[®]

Michelob[®] invites you to enjoy an exceptional dark beer. Michelob Classic Dark.[®]

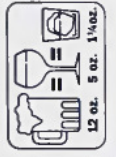
It's a rare combination of the robust flavor of dark beer with the classic smooth and mellow taste that comes from one beer alone. Michelob.
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, IT'S MICHELOB.



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WINTER IS HERE

The holiday season in America. Despite the weather, it's the warmest time of the year. A time to linger over good memories. A time to celebrate with those you care about. And because Seagram's 7 shows how much you care, it's the whiskey more Americans give than any other.



REMEMBER—ALL ARE EQUAL IN ALCOHOL CONTENT
12 oz. 50% alc. by vol.

